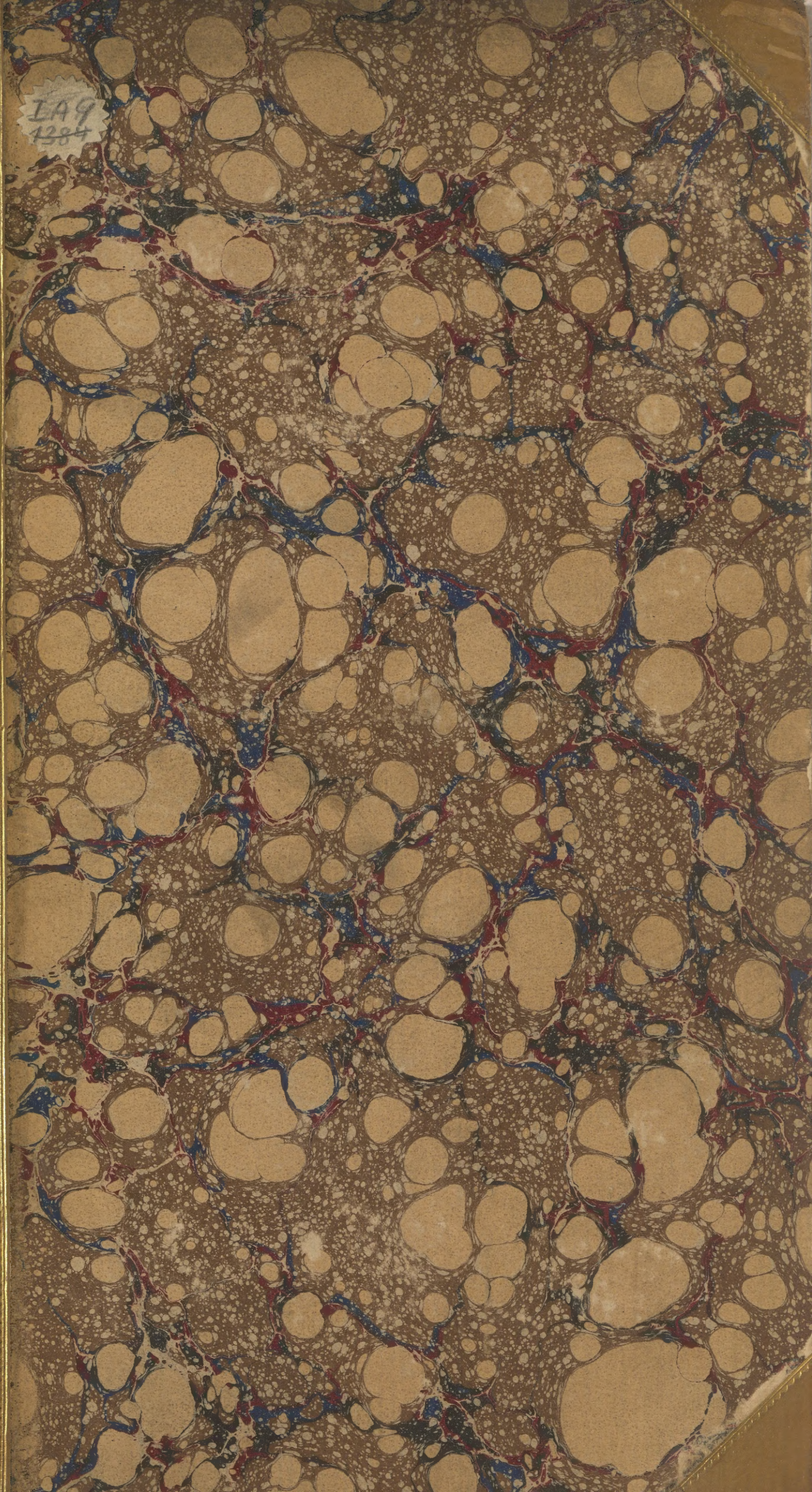
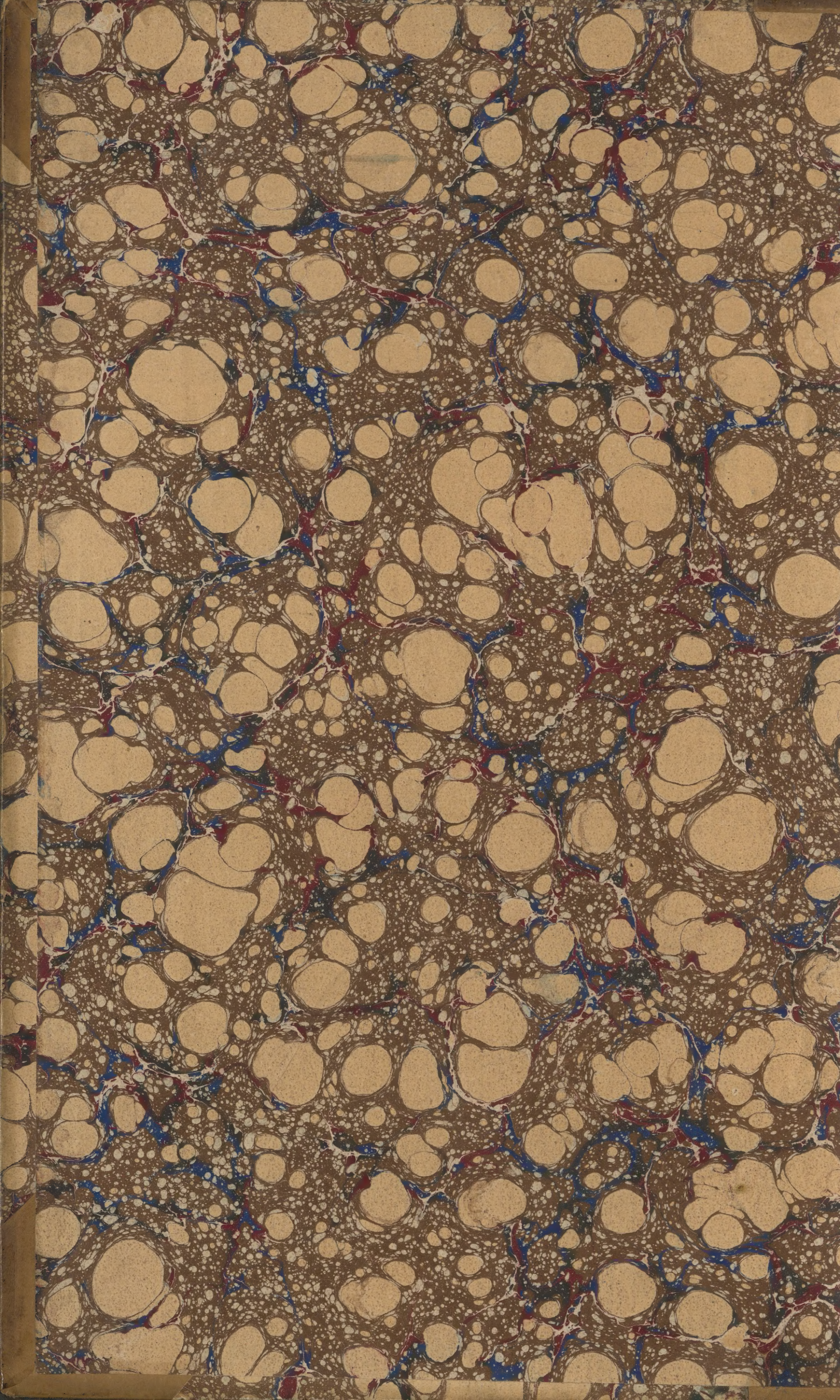


I.A.9

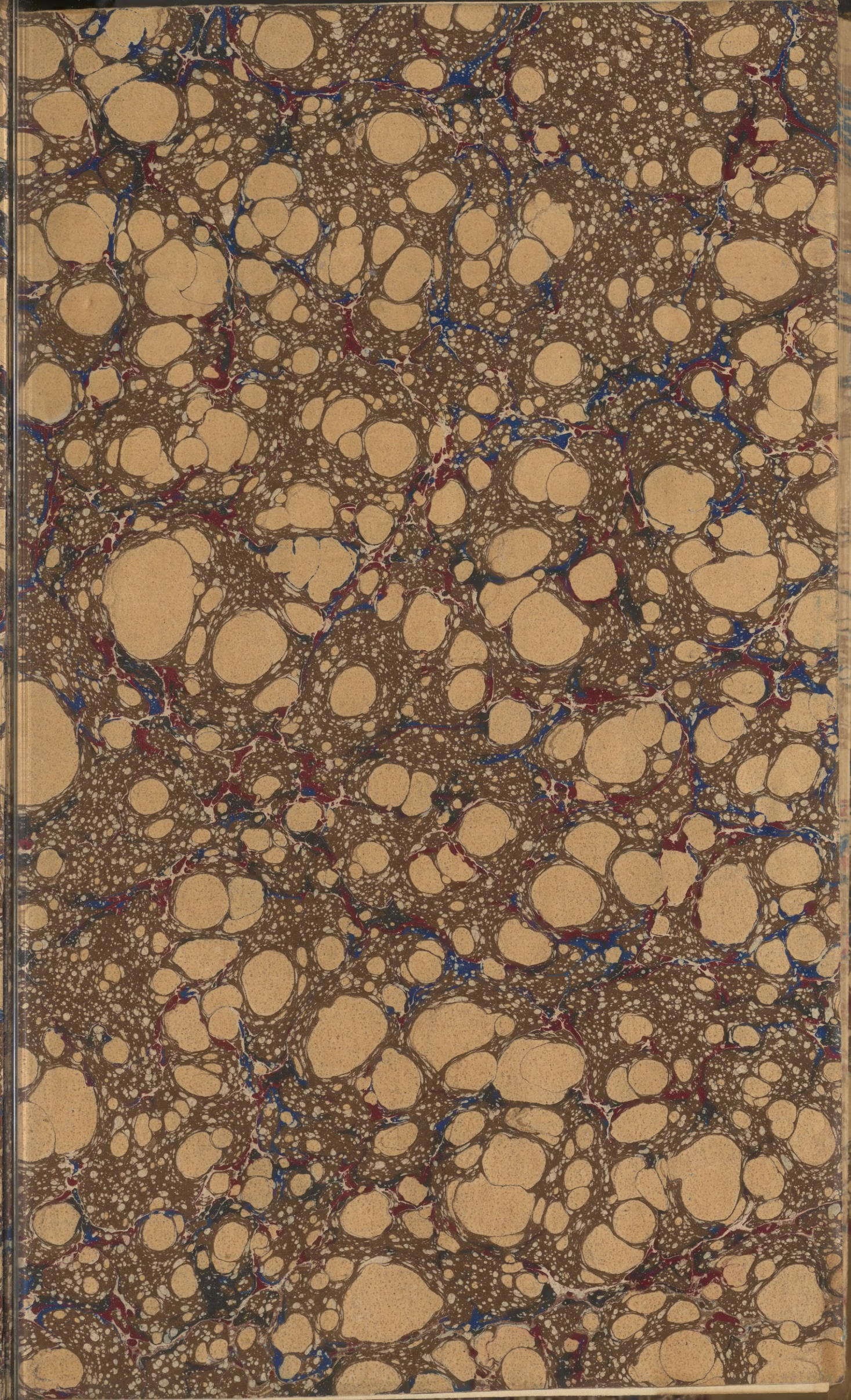
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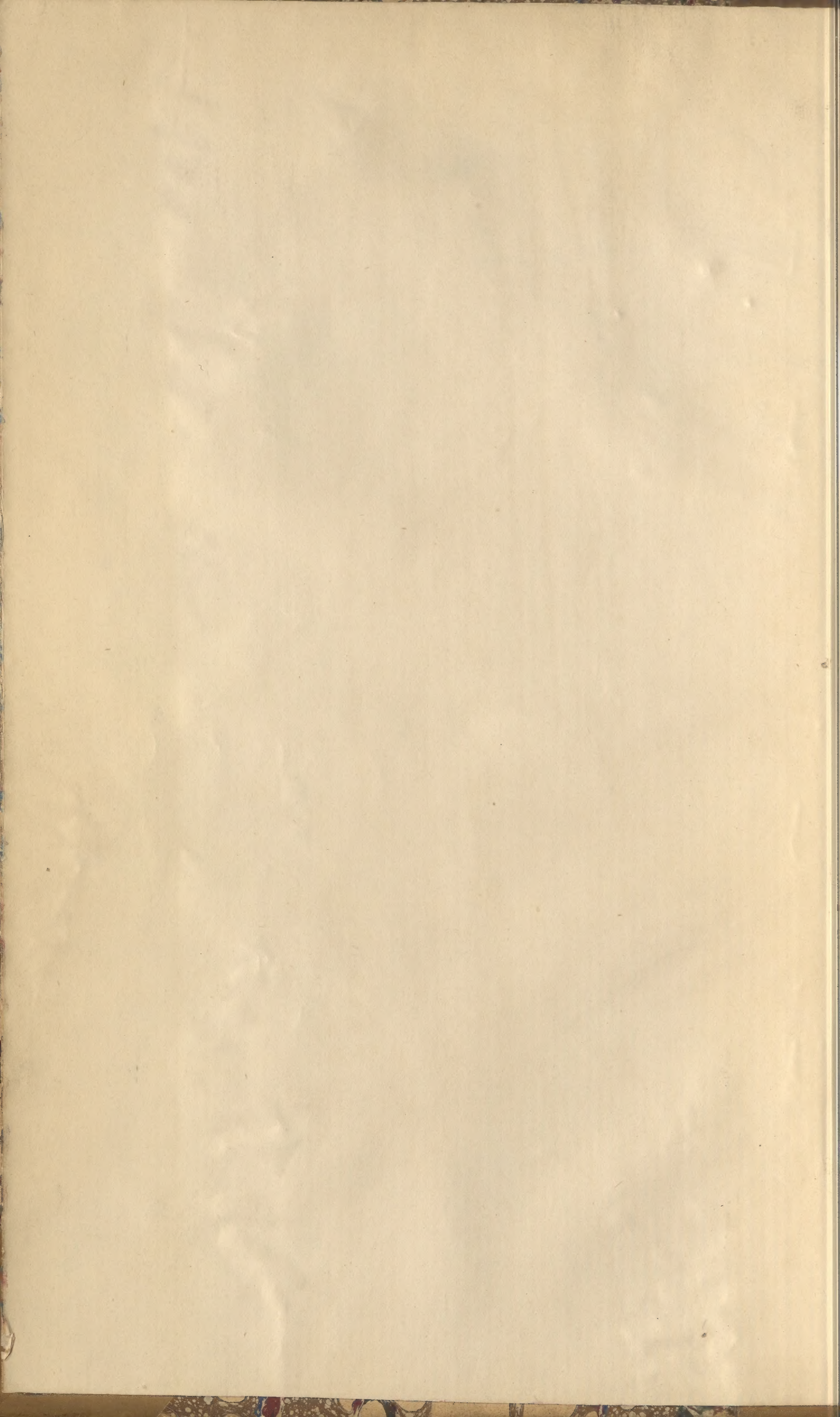












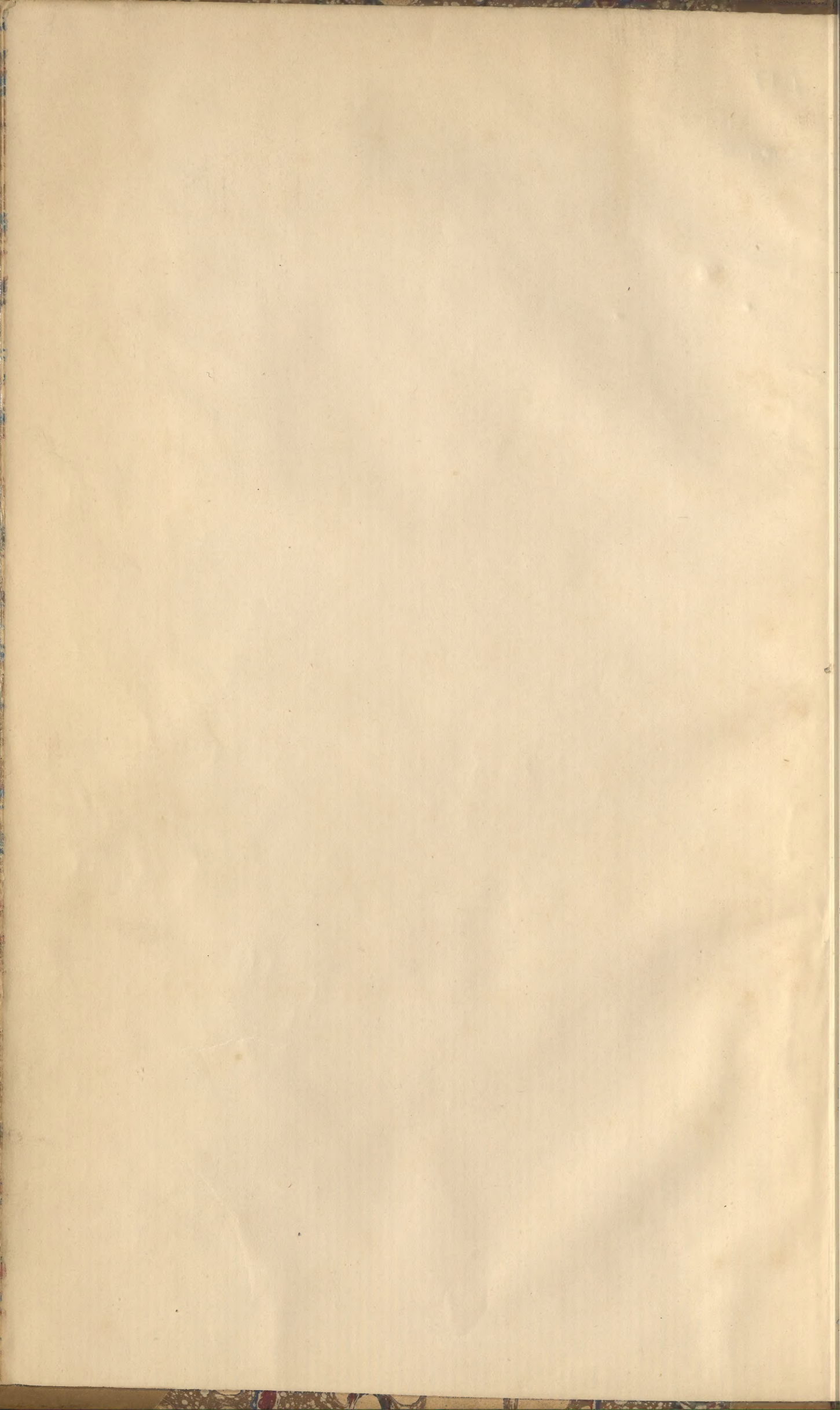


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# THE SAURUS MUSICUS:

7K

BEING, A

## COLLECTION of the Newest SONGS

PERFORMED

At Their Majesties Theatres; and at the Conforts in  
Viller-street in York-Buildings, and in Charles-street  
Covent-Garden.

WITH A

Thorow-Bass to each SONG for the *Harpficord*, *Theorbo*, or *Bass-Viol*.

To which is Annexed

A Collection of Aires, Composd for two *Flutes*, by several Masters.

### THE FIRST BOOK.



L O N D O N,

Printed by J. Heptinstall for John Hudgebut. And are to be Sold by John Carr, at  
the Middle-Temple Gate in Fleetstreet, and by John Money, Stationer at the Miter  
in Miter Court in Fleet-street. And at most Musick-Shops in Town. 1693.



## A Table of SONGS contain'd in this Book.

A		Page.	O		Page.
Ab Friends, how happy are we here, And in each Track of Glories,	B	8	Of noble Race was Shinking,	S	20
		26	Such command o're my Fate,		12
Beauty first the heart inspires, Down, down with Bacchus,	D	5	Tho' you make no return to my Passion,	T	1
		38	Tell me no more, no more I am deceiv'd,		2
'Ere Time had run so long a Race, Fond Virgins run into the Snare,	E	25	'Tis pity Myrtilla you shou'd be a Wife,		3
		16	To Convent Streams, or shady Groves,		6
How long must Women wish in vain, Jack, Whither so fast?	F	17	Tell me thou fairest of all thy whole Sex,		11
		28	That scornfull Sylvia's Chains I wear,		13
I wonder what those Lovers mean,	H	7	The Queen of Beauty lov'd a Swain,		18
		24	To yonder Sweet delicious Shade,		21
	I		What beastly to drink! that's a jest,	W	9
			Why wonders beauteous Cloris,		14
			Where Phœbus with his kindest look,		22

## A Table of the Flute-Tunes in two parts.

Aires for 2 Flutes by Mr. King. P. 30, 31, 32, 33.

Mr. John Banister. P. 34, 35.

Aires for 2 Flutes by Mr. Godfrido Finger, and

Aires for 2 Flutes by Mr. Keen P. 36, 37.

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T O

# Thomas Drax, Esquire.

S I R,



*I the advice and assistance of some Eminent Masters of Musick, whom I have great reason to believe my very good Friends, and by some Care and Industry of my own, I have Collected this small Volume, which I find wants nothing but your Name to Recommend it to the Musical part of the World; the Sence of this Encourages me (but with all Humility imaginable) to beg your Protection of it, since none (especially who have had Gentleman-like Education) will be so unmannerly as to oppose what a Person of your Sense and Merit has Vouchsaf'd to Patronise. I am not unsensible how Ridiculous an attempt of Panegyrick would appear in me, who am altogether as unfit for it, as to perform in a Consort of Musick, but this I must beg leave to affirm, that if Persons of your Rank and Sphere, not only condescend to be Patrons of the Sons of Apollo, but to be Performers also, we have all the ground imaginable to be assured, that our Island will be as famous for Excellent Compositions and admirable Performances in Musick, as Rome the long acknowledg'd Mistress of the World. Now Sir I must beg if you should find any Errors, that you would not Impute them to the want of Skill in the Masters, but either to mine or the Printers oversight, who do not pretend to Infallibility. But this I need not have mention'd, since I know you are so Generous as to Connive at such faults, and I hope you will Pardon this presumption of*

Your already infinitely oblig'd,

And most humble Servant,

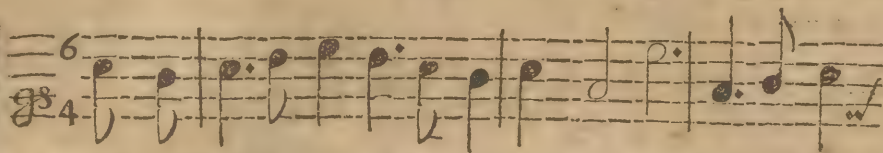
*John Hudgebutt.*



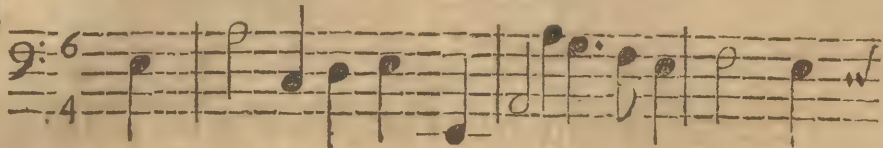




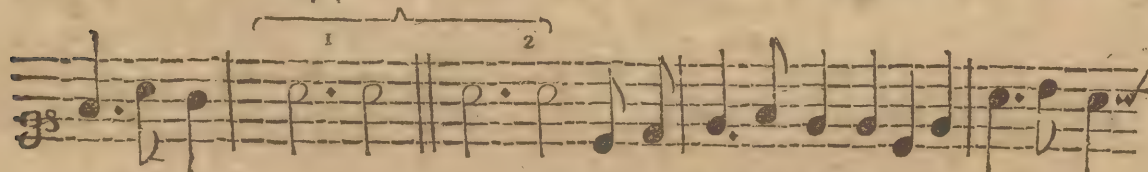
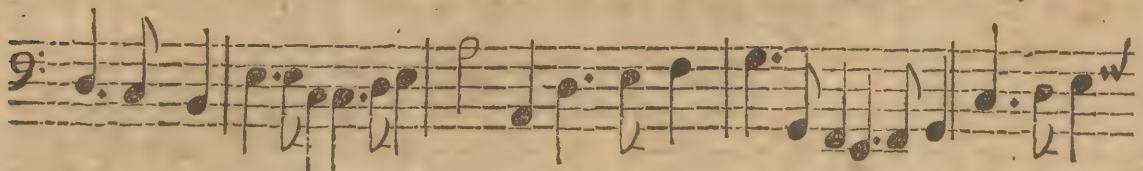
The first Song in the Maids last Prayer,  
by Mr. Henry Purcell. Sung by Mrs. Dyer.



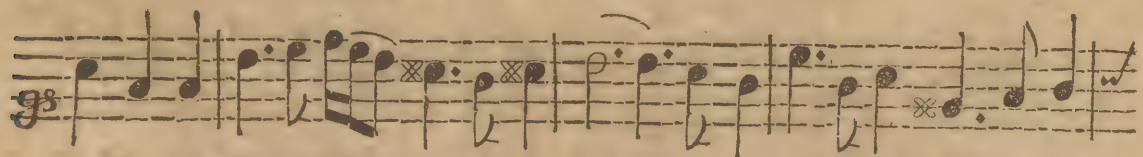
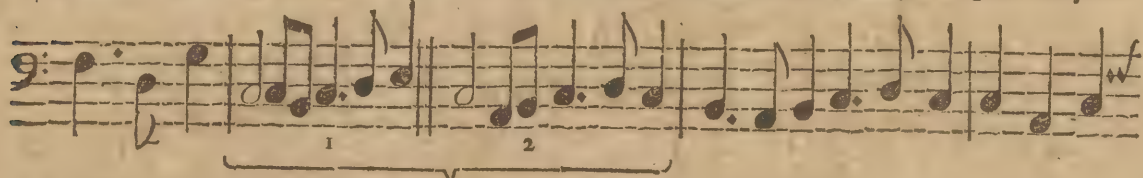
H O' you make no return to my pas-sion, still, still I pre—



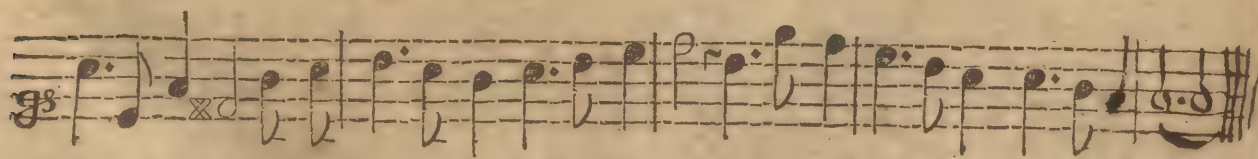
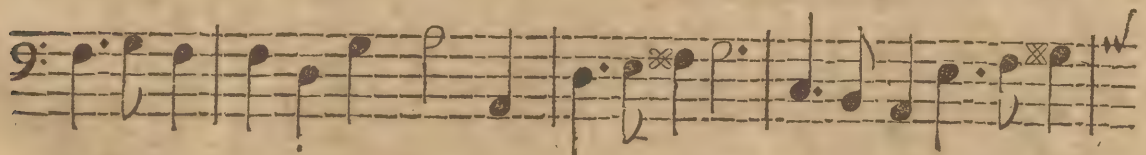
—sume to a—dore; 'tis in Love but an odd re—pu—ta—tion, when faintly re—



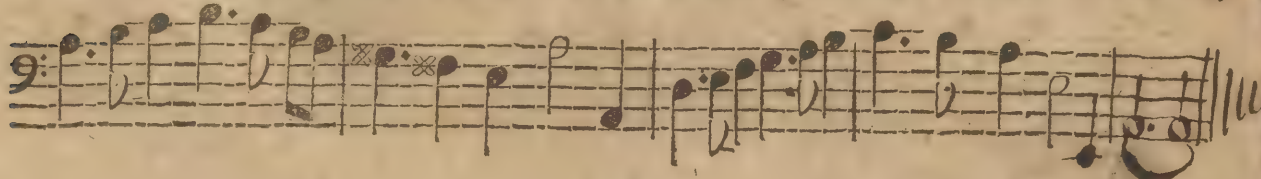
—puls'd, to give o're. When you talk of your Duty, I gaze on your



Beauty, nor mind the dull maxime at all: Let it reign in *Cheapside*, with a



Ci—tizens Bride; it will ne'er be receiv'd, it will ne'er, ne'er, it will ne'er be receiv'd at *Whitehall*.



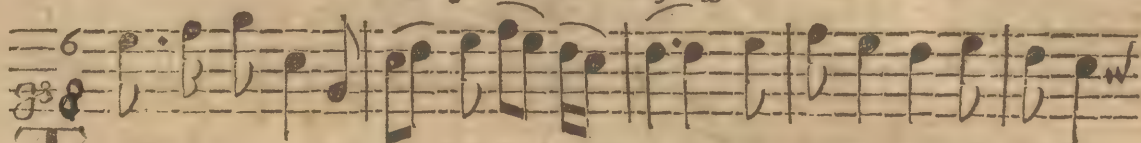




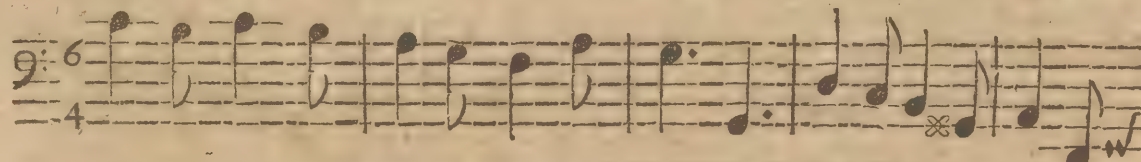
## II.

What Apocryphal Tales are you told,  
By one who would make you believe,  
That, because of *to have and to hold*,  
You still must be pinn'd to his sleeve.  
'Twere apparent high Treason,  
'Gainst Love and 'gainst Reason,  
Should one such a Treasure engross:  
He who knows not the Joys,  
That attend such a Choice,  
Should resign to another who does.

The 2d. Song in the Maids last Prayer, Sung  
by Mrs. Ayliff.



T E L L me no more, no more I am de — ceiv'd, that Cloe's false, that Cloe's

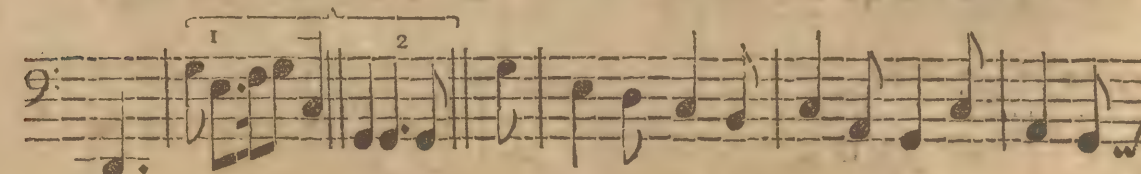


false and common: by Heav'n I all a — long believ'd, she was, she was a ve-ry,

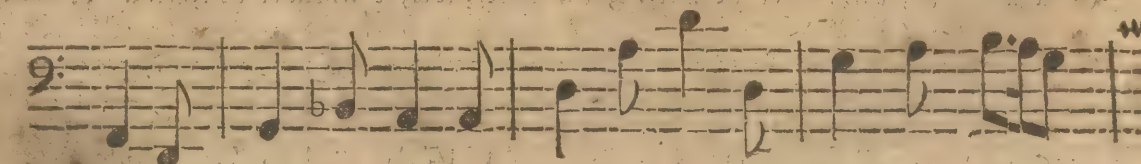


ve-ry, Wo — man.

As such I lik'd, as such ca — rest, she still, she



still was con — stant when pos — selt; she cou'd, she cou'd, she cou'd, she

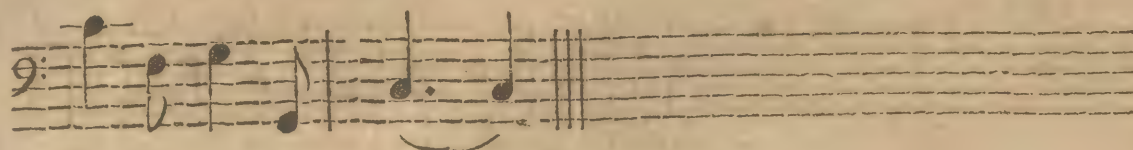




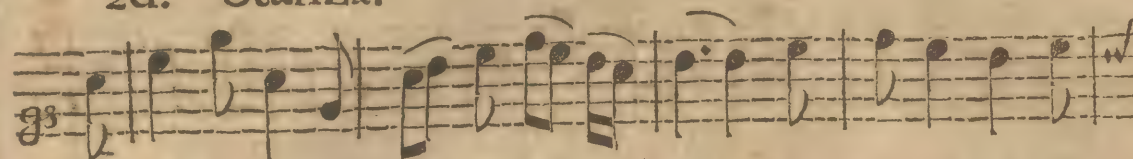
## [ 3 ]



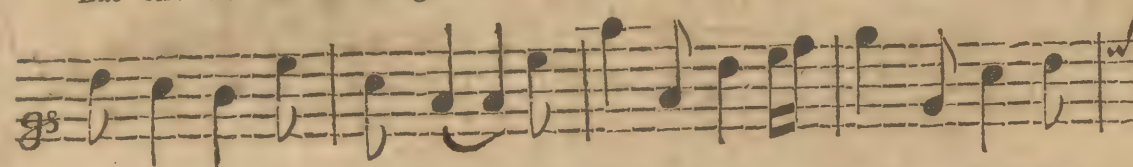
could do more for no man.



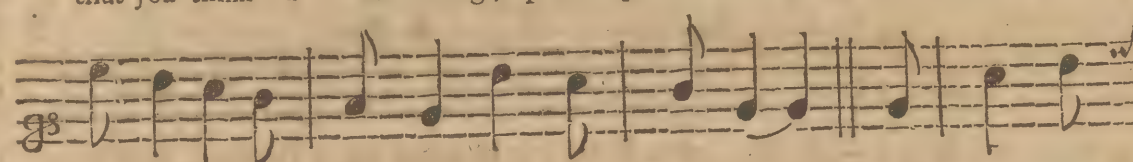
## 2d. Stanza.



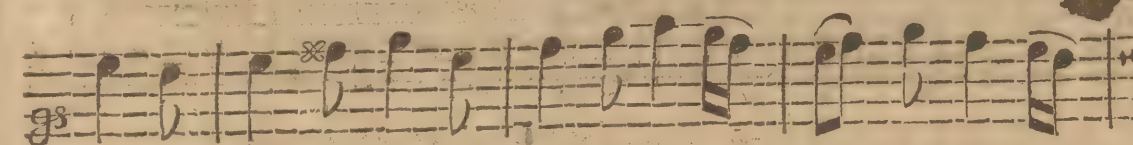
But oh! but oh her thoughts on o—thers ran, and that you think, and



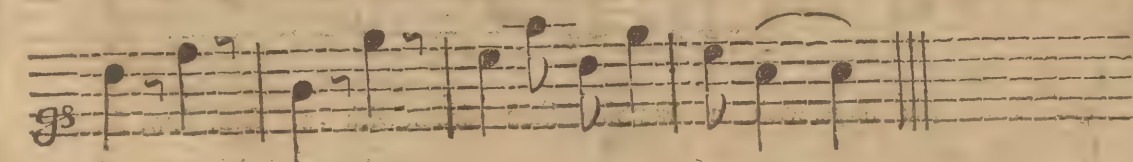
that you think a hard thing; per—haps she fan—cy'd you the Man, why



what care I, why what care I one Far—thing. You say she's



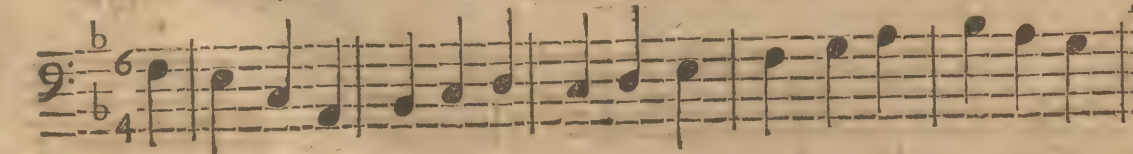
false, I'm sure she's kind, I'll take, I'll take her Bo—dy, you her



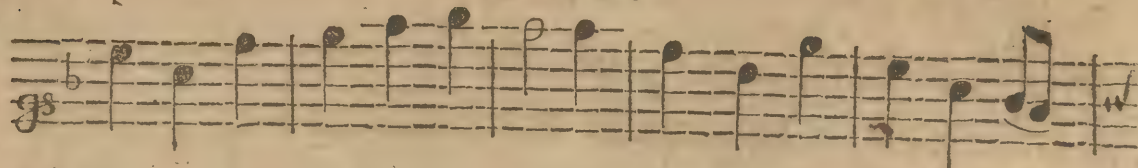
Mind; who, who, who has the better Bar—gain?



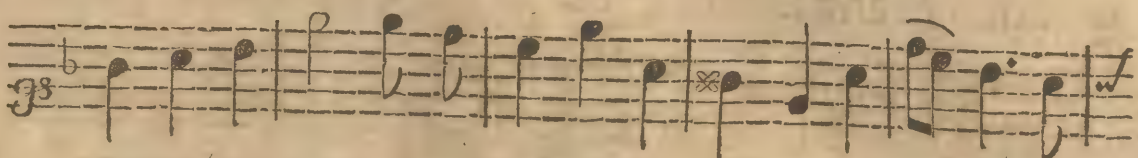
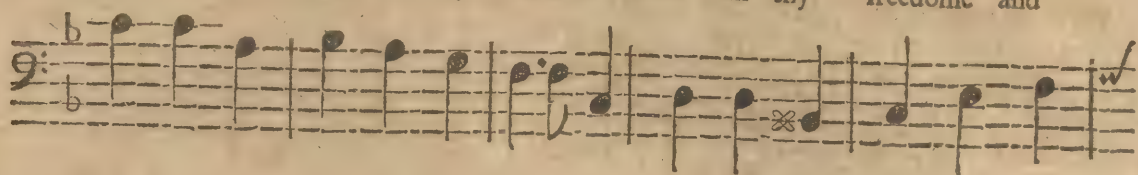
THIS pit—ty, Myr—til—la, you shou'd be a Wife, to be made a mere



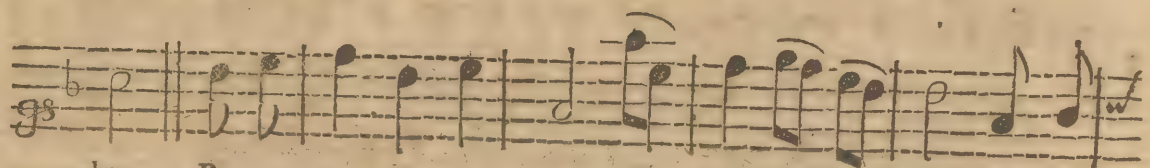
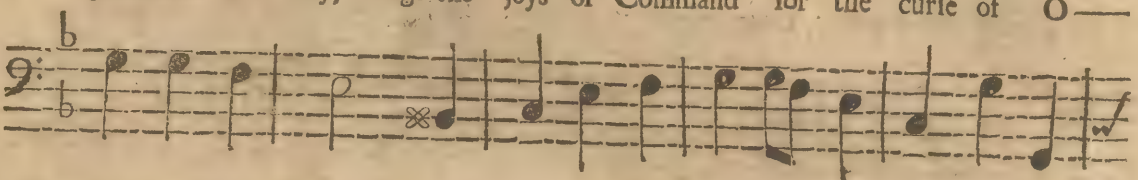




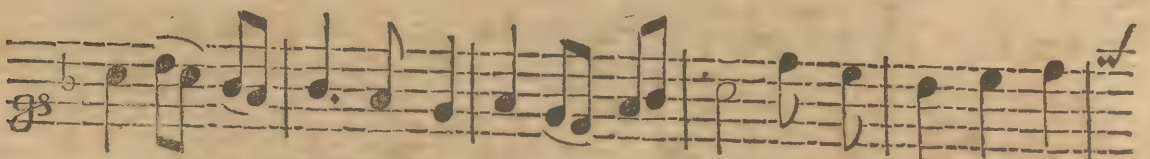
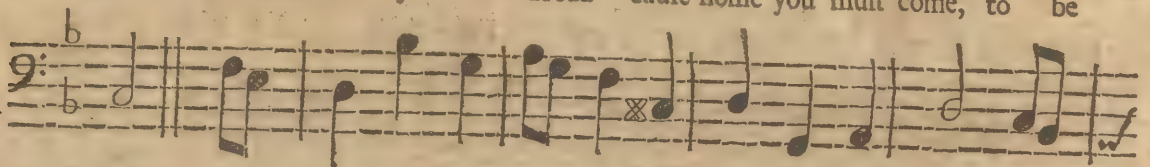
slave and a drudge all thy life; to throw all thy freedom and



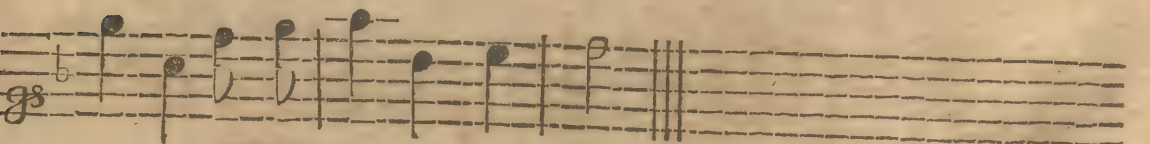
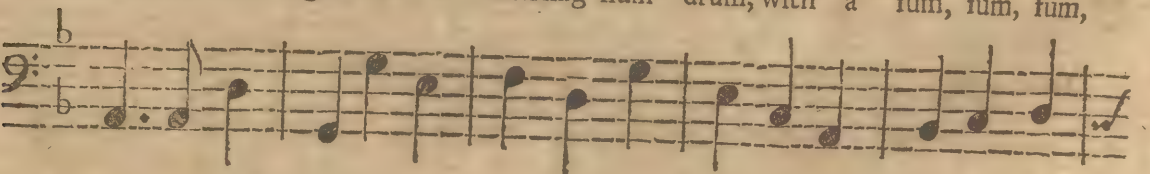
pleasures a — way, change the joys of Command for the curse of O —



— bey: Be un — ea — sy a — broad 'cause home you must come, to be

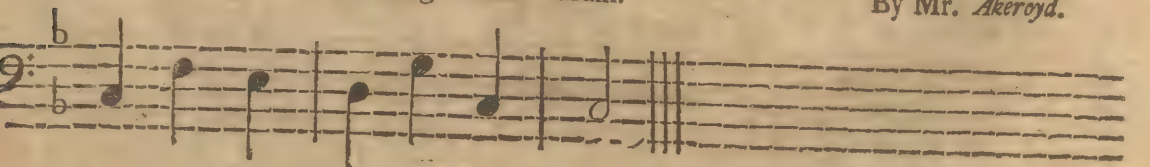


plagu'd all the night with a fumbling hum — drum, with a fum, fum, fum,

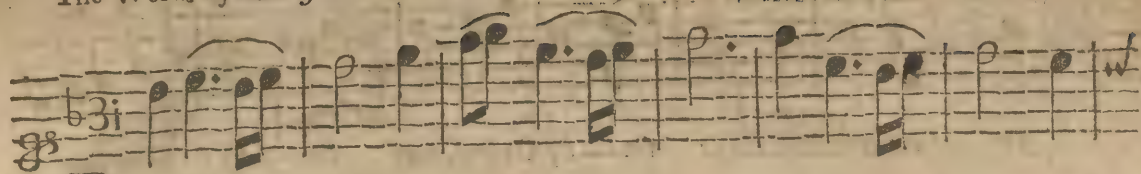


fumbling, with a fumbling hum — drum.

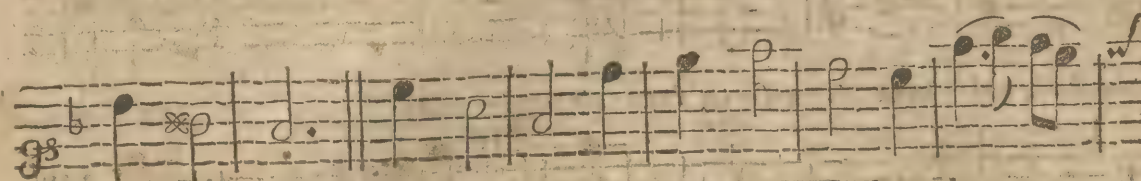
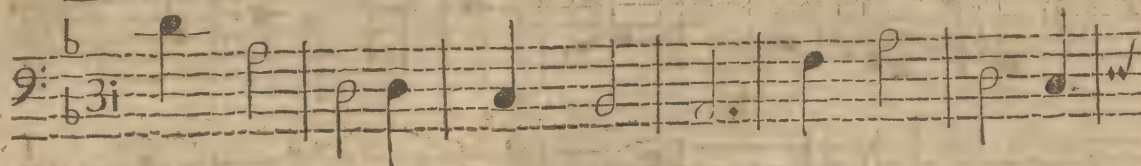
By Mr. Akeroyd.



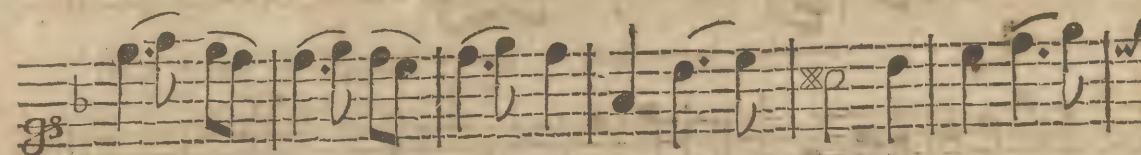
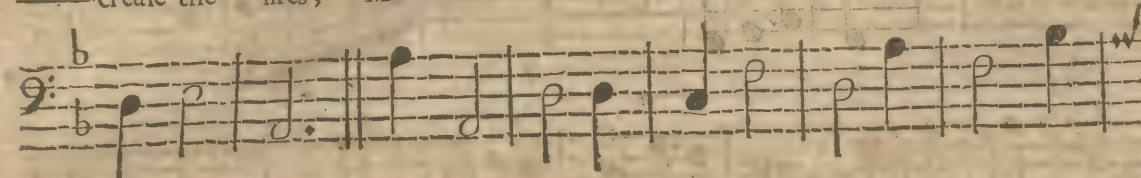




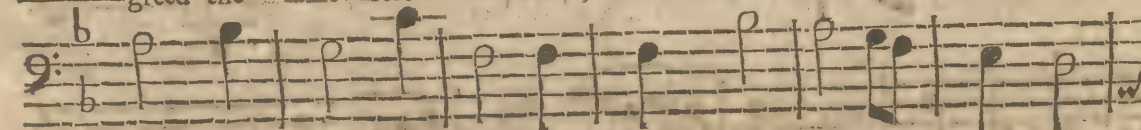
BEAU-TY first the heart In—spires, e—qual flames en—



—crease the fires; Mu—tual loves have mu—tual blisses, hearts a—



—greed the same soft wi—shes; Still de—fire—ing, still re—



—qui—ring, looking still, and still ad—mire—ing.



Set by Mr. Akeroyd

## II.

Some dear, pleasing Raptures roul  
Alike about each ravish'd Soul;  
True Lovers wishes are not cloy'd,  
The object ne're so oft enjoy'd,  
Still, &c.

## III.

Free from Troubles, free from harms,  
Full of Honour, full of charms;  
Bless these pairs, ye Gods above,  
Crown their hearts with lasting Love.  
Still, &c.



To convent Streams or flia—dy Groves, may Ce—lia be con—

—fin'd, and from Au—gus—ta, from Au—gus—ta far re—

move since hand—some and un—kind:

Let her not range nor plea—sures take in Town, who

no ne will give; why shou'd we

room for Beau—ty make, why, why shou'd we room for



Beau — ty make, which will not let us live?  
why shou'd we room — for Beau — ty  
make, which wi — ll not let us live?

Set by Mr. Ralph Courtivill.


A Catch for 3. Voices, by Mr. King.

JACK, whither so fast? To the Devil; where shou'd I? I'm not in such  
hast to go thither. A — dieu t'ye; I hope to in — treague yet many a  
year, and Whore in a — bundance be — fore I come there; May you al —  
ways be damn'd to the Hell of a Punck, while I at the Devil  
get Hea — ven — ly Drunk.




A Song for two Voices, Set by Mr. *Akeroyde*.

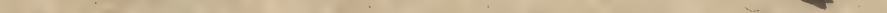
AH friends, how hap - py are we here, blest with good Drink, blest with good



AH friends, how hap-py are we here, blest with good Drink,


  
 Drink, and with good Cheer; we're crown'd with joys a—bove all

blest with good Drink, and with good Cheer ; we're crown'd with joys a—bove all

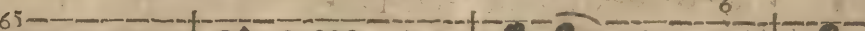


measure; in War we fear to lose our life, in Love, in Love there's

measure, in War we fear to loose our life, in Love, in Love, there's

jea-lou-sy and strife; by Trade, and play we lose our Treasure.

65



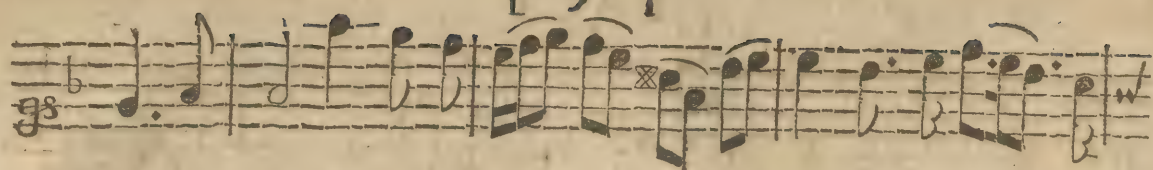
66

jea—lou—fy and strife; by Trade, and play we loose our Treasure.

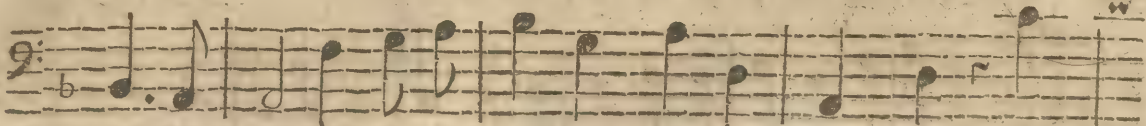
But here, but here, un — less our Bowl should fall, and some mis — chance should

But here, but here, un—less our Bowl should fall, and some mis—chance should

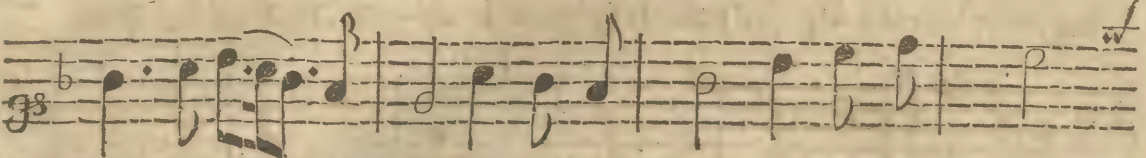




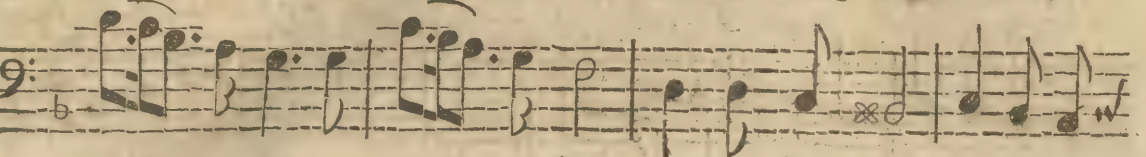
spill it all, nothing can e—ver baulk our pleasure, but here un—



spill it all, nothing can e—ver baulk our pleasure, but



—less our Bowl shou'd fall, nothing can baulk, nothing can baulk,



here un—less our Bowl shou'd fall, nothing can baulk, nothing can

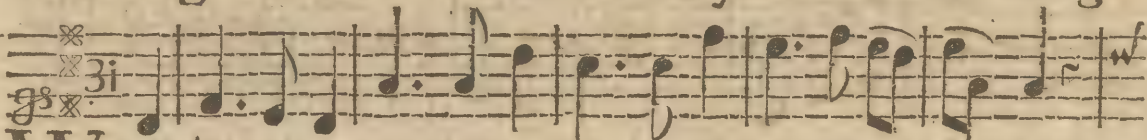


nothing can baulk, can baulk our pleasure.

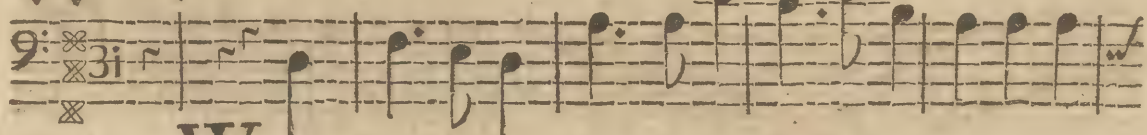


, baulk, can baulk, can baulk our pleasure.

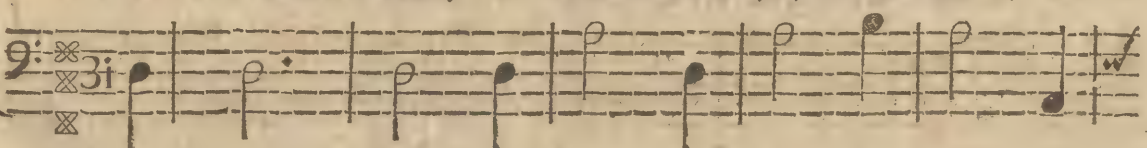
## A Song for 2. Voices, Set by Mr. Robert King.



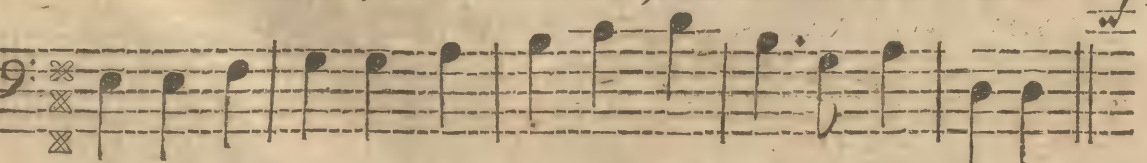
**W**HAT! Beastly to drink! that's a jest, that's a jest, I'll not bear it;



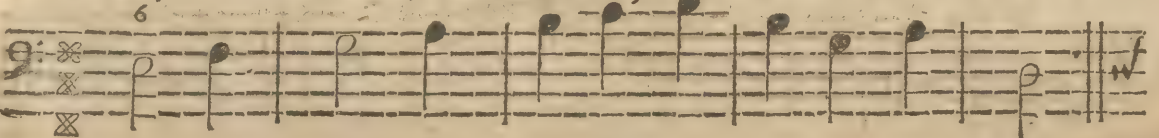
**W**HAT! Beastly to drink! that's a jest, I'll not bear it; un—



un—less you'll de—mon—strate, Beasts e—ver drink Claret:



—less you'll de—monstrate, de—monstrate, Beasts e—ver drink Claret:



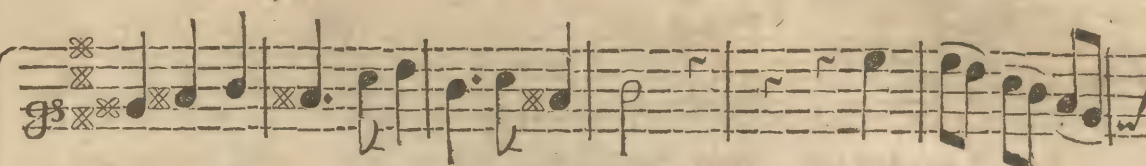




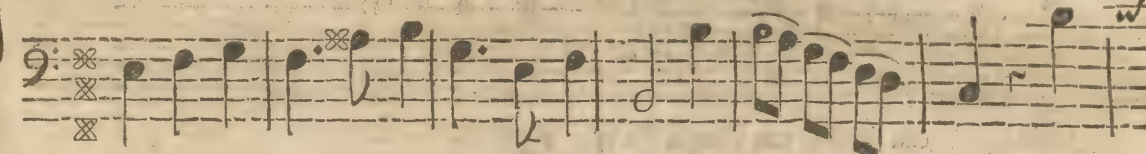
But hang't 'tis a fol-ly to make a dif-pute, 'tis the



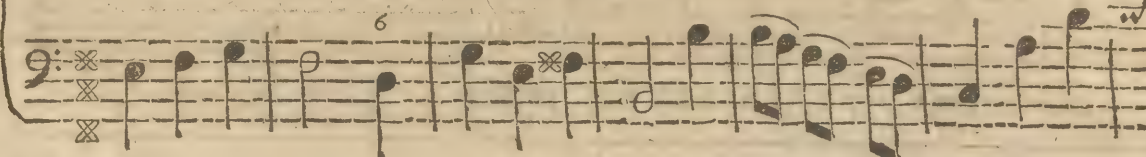
But hang't 'tis a fol-ly, a fol-ly to make a dif-pute, 'tis the dull fo-ber,



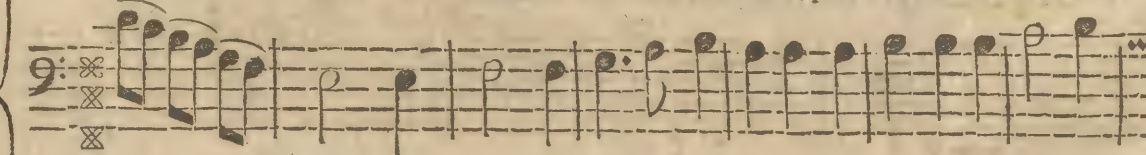
dull fo-ber Sot, that is real-ly the Brute, for while we drink



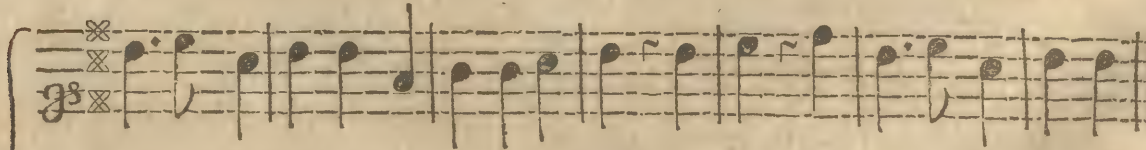
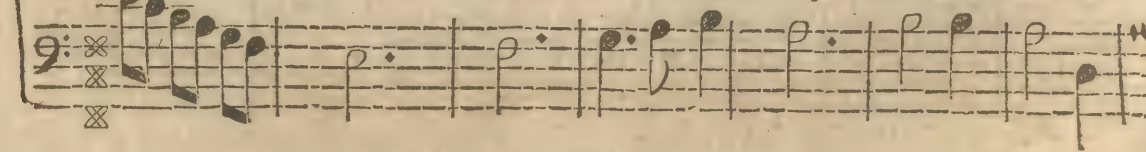
dull fo-ber Sot, that is real-ly the Brute, for while we drink Wine, for



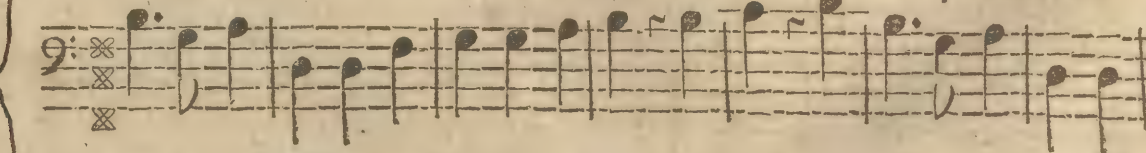
Wine, for while we drink Wine, let all men hereafter proclaim him a Beast that



while we drink Wine, drink Wine, let all men hereafter proclaim him a Beast that




on-ly drinks Water, proclaim him a Beast, a Beast, who on-ly drinks Water.



on-ly drinks Water, proclaim him a Beast, a Beast, who on-ly drinks Water.







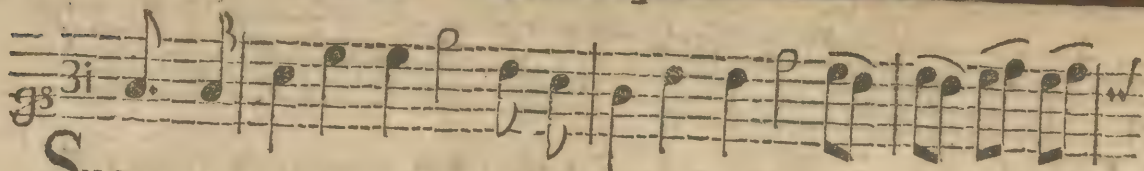
hearts doth per—plex; The un—grate—full be—trays me with hopes in my

hearts doth per-plex; The un-grate-ful be-trays me with hopes in-true!

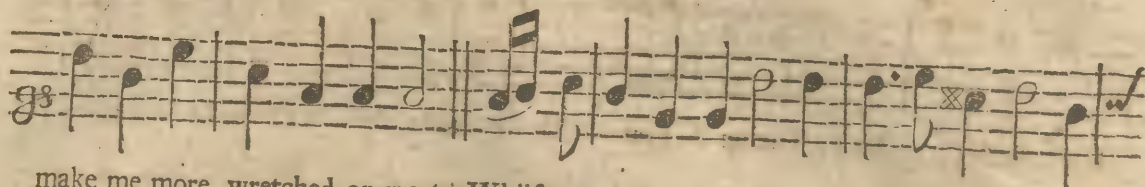
sleep, but when the Dreams' gone, my heart's rea—dy to break; This

Set by Dr. *Staggins*.

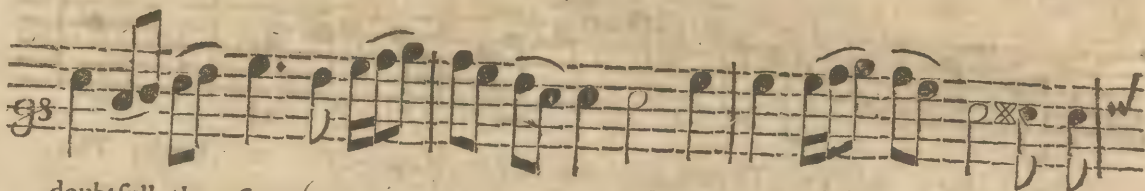
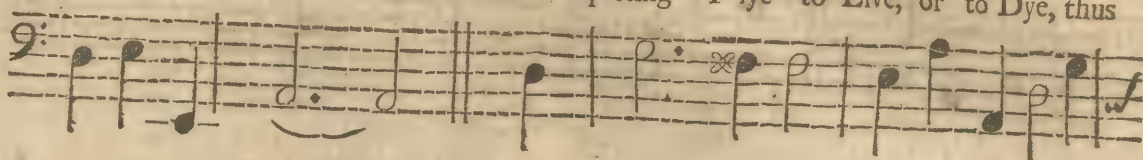




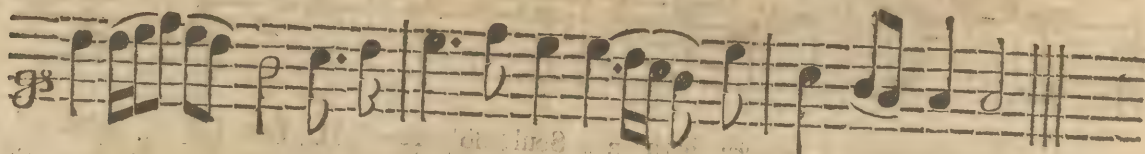
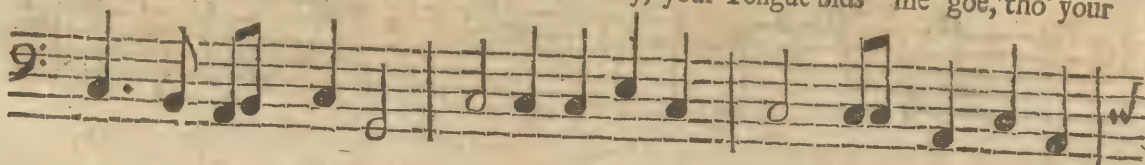
SUCH command o're my Fate, has your Love or your Hate, that no-thing can



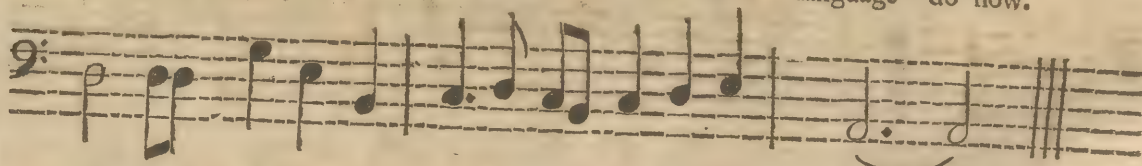
make me more wretched or great: Whilst expecting I lye to Live, or to Dye, thus



doubtfull the sentence of such I re-ly, your Tongue bids me goe, tho' your



eyes say not so, but much kinder words from their language do flow.



## II.

Set by Mr. Tho. Tallot.

Then leave me not here thus between hope and fear,  
 Tho' your Love cannot come, let your Pitty appear;  
 But this my request you must grant me at least,  
 And more I'll not ask, but to you leave the rest;  
 If my Fate I must meet, let it be at your Feet,  
 Death there with more joy than elsewhere I wou'd greet.



[ 13 ]

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff. The notation includes various note values (eighth, sixteenth, and thirty-second notes), rests, and a repeat sign with a '2' indicating a second ending. The manuscript is written in a historical style with a single staff and a key signature of one flat.

THAT Scornfull Sil—*vias* Chaines I wear, the Groves and Streames can tell;

A single staff of handwritten musical notation on aged paper. The notation includes a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). The melody consists of several measures with notes, rests, and decorative markings such as asterisks and slurs. The paper shows signs of age, including discoloration and a small tear near the end of the staff.

[illegible]


Handwritten musical notation on a single staff, featuring a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The notation includes various note values (quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes), rests, and a repeat sign. The manuscript is written on aged, slightly stained paper.

But Sighs and Tears bring no re—dress, and Love that

A single staff of handwritten musical notation. The notation includes various note values, rests, and decorative symbols such as asterisks and a cross. The staff is written on a five-line system.

fees, that fees me greive, con — spires with *Sil — via* to op —

64





A Song Set by Mr. *Samuel Akeroyde*. The  
Words by Sir *Ed. S.*

W H Y wonders beauteous *Clo-ris*, why I've aim'd so oft at Po-e-try?

since by my ge-n'rous

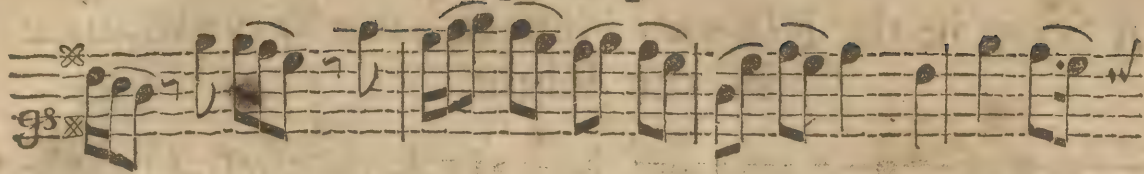
de-sti-ny, I've seen the ob-ject of her Eye; why wonders beauteous

*Clo-ris*, why I've aim'd so oft at Po-e-try? I'm in a

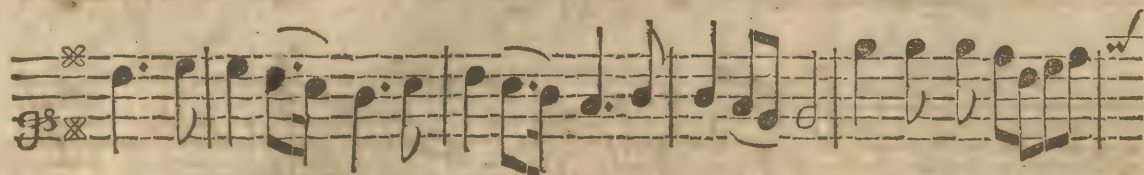
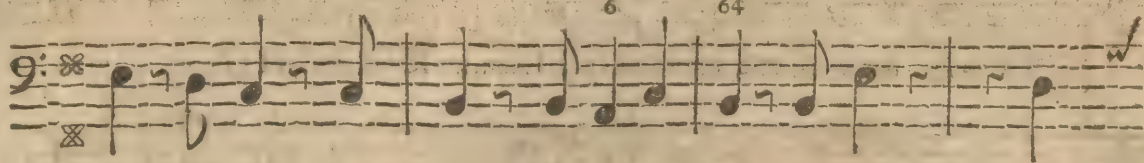
Hea-ven a-



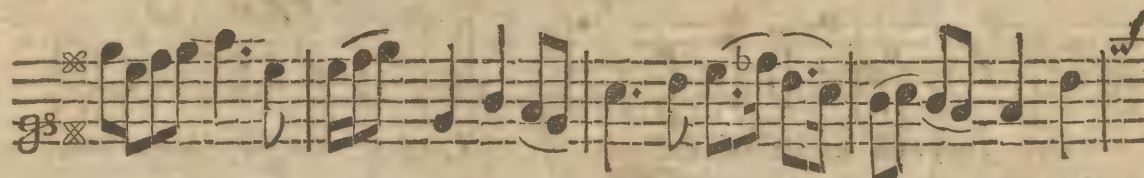
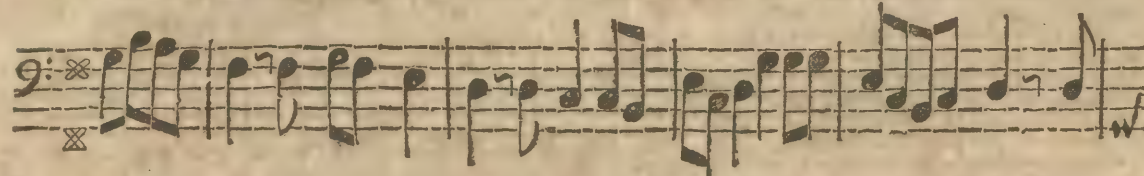
## [ 15 ]



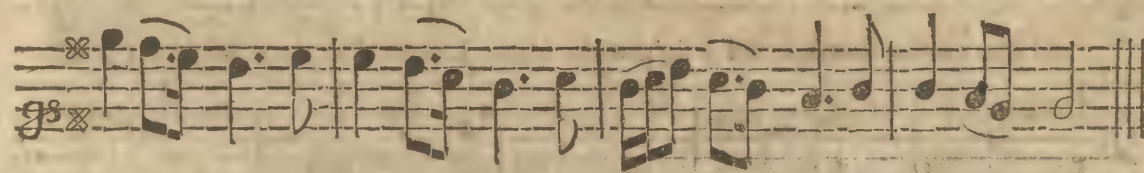
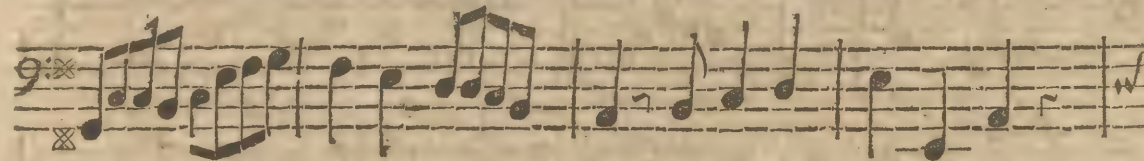
—las at least, when e're my Eyes doe on her feast: why wonders



beauteous Clo—ris, why I've aim'd so oft at Po—e—try; and in that Hea—



—ven my rap—tures be im—prov'd by her di—vi—ni—ty: why



wonders beauteous Clo—ris, why, I've aim'd so much at Po—e—try?

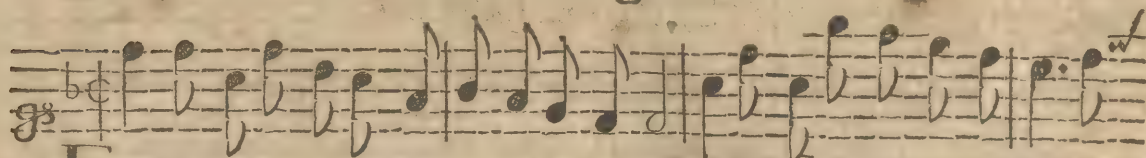


## II.

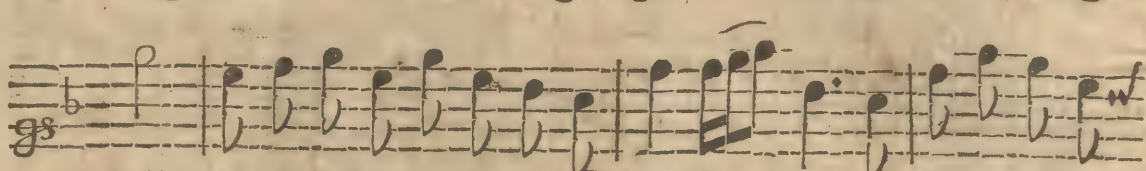
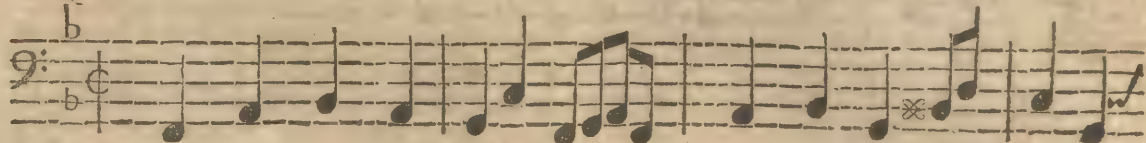
Translated thus to Heavens blest Shore,  
I cease to be the thing before;  
And in those hallow'd Plains receive  
Rewards too great for Earth to give;  
Then *Cloris* can you so admire,  
At what you, only you, Inspire;  
The mighty wonders of whose Eyes  
Produce your *Strephons* Rhapsodies?



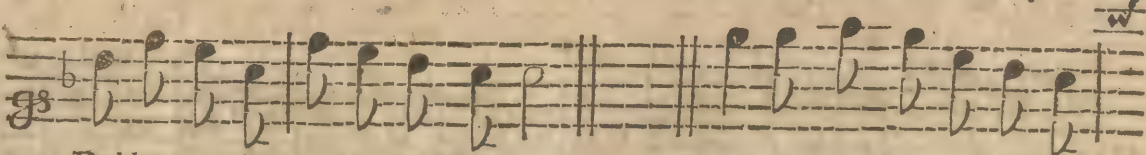
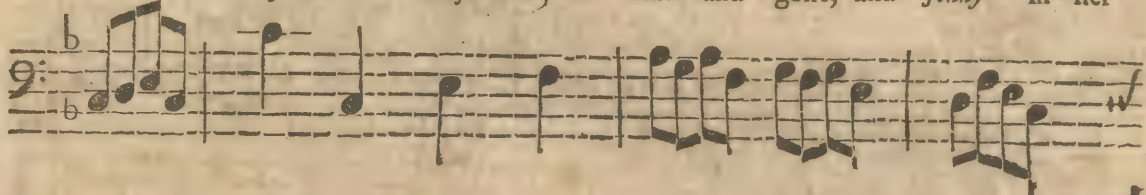
# A Song in the *Richmond* Heirefs, or a Woman once in the Right.



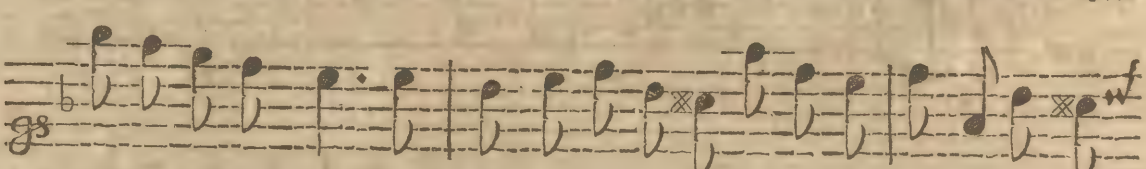
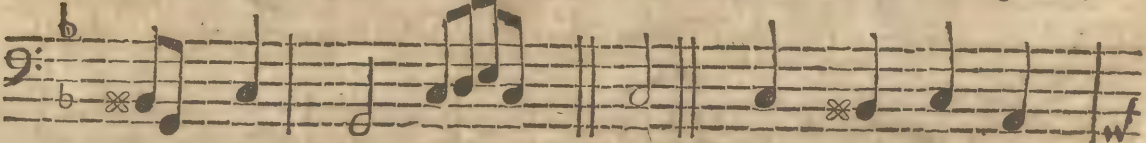
Y E Jocky, never prattle meer so like a Loon, no Rebel e're shall garr my heart to



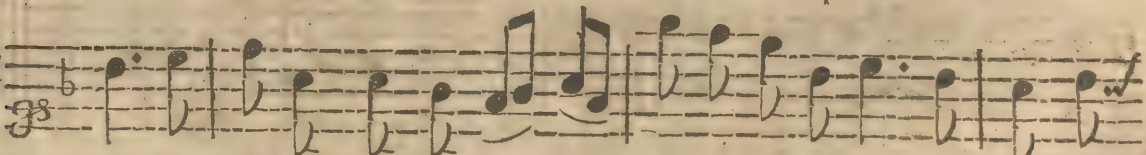
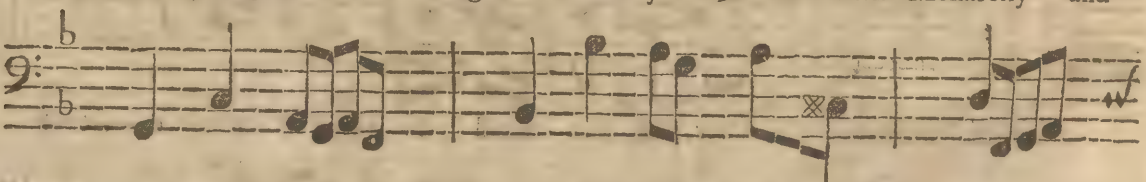
Love; Sawny was a Loyal Scot, tho' dead and gone, and Jenny in her



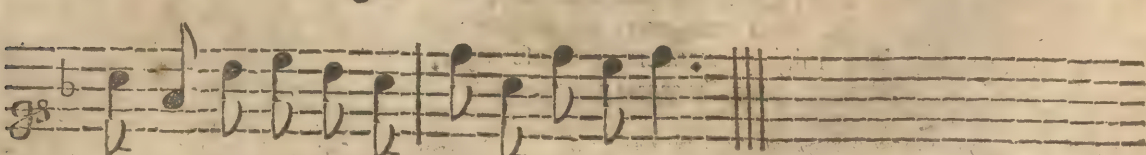
Daddy's way with muckle joy shall move: Laugh at the Kirk A-po-fles,



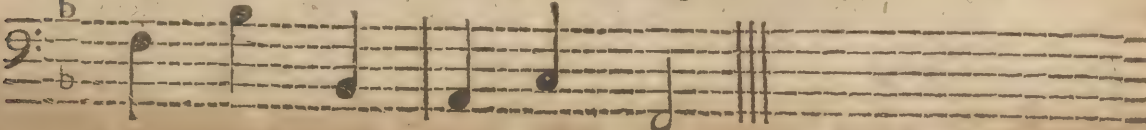
and the canting Swarms, and fight with bonny Lad that love their Monarchy and



King; then Jenny fresh and blith, shall take thee in her Arms, and give thee

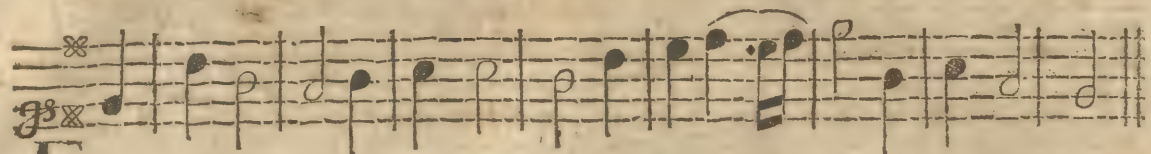


twenty kisses, and per-haps a better thing.

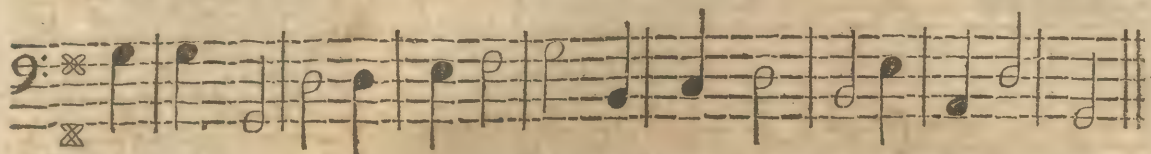




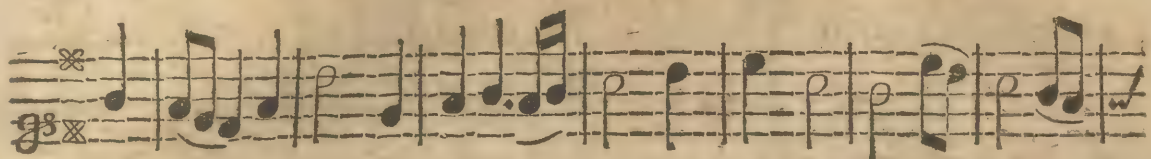
A Song for 2 Voices, Set by Mr. Samuel Akeroyde.  
The Words by Mr. Jo. O.



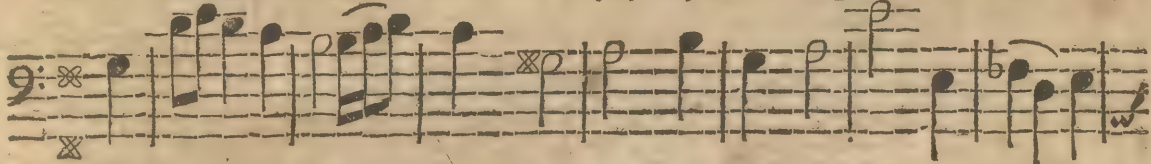
FOND Virgins run in—to the snare, false Men to catch their hearts pre—pare :



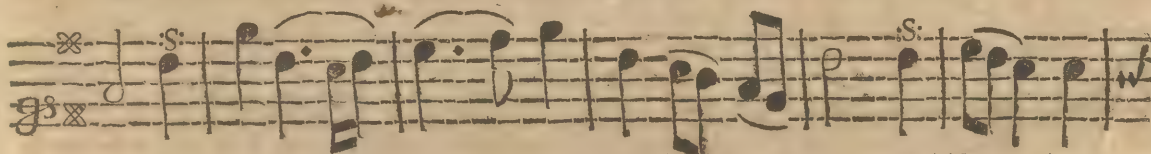
FOND Virgins run in—to the snare, false Men to catch their hearts pre—pare :



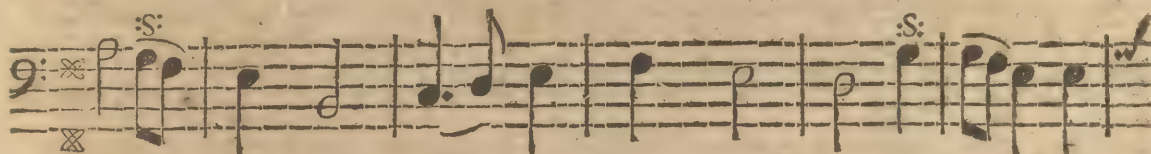
With bro—ken Oaths and Vows be—tray'd, they wou'd complain, but are a—



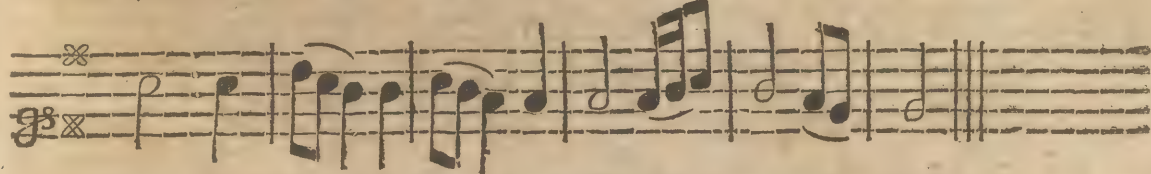
With bro—ken Oaths and Vows be—tray'd, they wou'd complain, but are a—



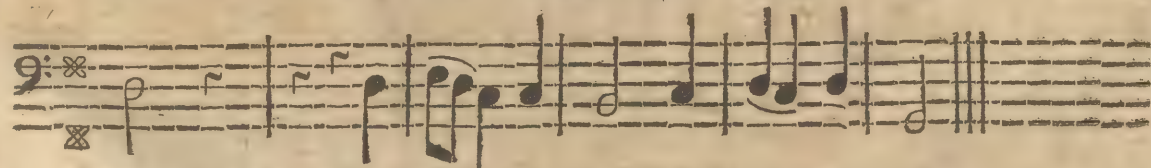
—fraid; and each that Lifts her self for a Wife, is doom'd to



—fraid; and each that Lifts her self, a Wife is doom'd to



praise, is doom'd, is doom'd to praise the care—full life.



praise is doom'd to praise the care—full life.

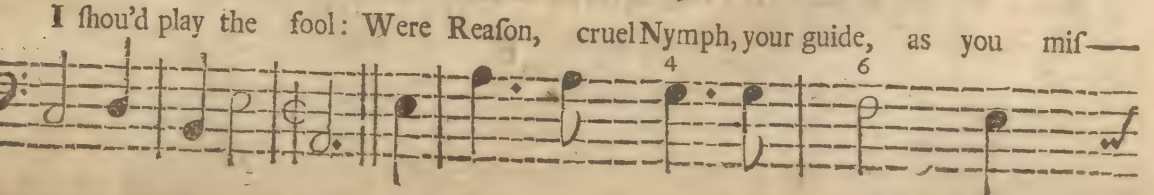
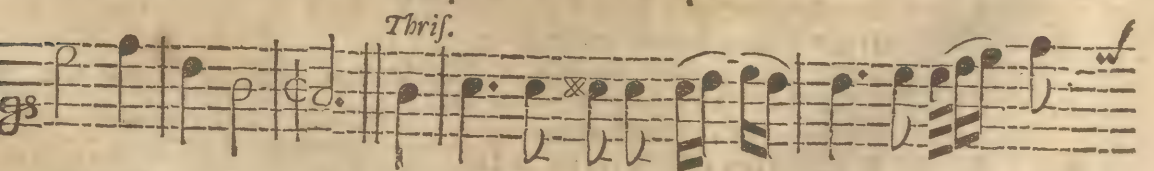
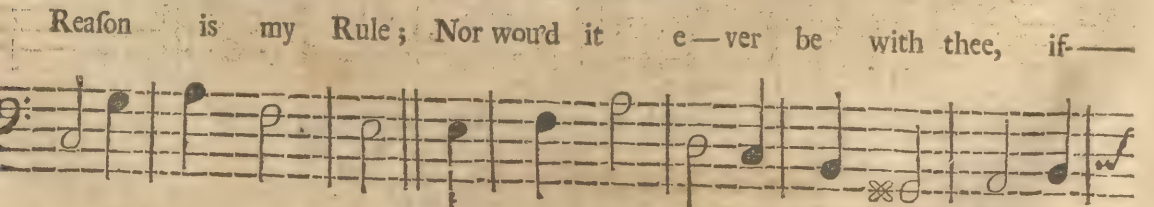
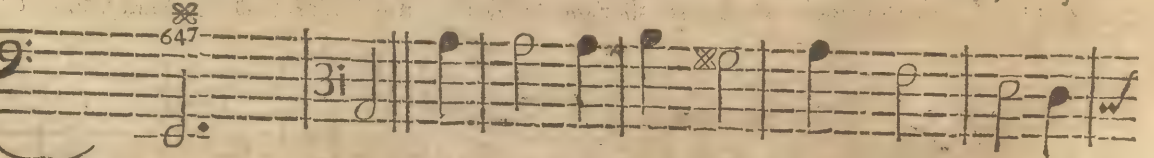
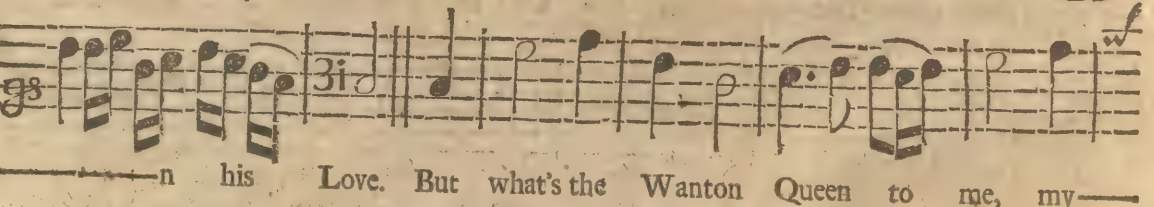
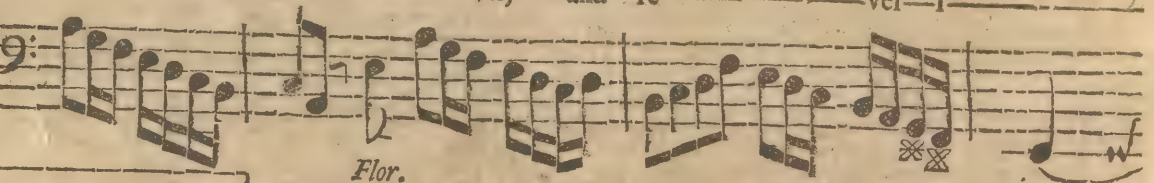
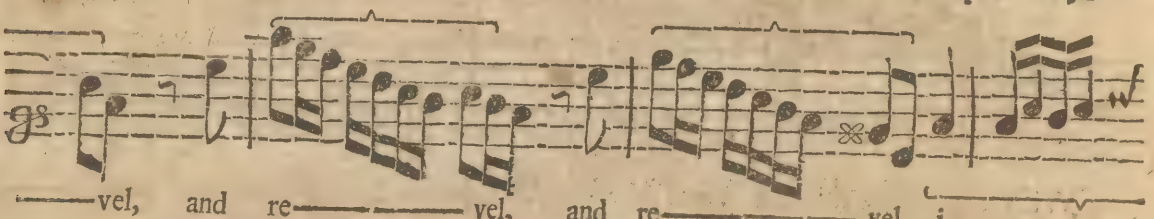
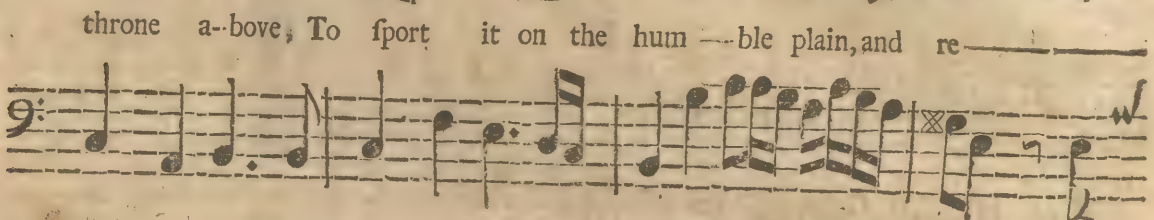
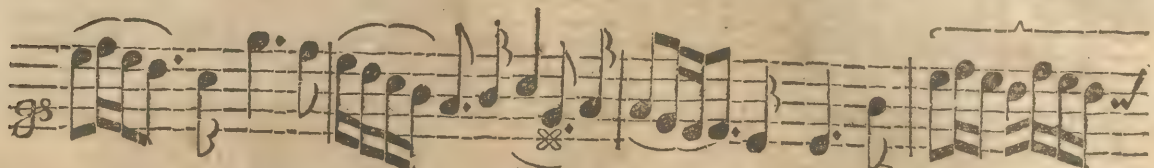
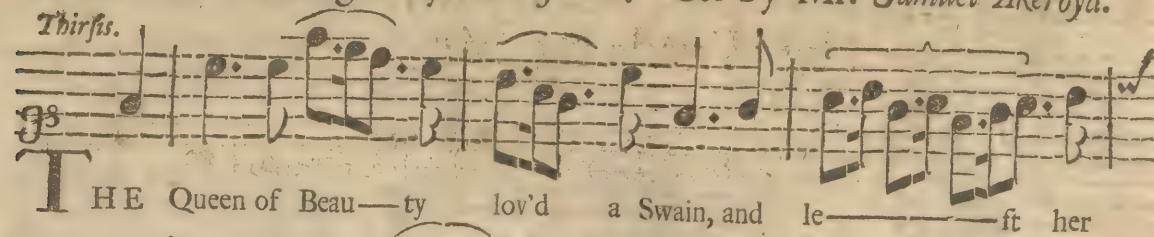
II

~~Be careful of the carefull life~~

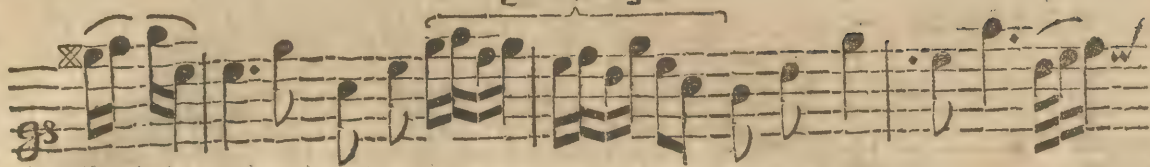
The Nymph who is both gay and wife,  
The tempting Bait discreetly flies;  
She loves her self, she loves her friend,  
She looks for joys and has her end;  
She only can her freedom boast,  
Which when resign'd is ever lost.



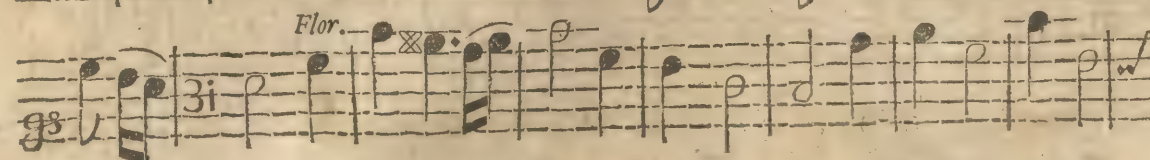
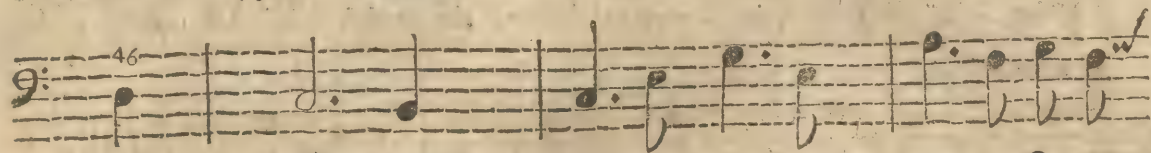
## A Pastoral Dialogue by Mr. Jo. O. Set by Mr. Samuel Akeroyd.

*Thirsis.*

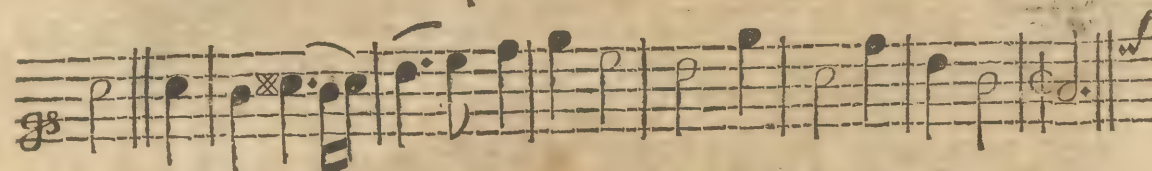
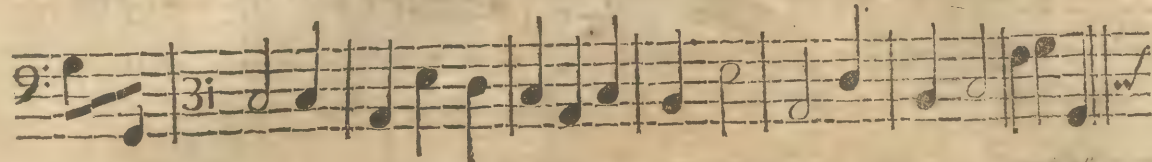




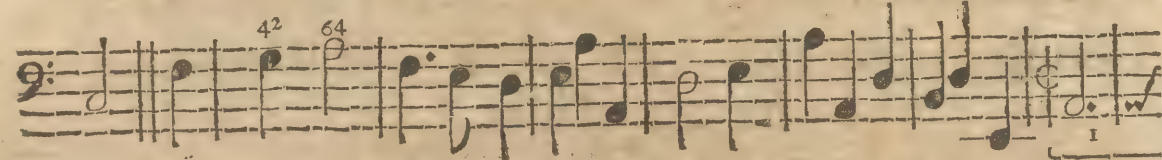
— take it is, you wou'd not glo — ry in your pride, nor shuh Loves



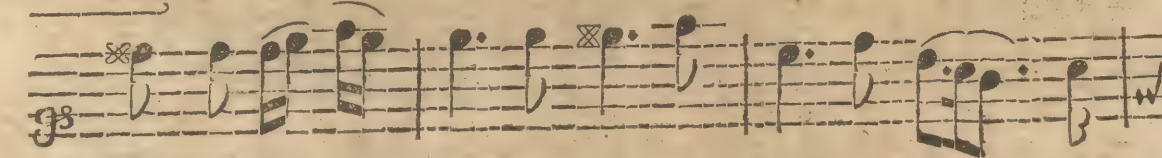
sacred blifs. My nu--me-rous Flocks are more than thine, my Fleeces fi—ner



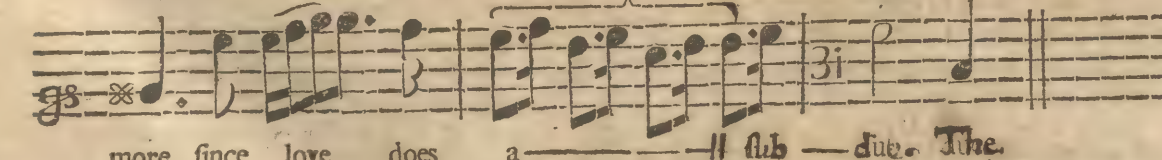
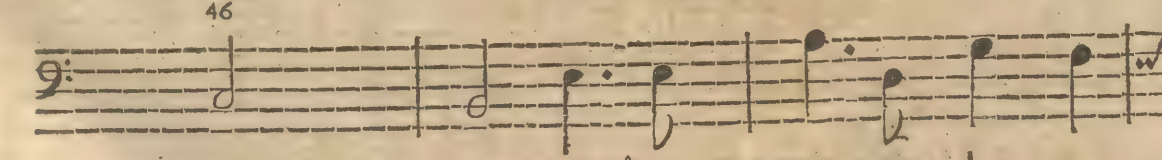
Wooll; The herds that yon—dergraze are mine, my Barnes are al—so full;



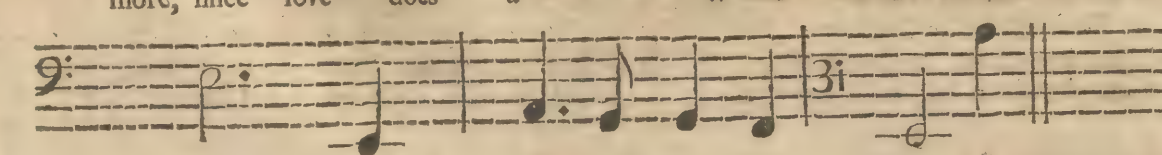
But mine, o — — h! fates! are thin of store, my



herds, my flocks but few; I plead my Love, I ask no



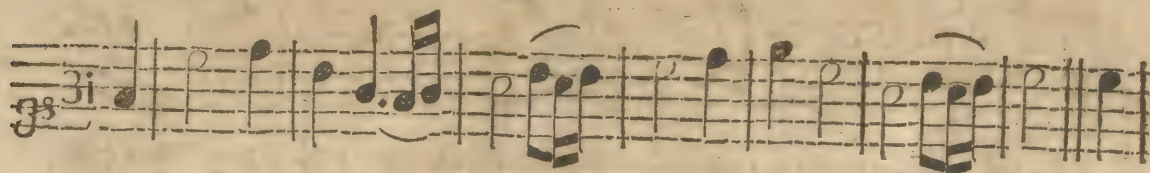
more, since love does a — — ll sub — due. The.



Turn over to the CHORUS.

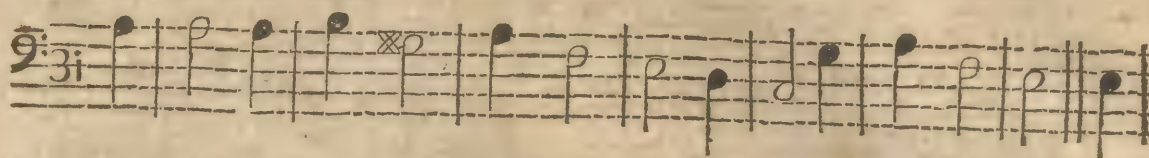


## CHORUS.

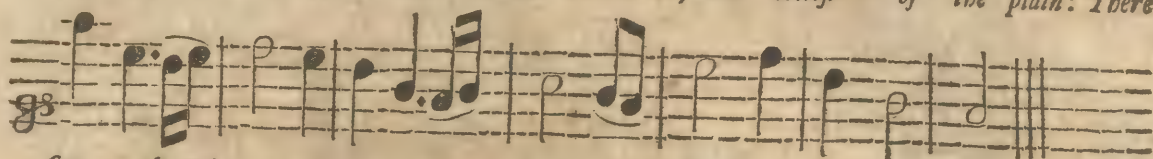


Then let's to yon—der Grove re—move, the coolest of the plain: There

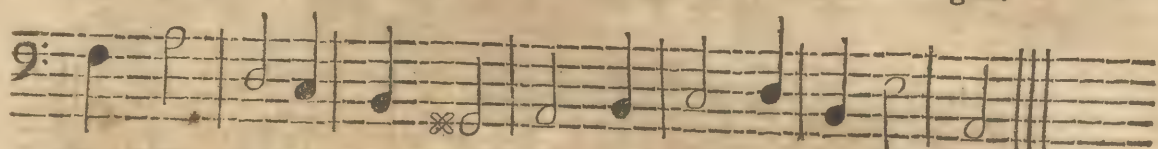
## CHORUS.



Then let's to yon—der Grove re—move, the coolest of the plain: There

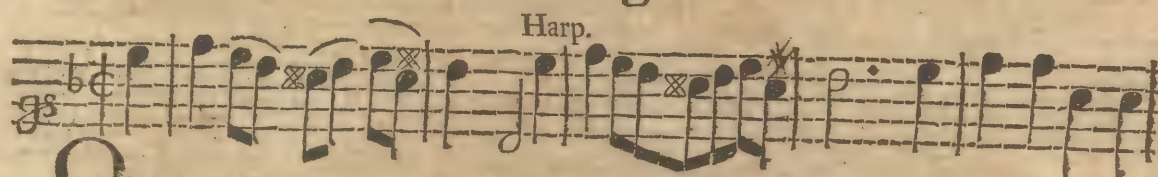


sing the Charmes of mu—tual love, so to our Flocks a—gain.

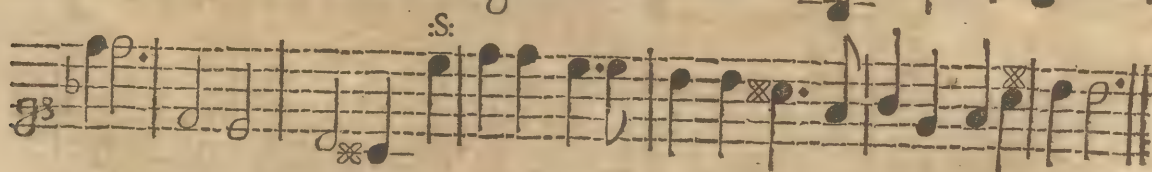
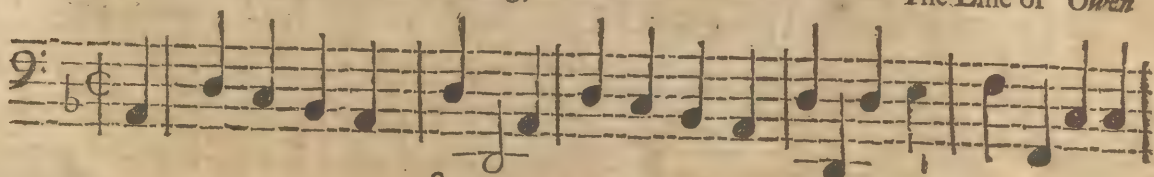


sing the Charmes of mu—tual love, so to our Flocks a—gain.

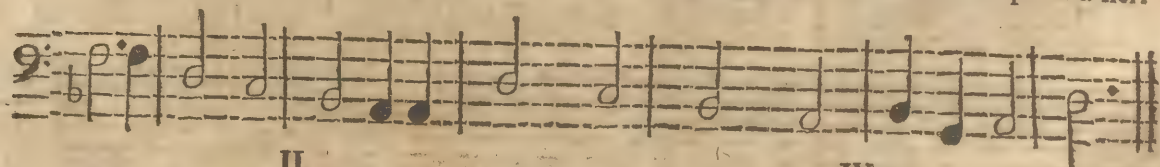
## A Song in the *Richmond* Heirefs, or a Woman once in the Right.



OF no—ble Race was Shinking, ——— The Line of *Owen*



*Tudor*, thum,thum,thum,thum, But her renown is fled and gone, since cruel Love persu'd her.



## II.

Fair *Winnies* Eyes bright shining,  
And Lilly breasts Alluring,  
Poor *Jenkins* heart with fatal Dart,  
Have wounded past all curing.

## III.

Her was the prettyest Fellow  
At Foot-ball, or at Crickett;  
At Hunting Chace, or nimble Race,  
Cots-plut how her cou'd prick it.

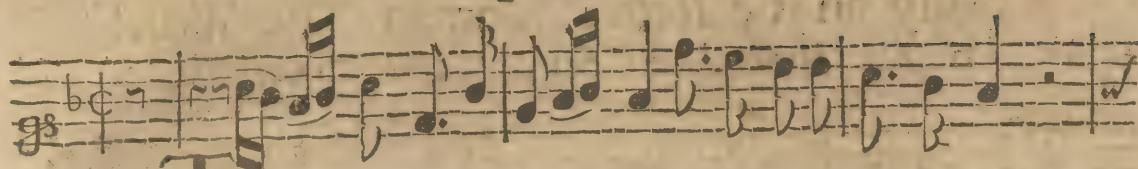
## IV.

But now all joy's are flying,  
All pale and wan her Cheeks too;  
Her heart so akes, her quite forsakes  
Her Herrings, and her Leeks too.

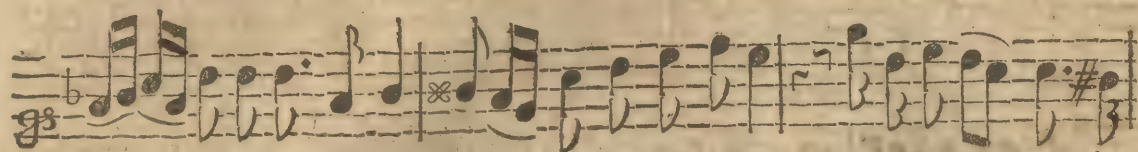
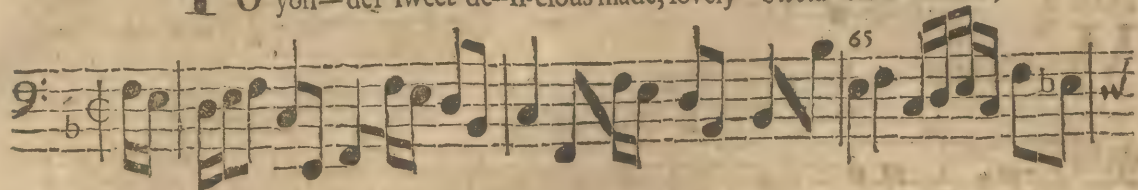
## V.

No more must dear *Metheglin*,  
Be top'd at good *Mongomery*;  
And if Lovesfore smart one week more,  
Adieu Cream-Cheese and Flomery.

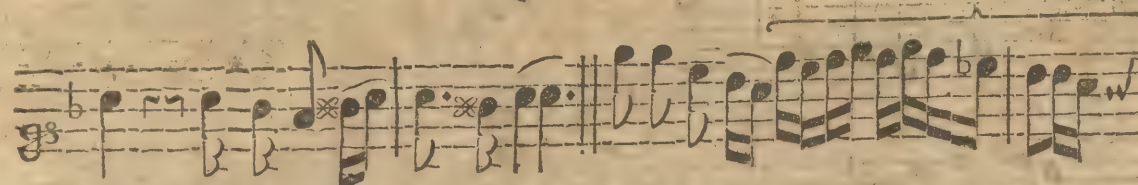
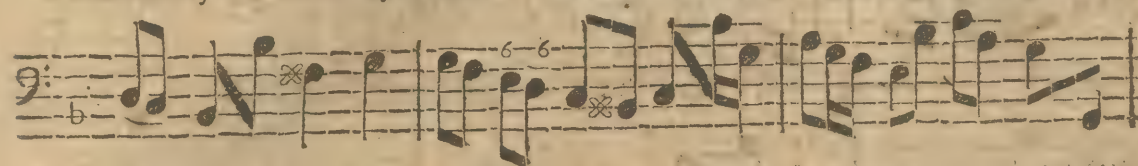




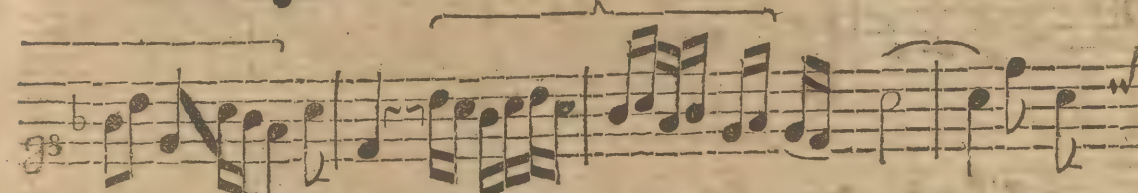
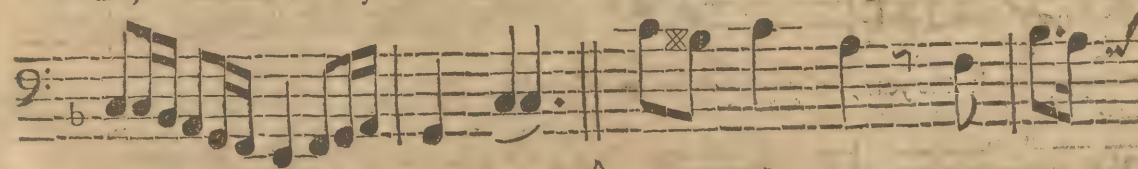
**T** O yon—der sweet de—li—cious shade, lovely *Silvia* let's retire;



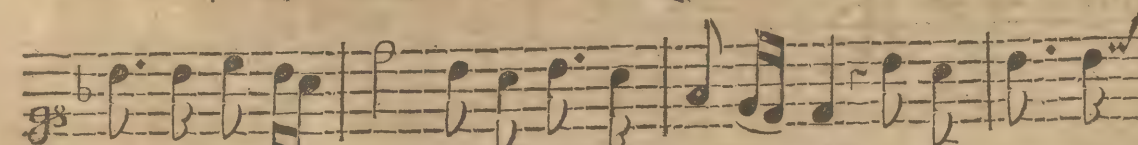
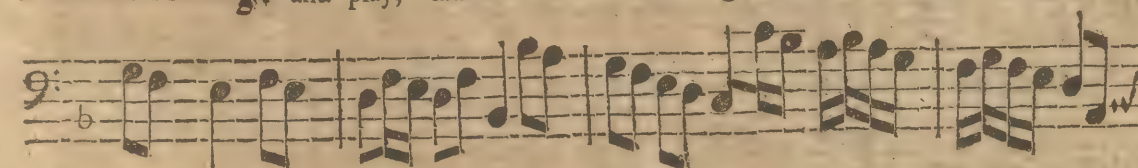
careles—ly on Rosés lay'd, loose to ev' ry warm desire, loose to e—very warm de—



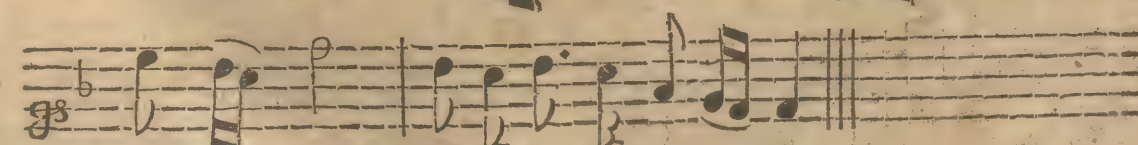
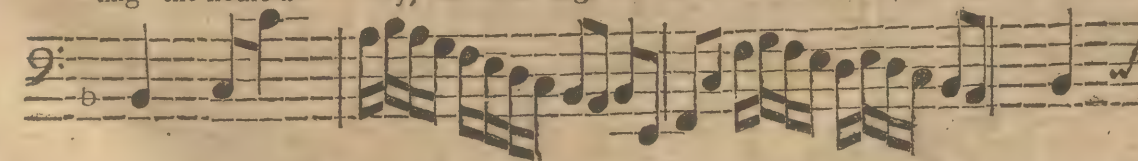
—fire, loose to e—v'ry warm de—fire. Let us wanton lau—



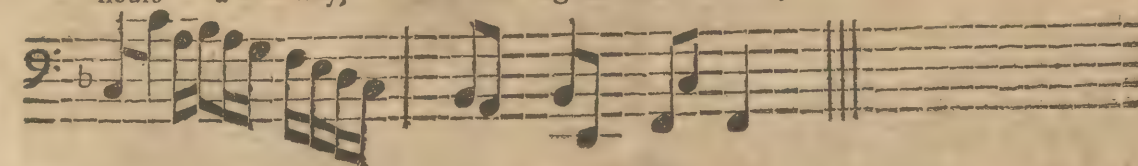
—gh and play, lau—gh and play, kifs and



—sing the hours a—way, kifs and sing the hours a—way, kifs and sing the



hours a—way, kifs and sing the hours a—way.





A Song on the *Italian* Woman, The Words  
by Mr. *Heningham*. Set by Mr *R. Courtiville*.

W HERE *Phæbus* with his kindest, kind

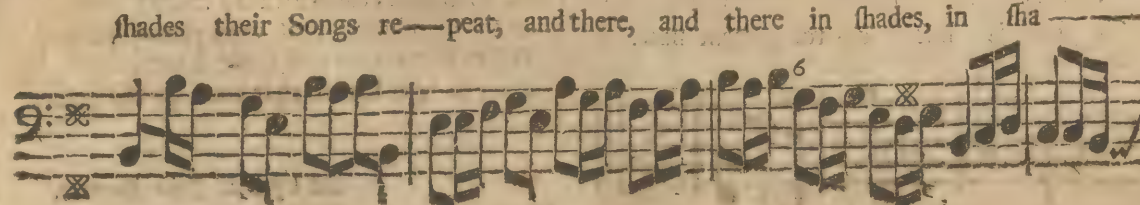
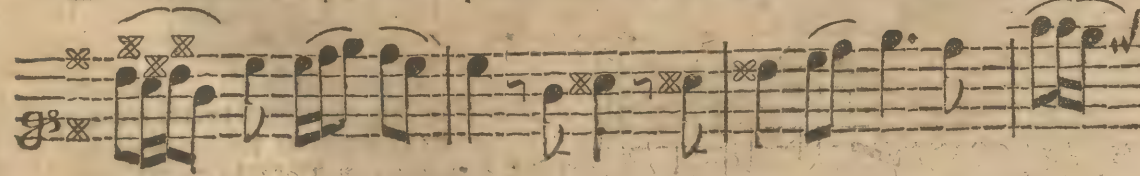
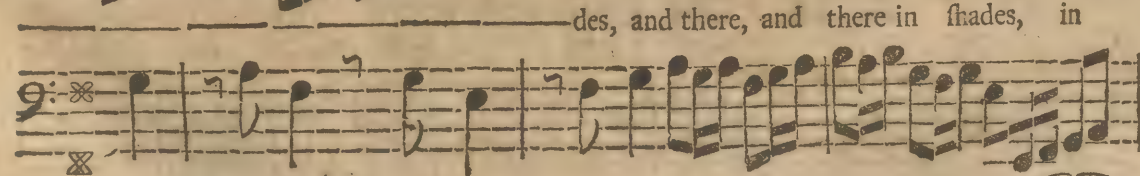
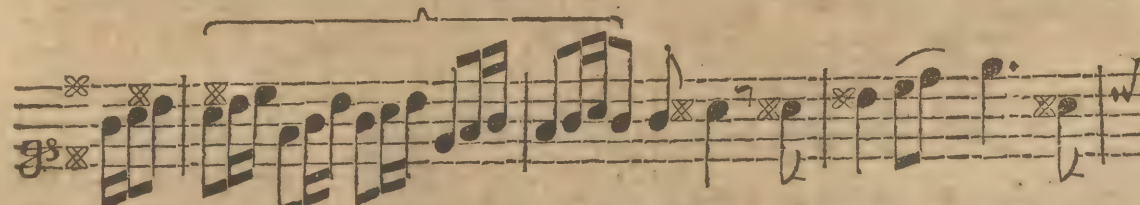
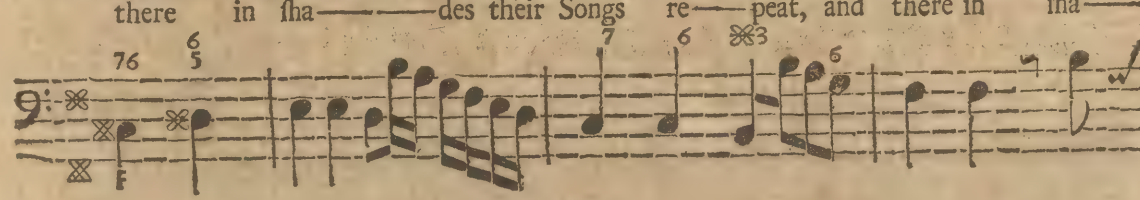
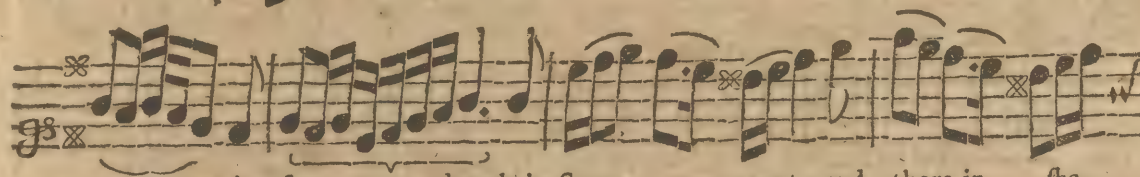
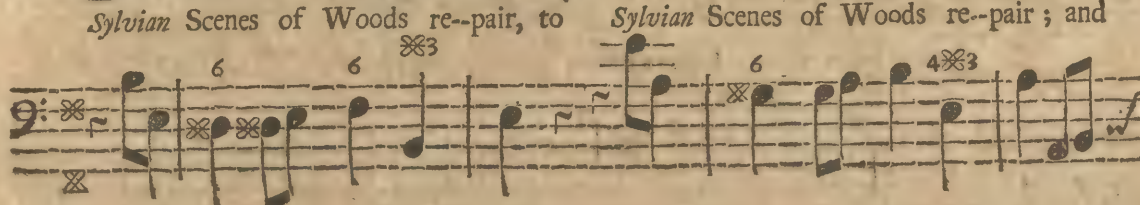
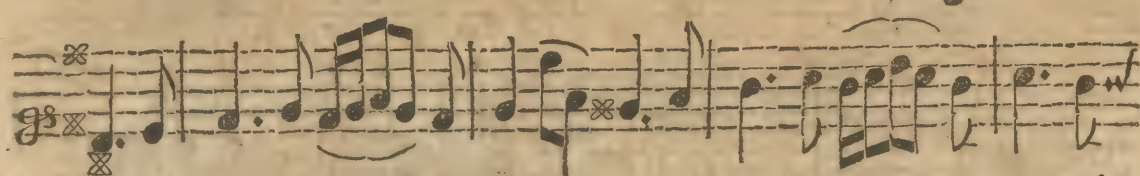
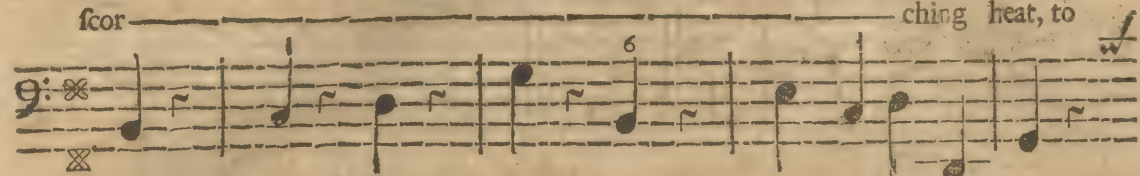
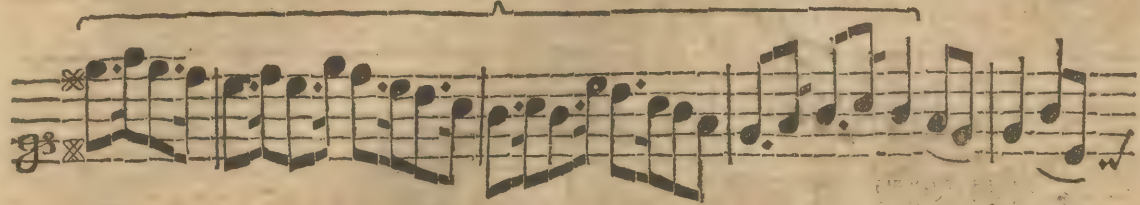
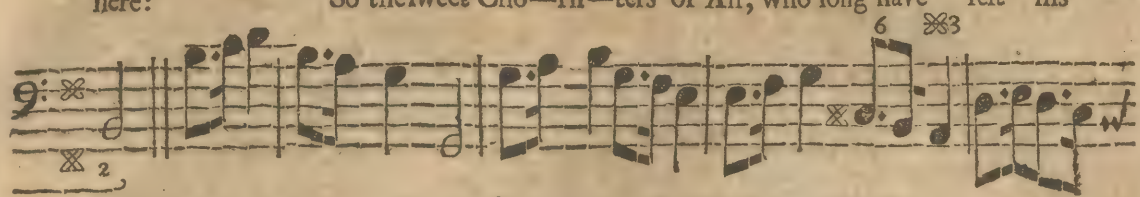
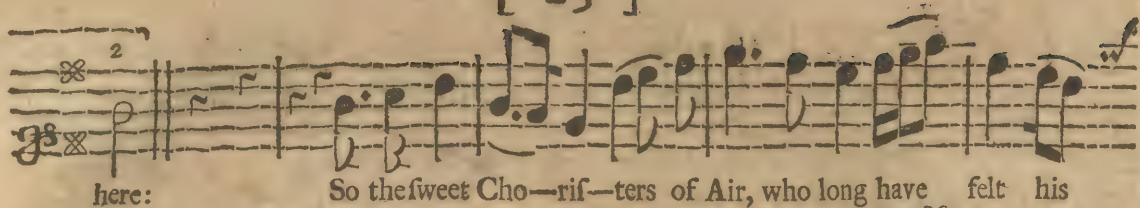
est, kind - est look vi - sits his Neighbours a

ll the year; that place this Beautious Nymph, this Beautious,

this Beau - tious Nymph, forlook to en - ter - tain and warm us

here, here, here, to en - ter - tain and warm us here, where *Phæbus*







des their Songs repeat, re—peat, re—peat their

Songs re—peat, re—peat.

I wonder what those Lovers mean, who say, they have giv'n, they have giv'n their

hearts a—way: Some good kind Lo—ver tell me how, for mine is

but a tor—ment now; some good kind Lo—ver tell me how, for

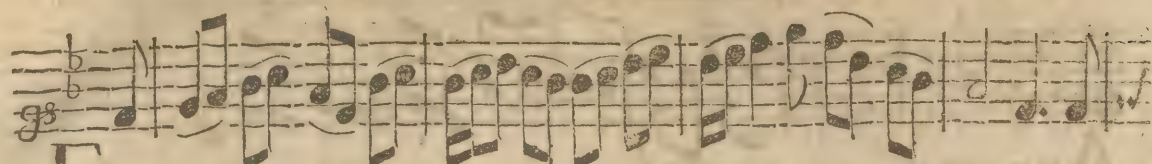
mine is but a tor—ment now.

II  
 If so it be one place both hearts contain,  
 For what, for what do they complain?  
 What Courtesies can Love do more,  
 Then to joyn hearts that were parted before?  
 What Courtesies can Love do more,  
 Than to joyn hearts that were parted before?

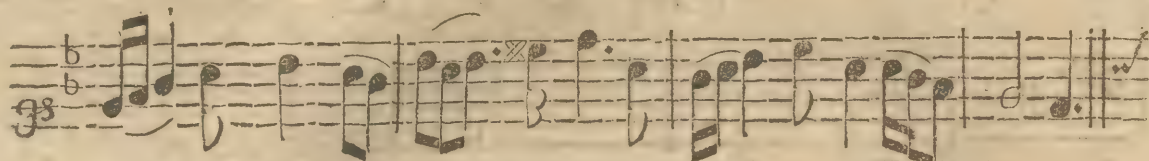
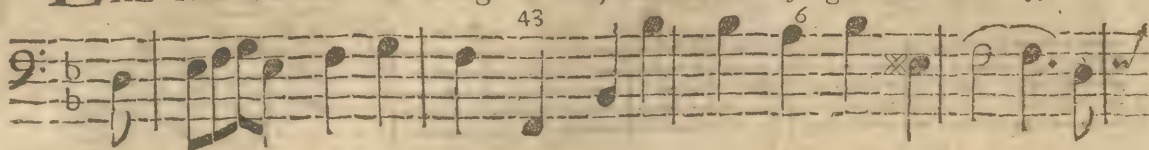
Set by Mr. John Barrett.



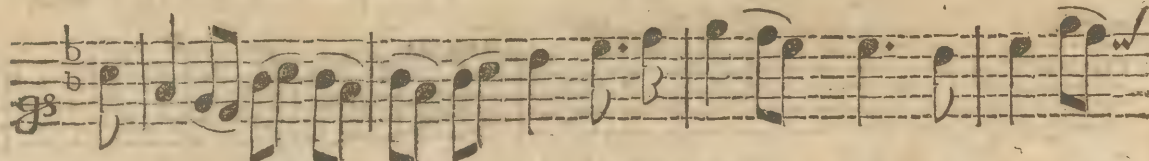
## A Scotch Song set by Mr. Robert King.



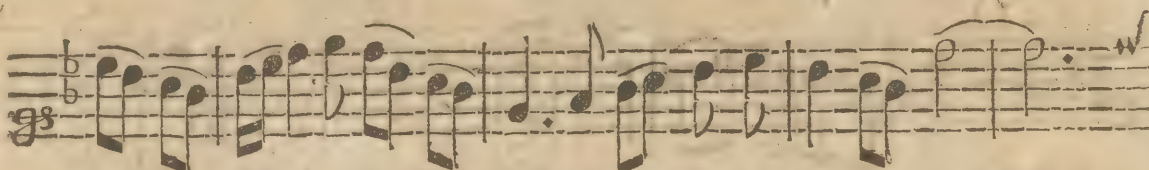
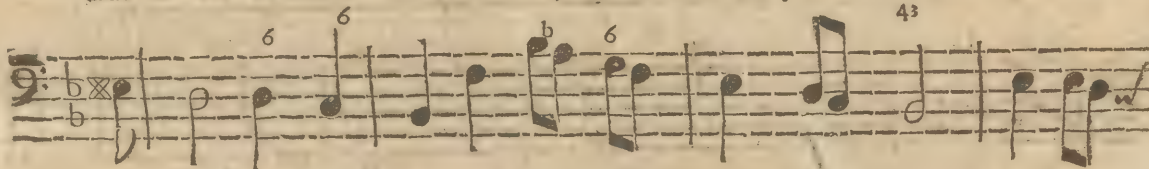
E-RE Time had run so long a race, when *Wul—ly* gan en-trea-ty, then



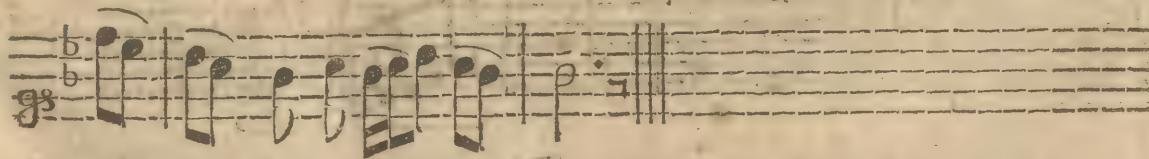
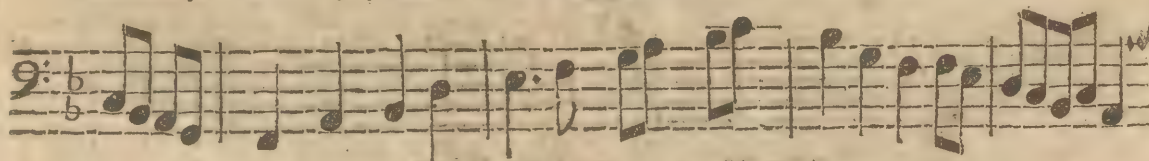
I'ze was thought a bon—ny Lafs, and call—ed wondrous pretty:



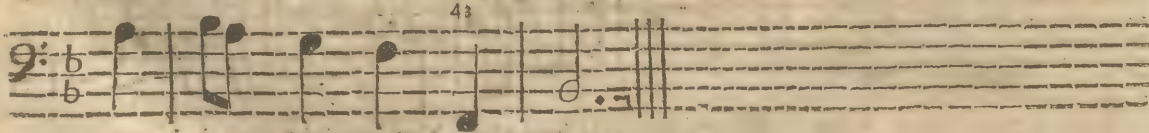
But af-ter Wedlock—knot waswove, and the Lad my Charms had worn, he



curs'd my ea—fy yeilding Love, and wish'd he had had my scorn,



and wish'd he had had my scorn.





## A Song for two Voices by Mr. Henry Purcell.

AND in each track of Glo—ry, since,

And in each track of Glo—

67

and in each track of Glo—ry since,

ry, since of Glo—ry, since

for their lov'd Coun—try, or their Prince. Princes that

for their lov'd Coun—try, or their Prince. Princes that

1 2

hate, that hate Romes Ti-ran-ny and joyn the Nations right, with their own

hate, that hate Romes Ti-ran-ny and joyn the Nations right, with their own



Roy-al-ty; none were more ready, none were more rea—dy, none, none,

Roy-al-ty; none, none, none, none, none were more, none were more,

65 2 6

none, none, none were more ready in—dif—trefs to save, no, none were more

ready, none were more ready in—dif—trefs to save, none were more

Loyal, none, none, none, none, none, none, none, none, none, none were more

Loyal none, none, none, none, none, none, none, none, none were more

Loyal none, none more Brave.

Loyal none, none more Brave.



## A Song for 2 Voices. By Mr. Robert King.

How long must Women with in vain, a con—stant

How long must Wo—men with in vain a constant

This system contains three staves. The top staff is for the Soprano voice, the middle for the Alto voice, and the bottom for the Bass voice. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are: 'How long must Women with in vain, a con—stant' for the Soprano and 'How long must Wo—men with in vain a constant' for the other two voices.

Love to find? No art can Fic—kle Man re—

Love to find? no art can fic—kle, can fic—kle Man re—

This system contains three staves. The lyrics are: 'Love to find? No art can Fic—kle Man re—' for the Soprano and 'Love to find? no art can fic—kle, can fic—kle Man re—' for the other two voices. The bottom staff includes measure numbers 43 and 76.

—tain, or fix a Ro—ving mind. Yet fond—ly we,

—tain, or fix a Ro—ving mind: Yet fond—ly

This system contains three staves. The lyrics are: '—tain, or fix a Ro—ving mind. Yet fond—ly we,' for the Soprano and '—tain, or fix a Ro—ving mind: Yet fond—ly' for the other two voices. The bottom staff includes measure numbers 63, 6, 5, and 43.



yet fond—ly we our selves deceive, and emp—ty hopes pur—sue;

we our selves, our selves de—ceive, and emp—ty hopes pur—sue, Tho'

Tho' false to o—thers, we be—lieve they will to us prove true,

false, tho' false to o—thers we be—lieve they will to us prove true,

tho' false to o—thers, tho' false to o—thers, tho' false to

Tho' false to o—thers, tho' false to o—thers,

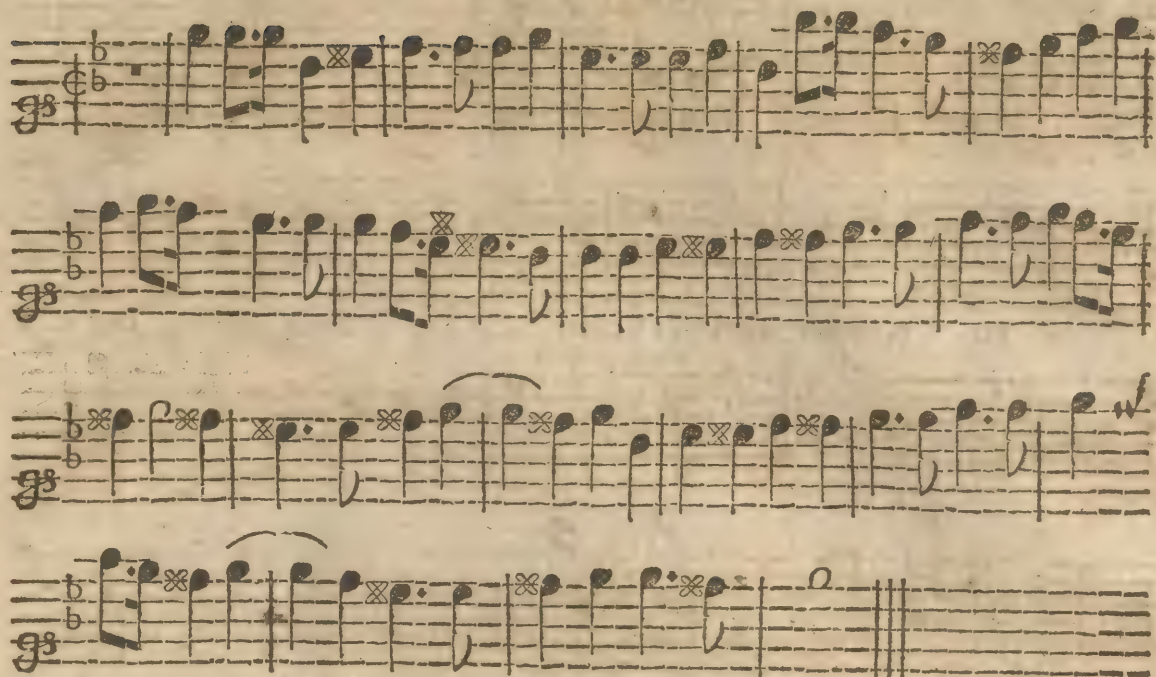
others, we be—lieve they will to us prove true.

others, we be—lieve they will to us prove true.

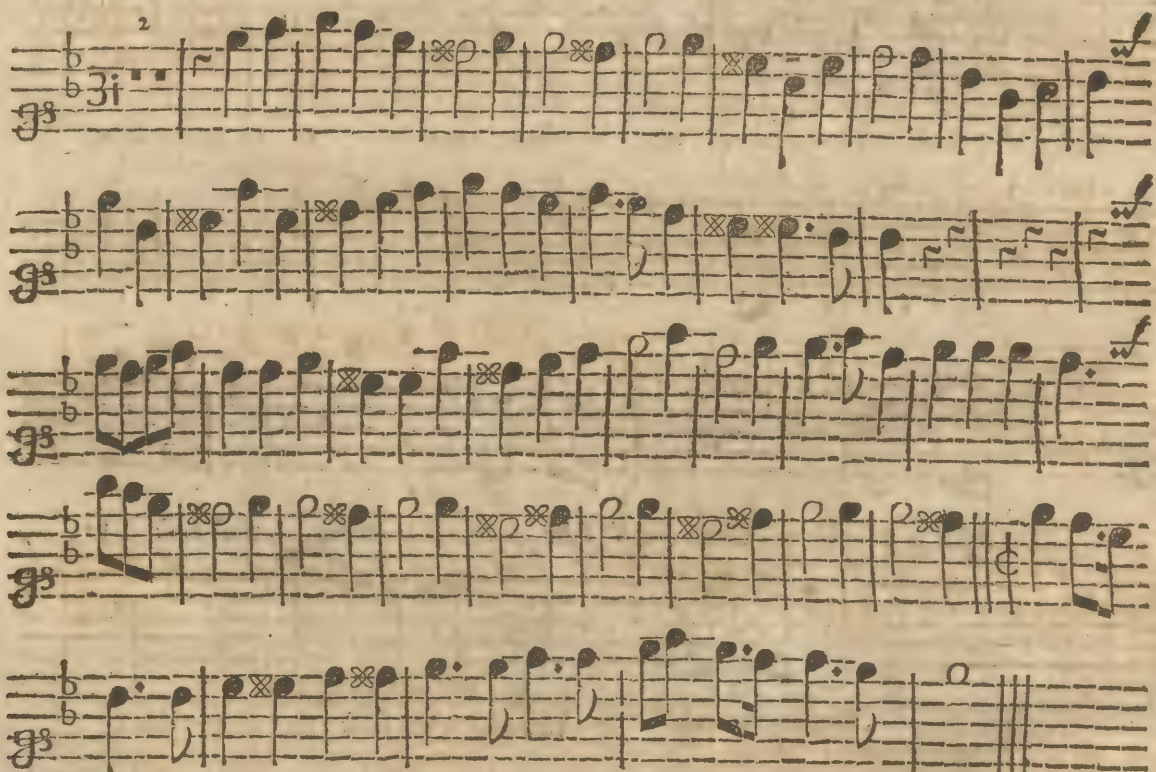


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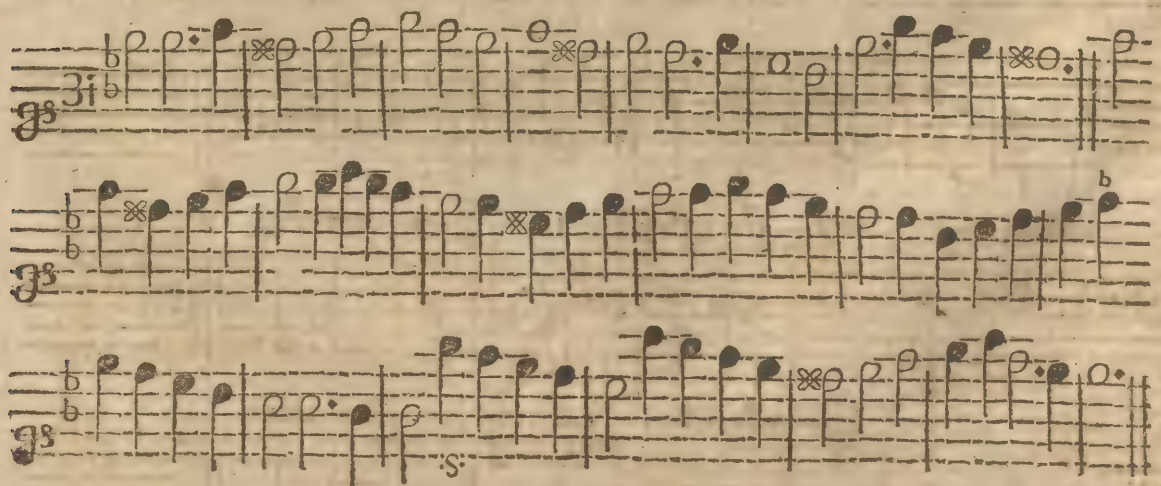
First Treble.



( 2. )



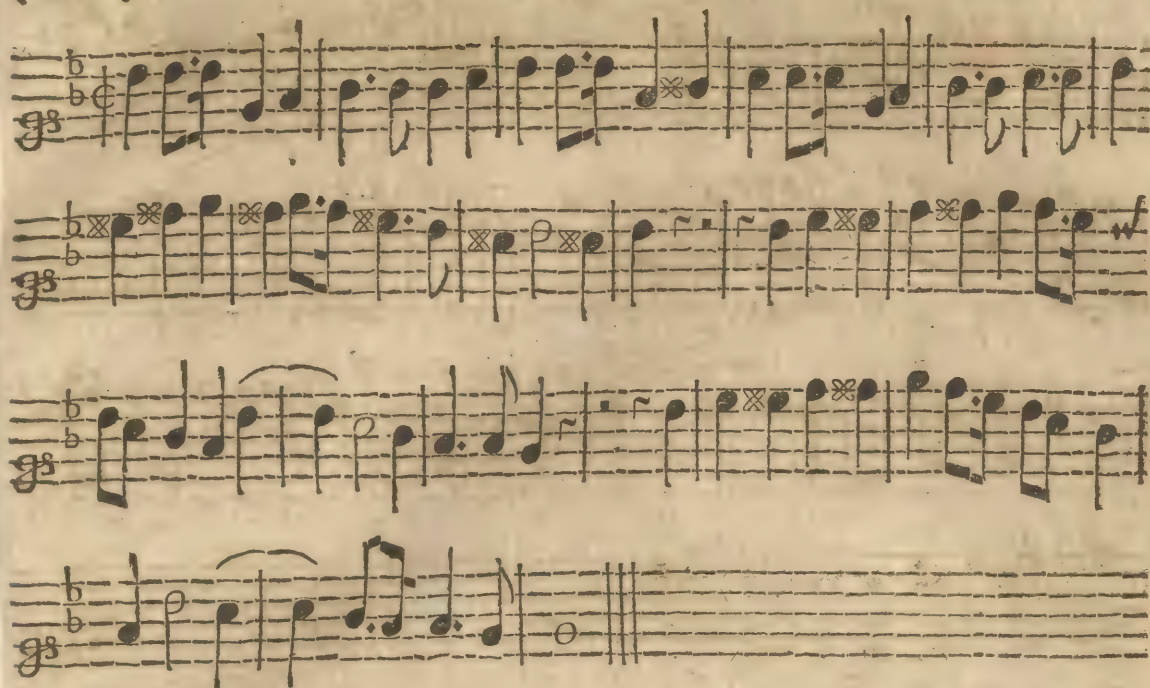
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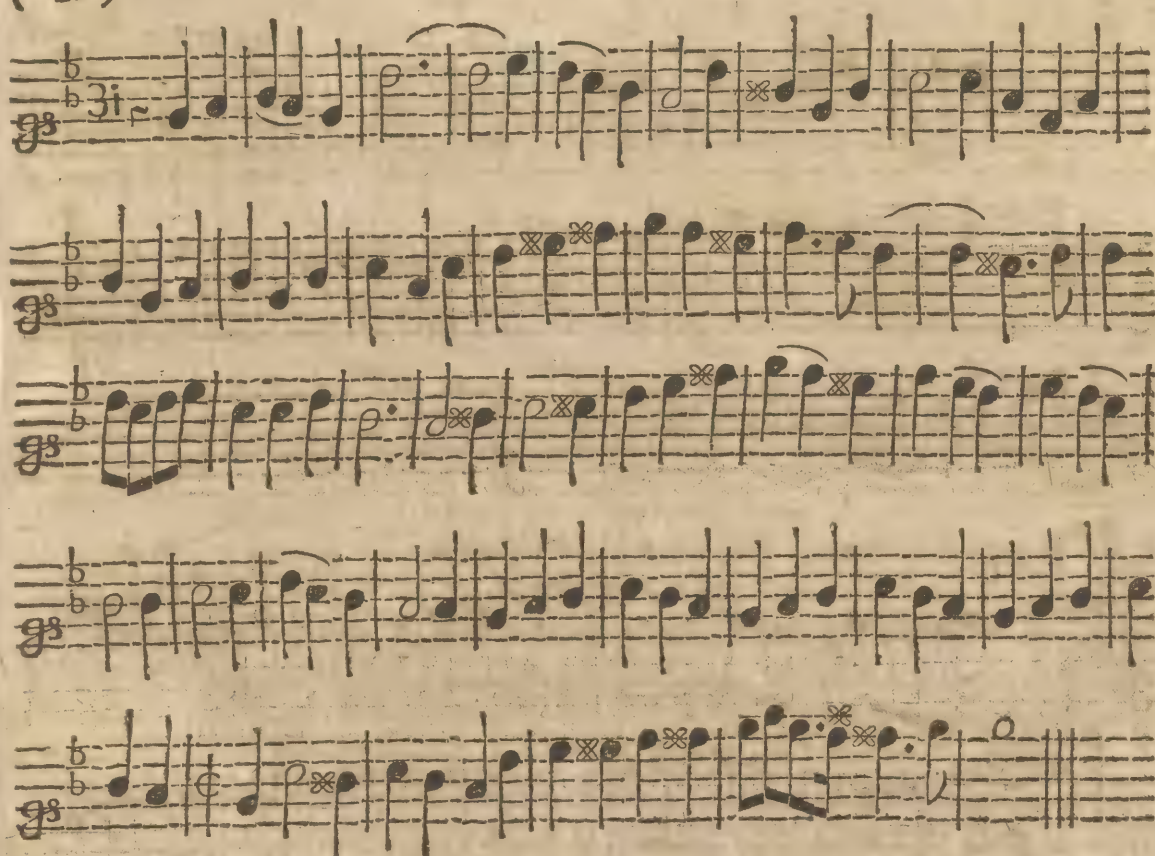


( 1. )

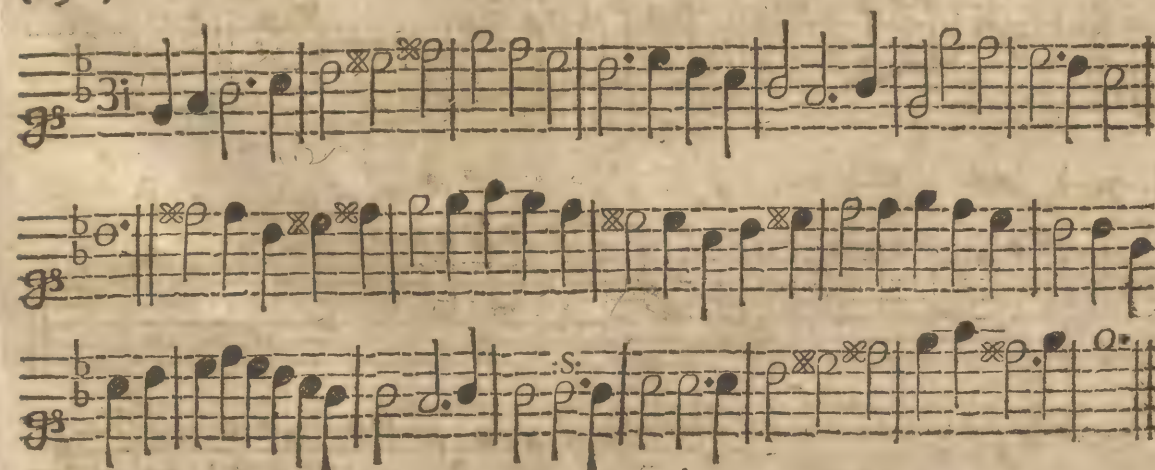
## Second Treble.



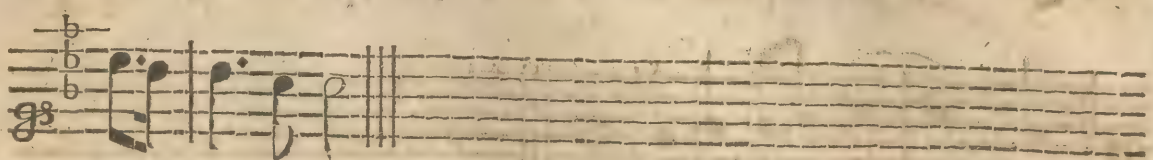
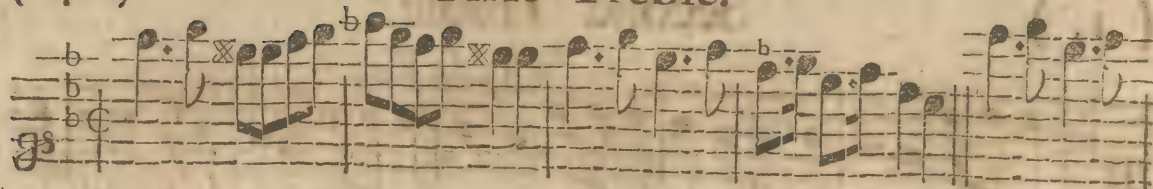
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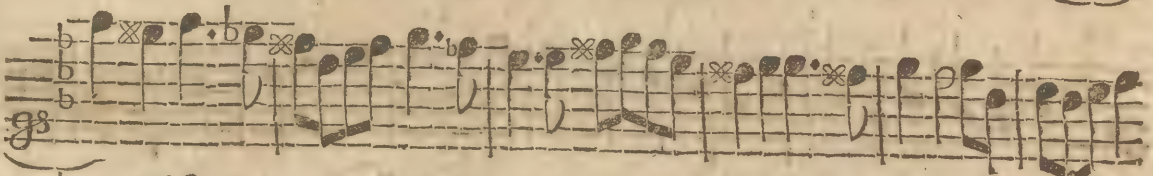
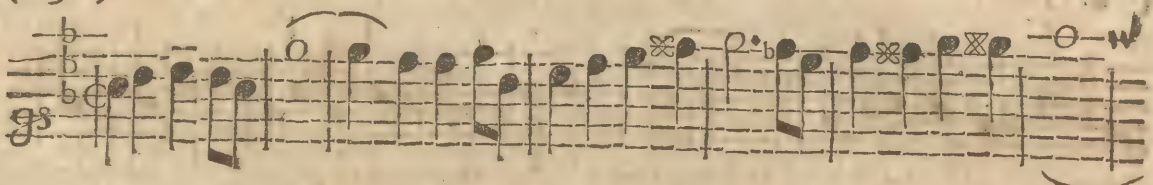
( 3. )



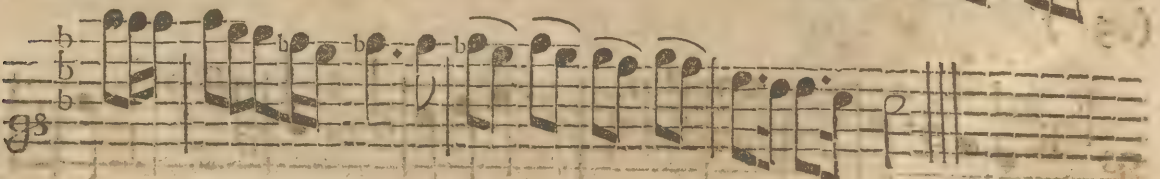
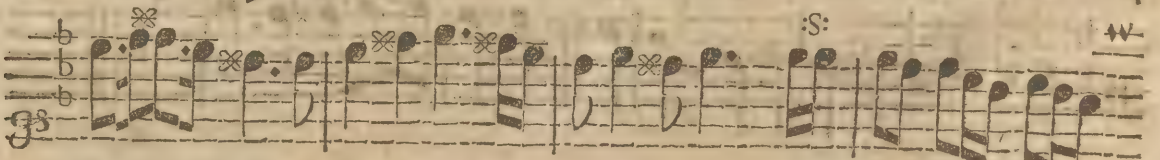
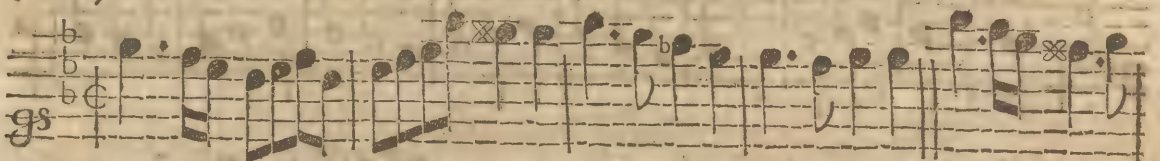




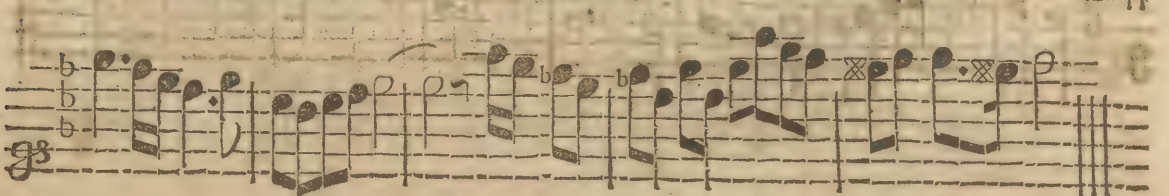
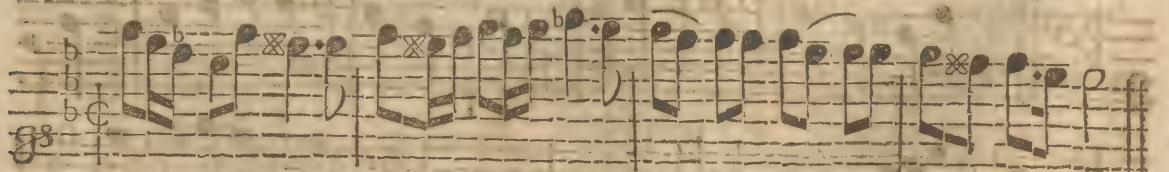
( 5. )



( 6. )



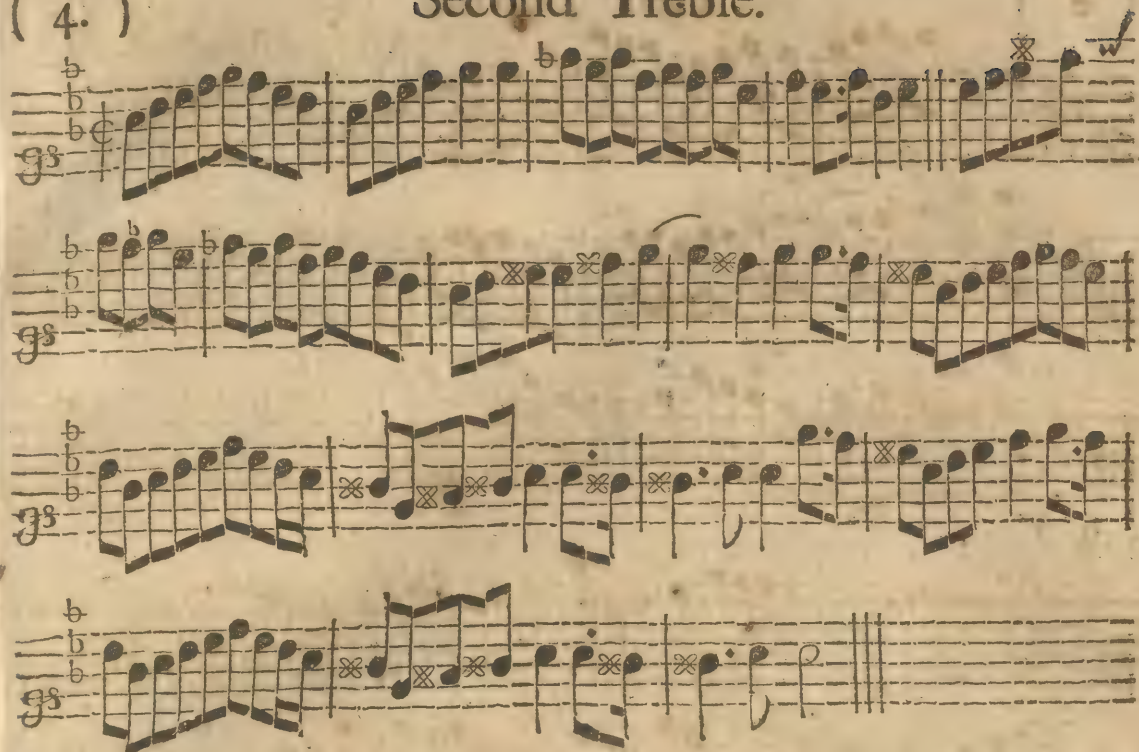
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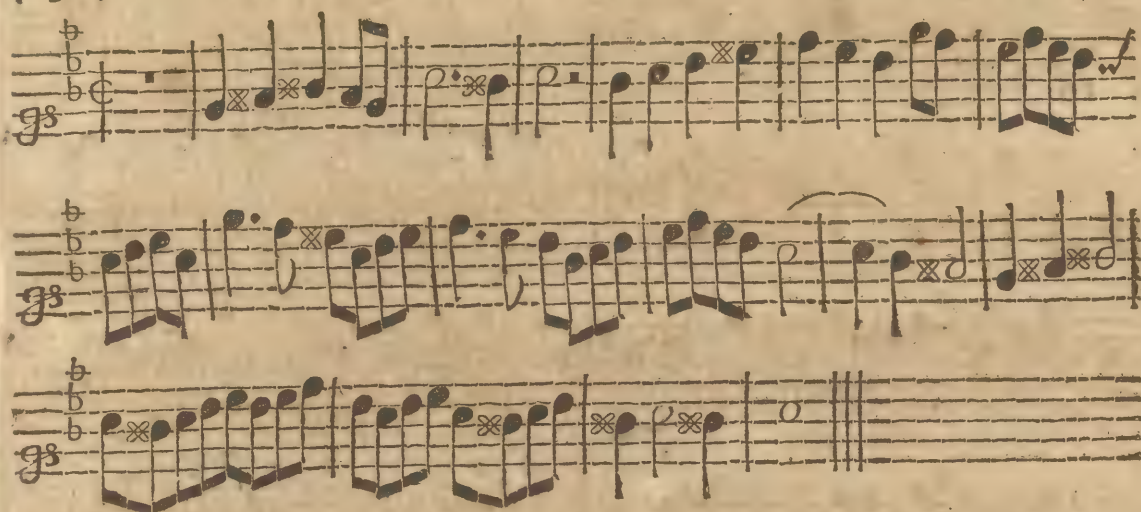


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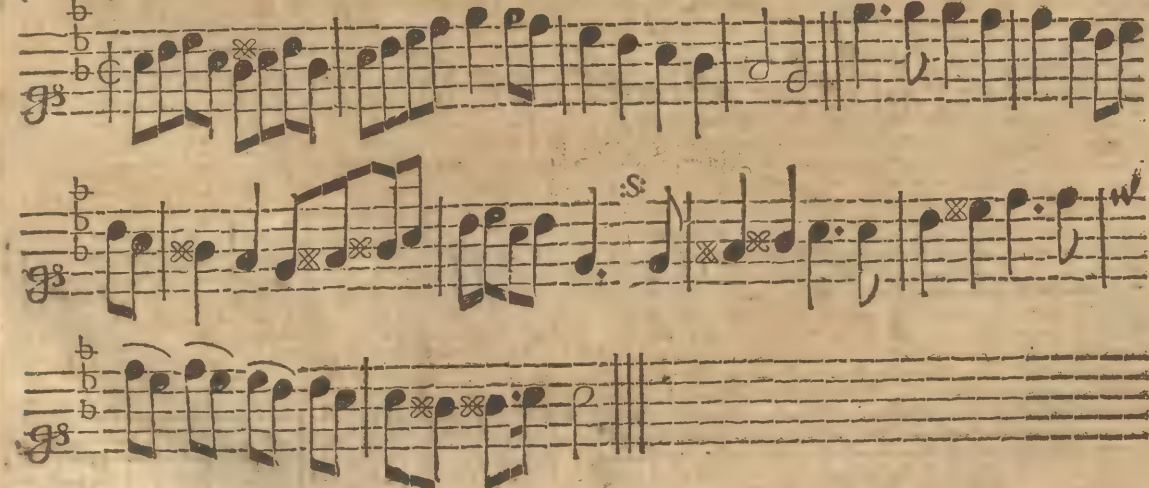
## Second Treble.



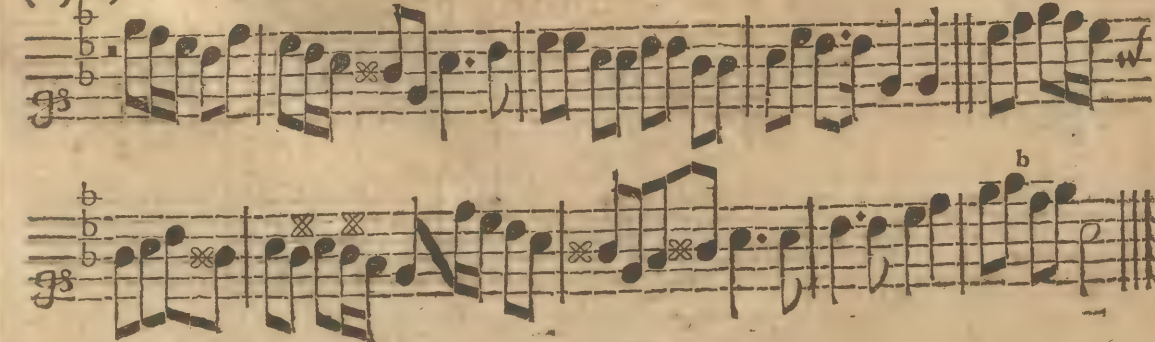
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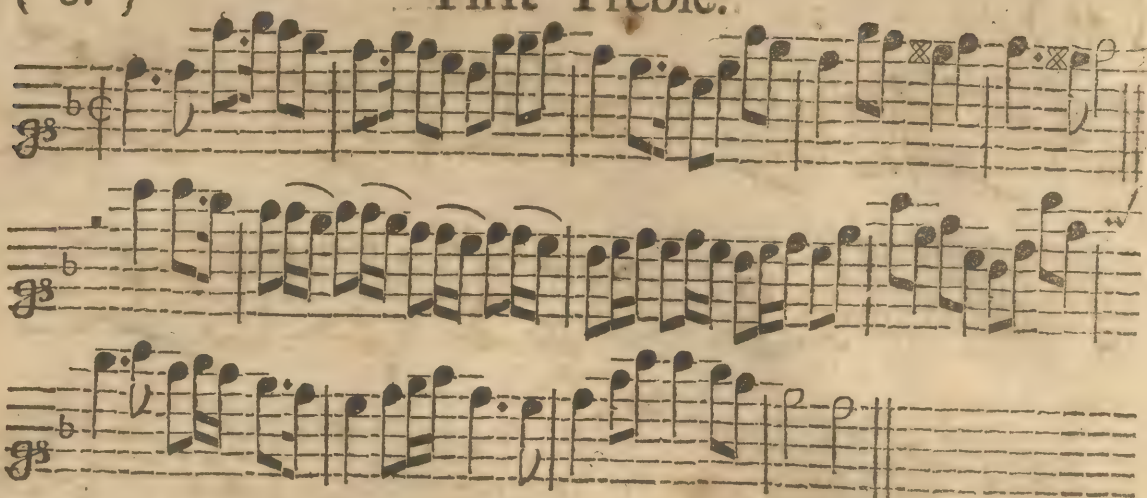
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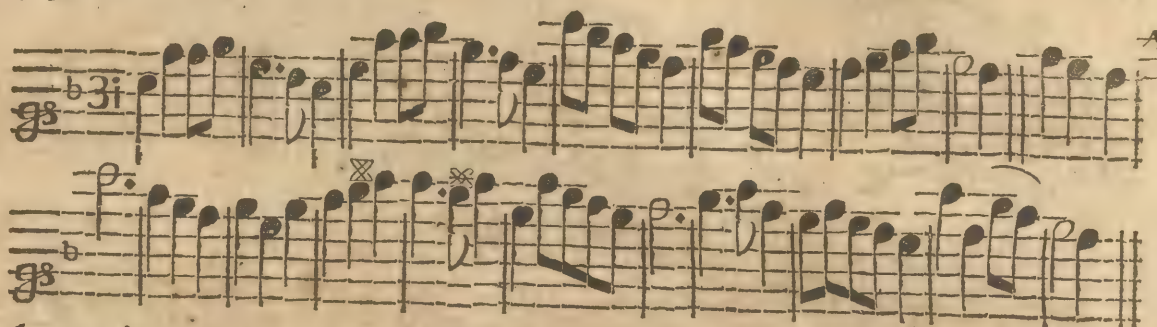


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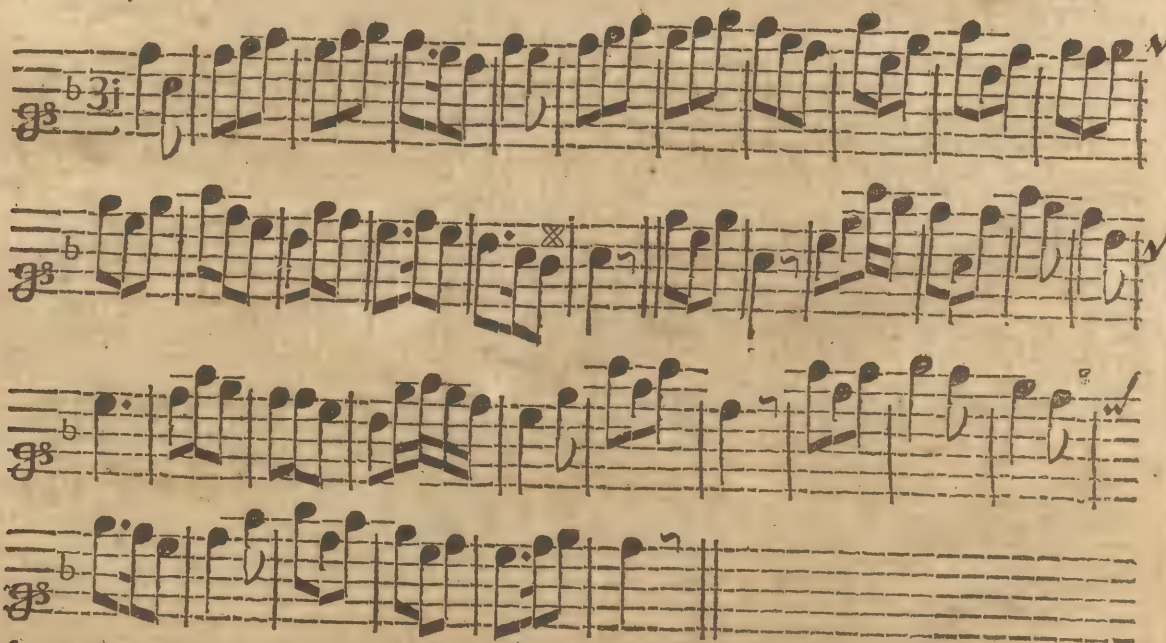
First Treble.



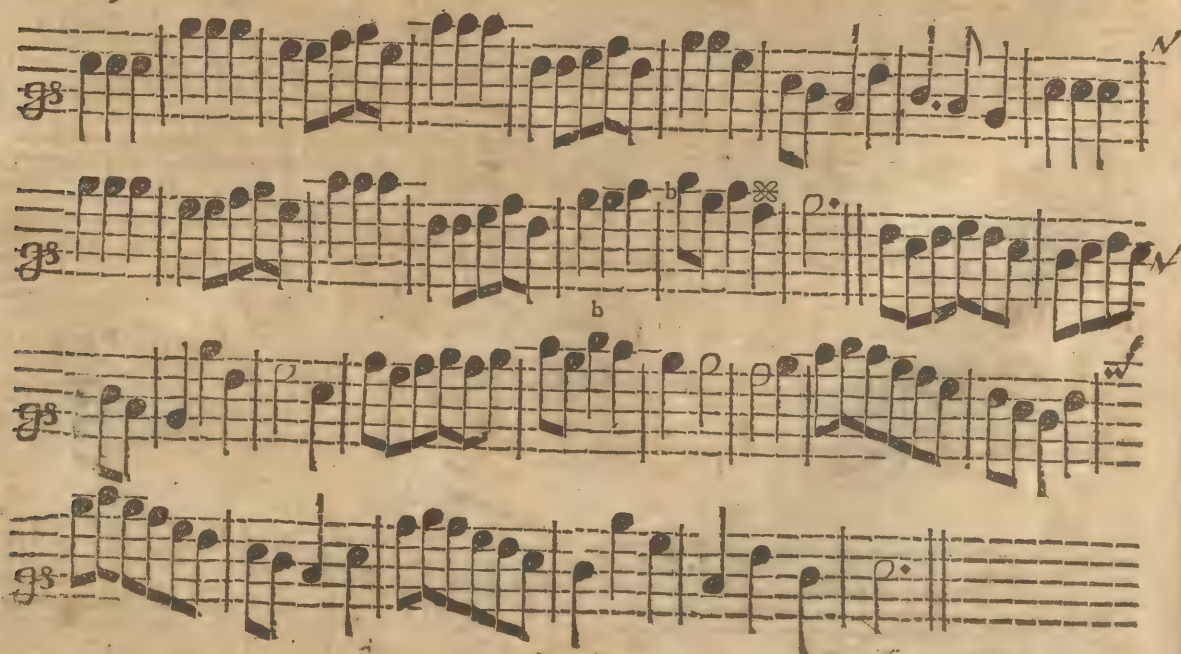
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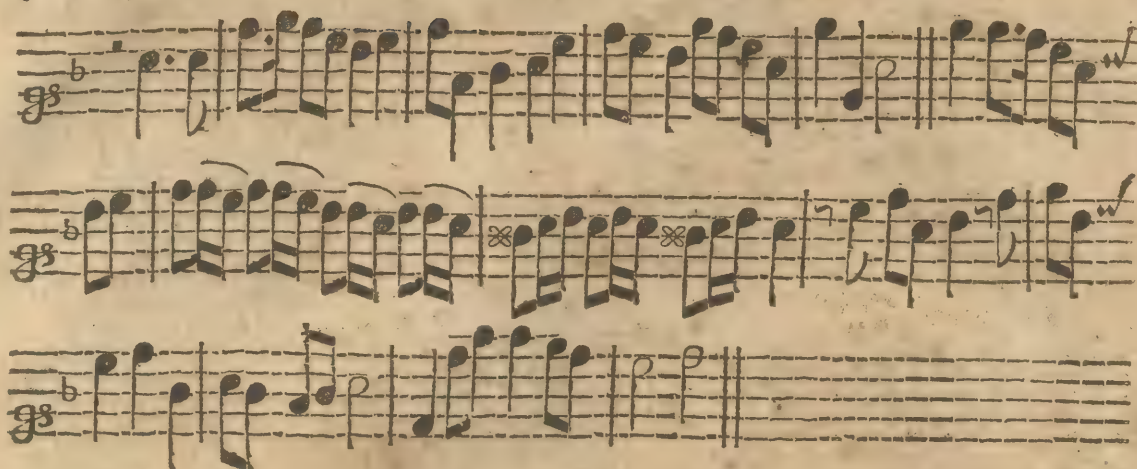
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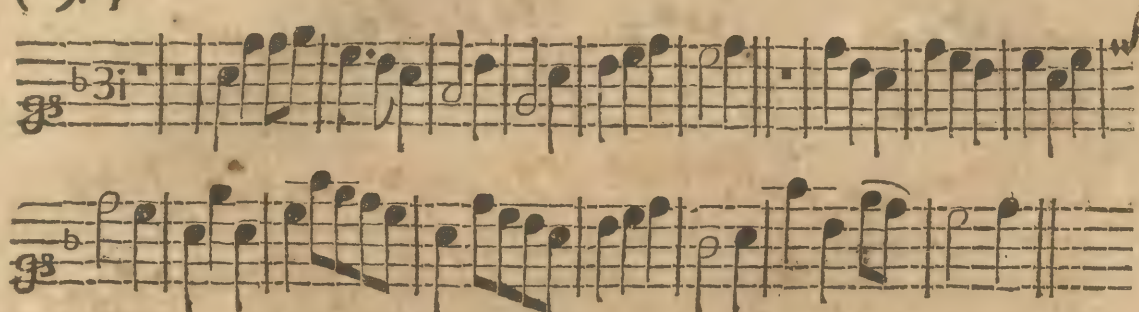


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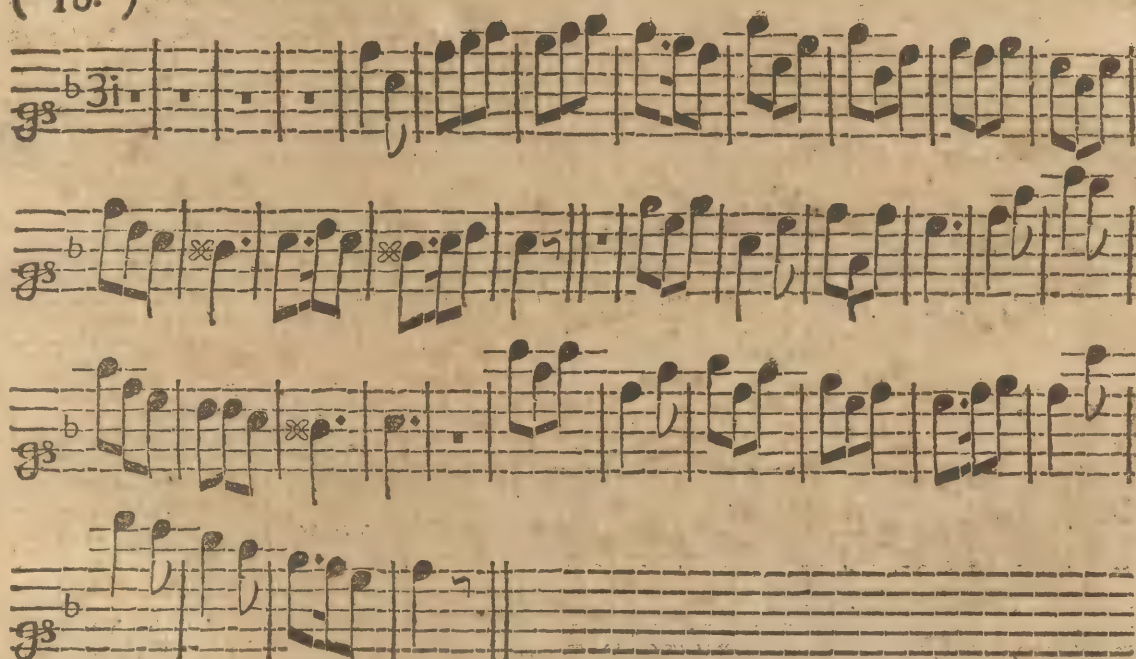
Second Treble.



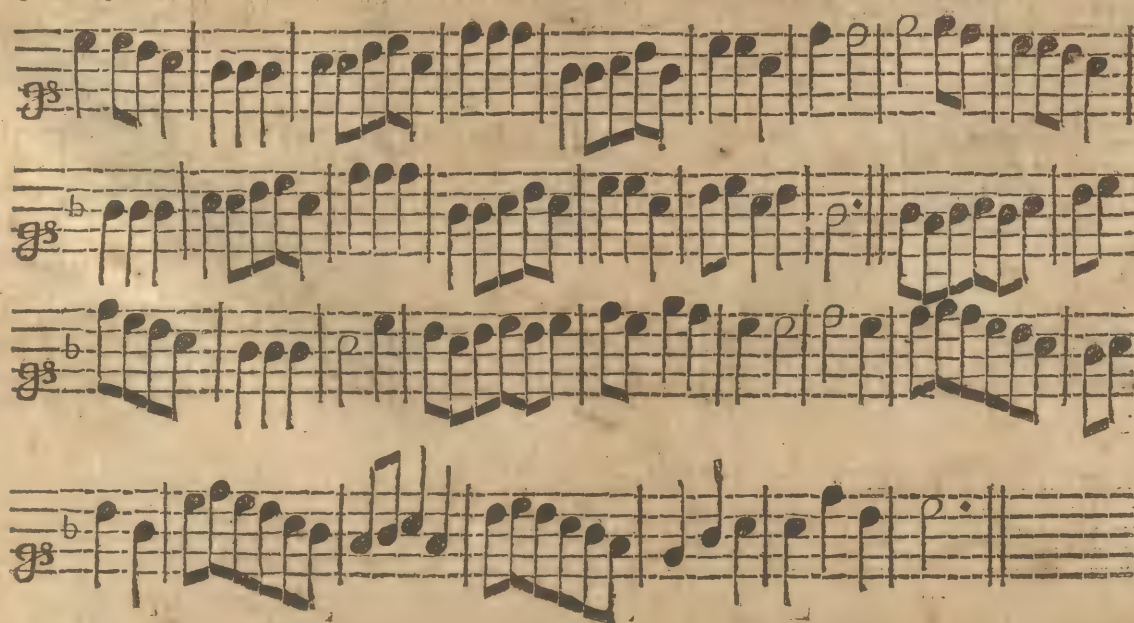
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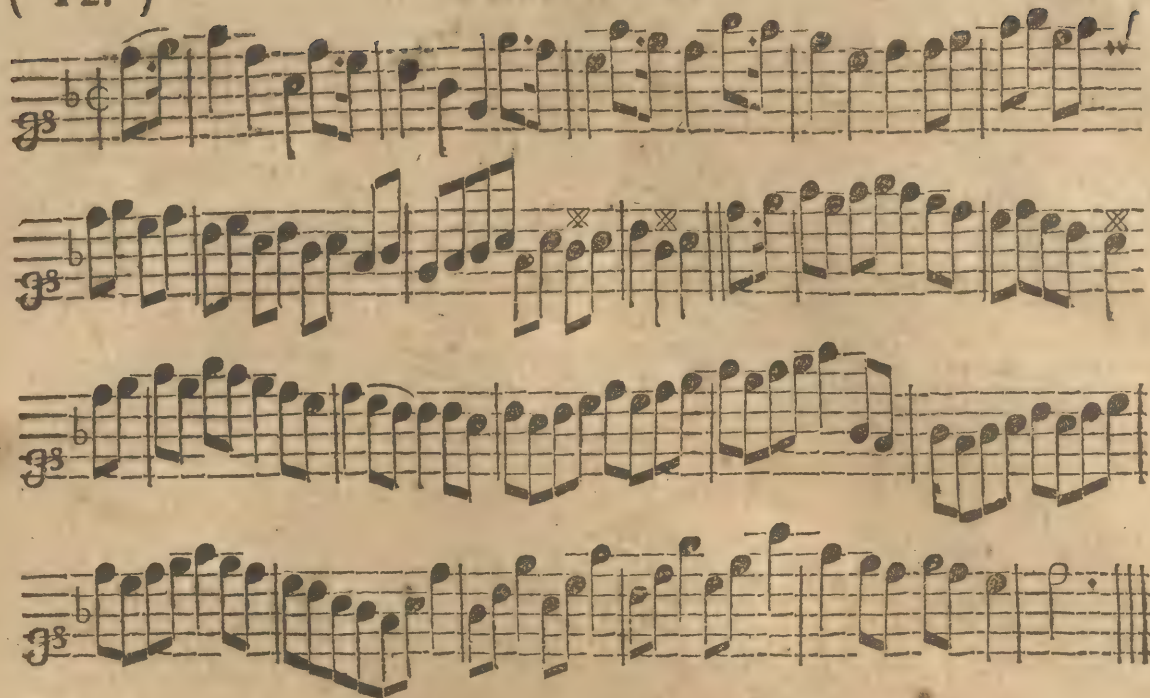
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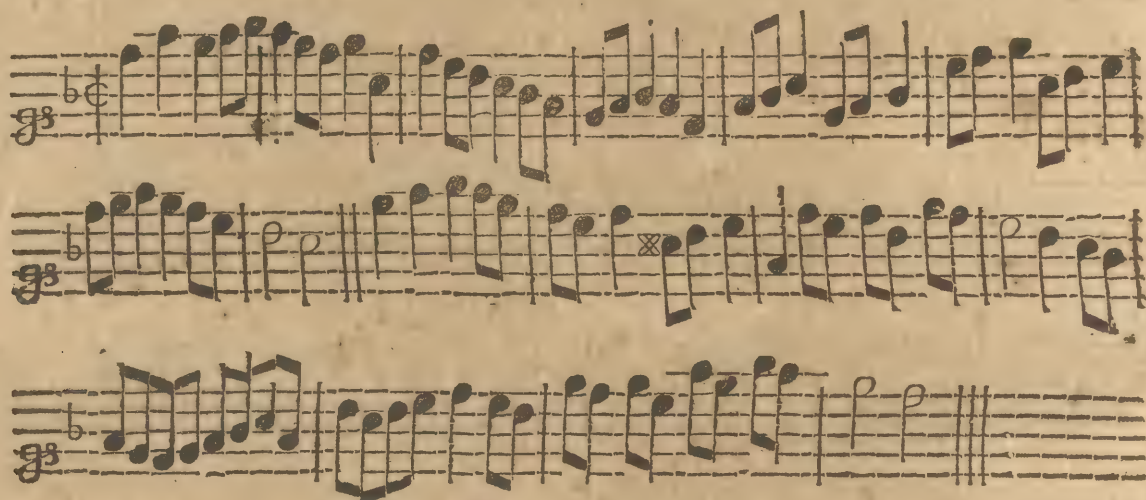


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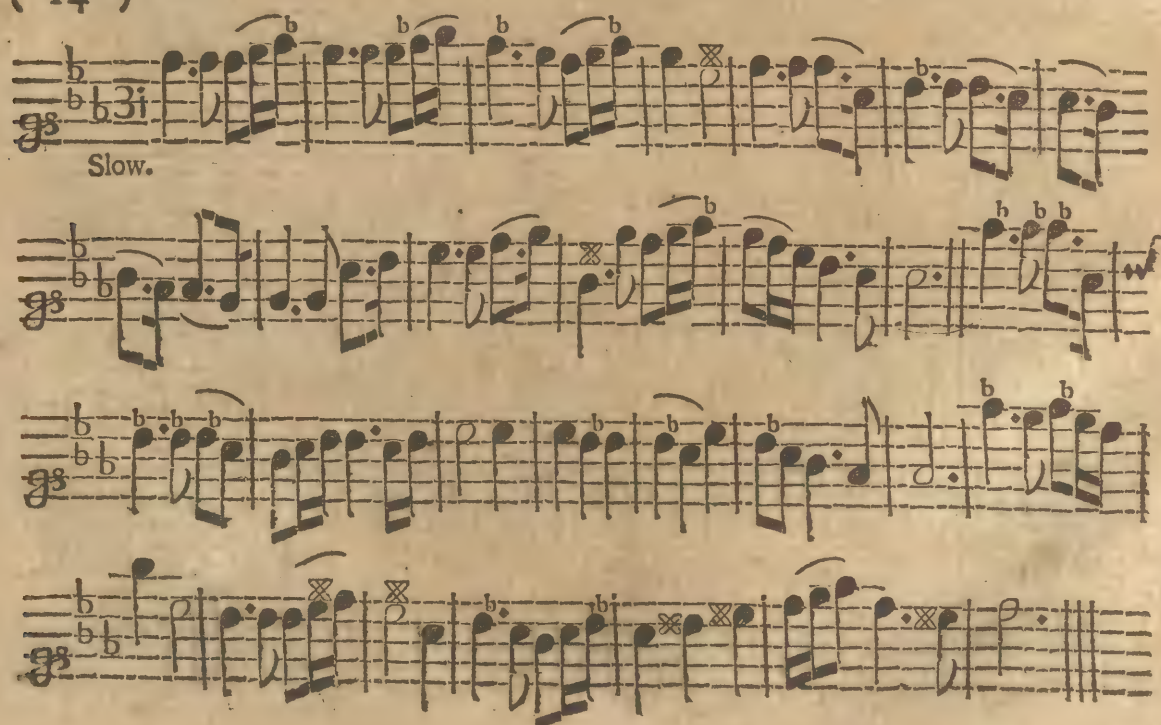
First Treble.



( 13. )



( 14. )





[ 37 ]

( 12. )

Second Treble.

Exercise (12) consists of four staves of music in the second treble clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The first staff begins with a common time signature 'C'. The music is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some measures containing beamed sixteenth notes. The second staff continues the pattern with similar note values. The third staff maintains the eighth and sixteenth note structure. The fourth staff concludes the exercise with a final note and a repeat sign.

( 13. )

Exercise (13) consists of three staves of music in the second treble clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The first staff begins with a common time signature 'C' and contains eighth notes. The second staff includes eighth notes and rests, with some notes marked with an 'x' symbol. The third staff continues with eighth notes and rests, ending with a repeat sign.

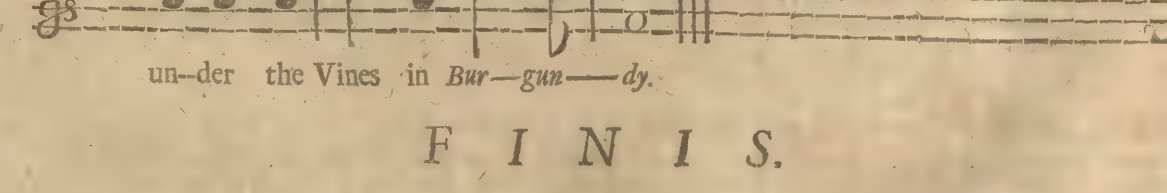
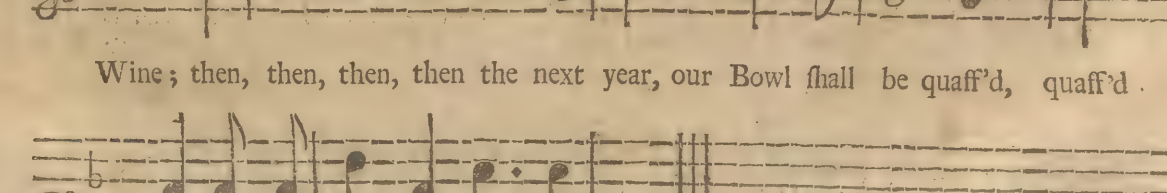
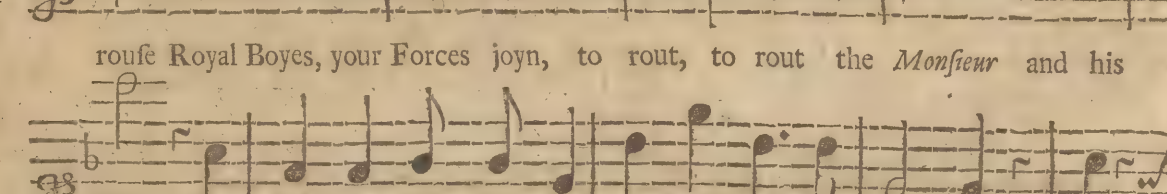
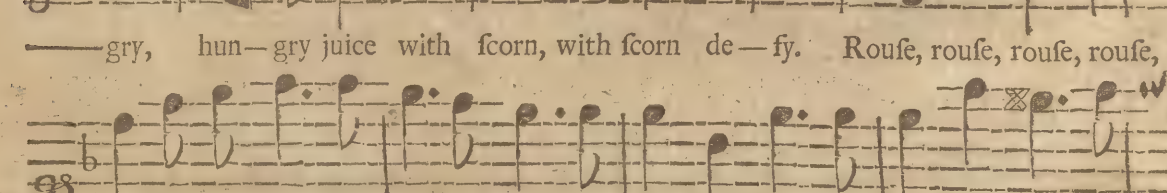
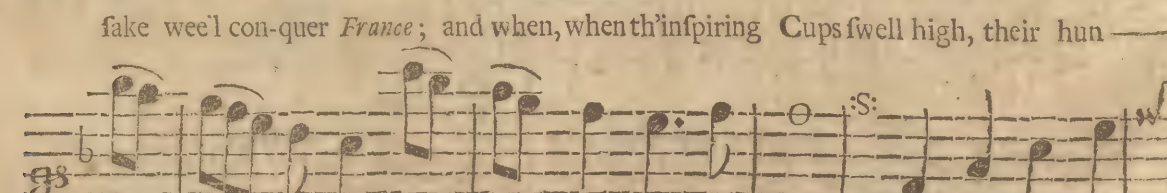
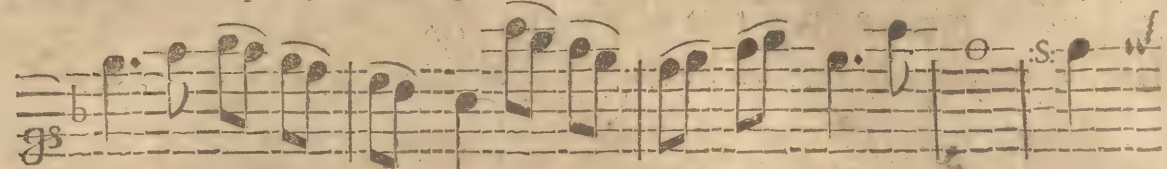
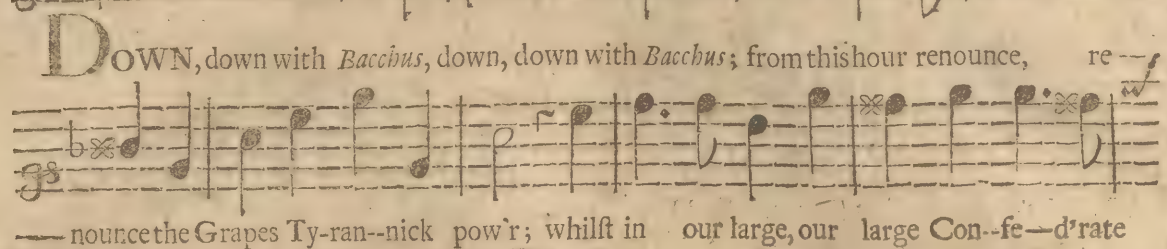
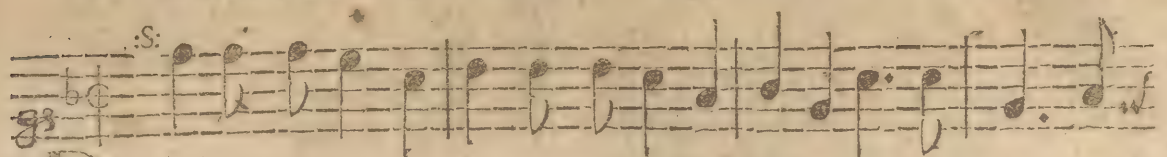
( 14. )

Exercise (14) consists of four staves of music in the second treble clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The first staff begins with a common time signature 'C' and includes a 'Slow' marking. The music features eighth notes, rests, and some notes marked with an 'x' symbol. The second staff continues with similar notation. The third staff includes a key signature change to two flats and continues with eighth notes and rests. The fourth staff concludes the exercise with a final note and a repeat sign.

L



## A Catch for 3 Voices. By Mr. H. Purcell.



F I N I S.



# THESAURUS MUSICUS:

BEING, A

## COLLECTION of the Newest SONGS

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At Their Majesties Theatres; and at the Conforts in  
*Viller-street* in York-Buildings, and in *Charles-street*  
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WITH A

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To which is Annexed,

A Collection of *Airs*, Composd for two *Flutes*, by several Masters.

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*Church*, and at most Musick-Shops in Town. 1694.



# A Table of SONGS contain'd in this Book.

A		Page.		Page.
Ancient Phillis has young Graces,		9	Since from my Dear, my dear,	17
C			Stubborn Church Division,	24
Cinthia frowns when-e're I Woe her,		7	Sound a Parly ye fair and surrender,	27
E			T	
Enchanted, enchanted by by your Voice,		4	Think not, sighs or Tears can move,	3
H			Tis Love that always strikes the Fire,	6
How happy's the Husband,		32	That your Beauty may be lasting,	23
I			W	
In vain, in vain,		11	When on her Eyes, when on her Eyes,	10
I never felt the pangs of Love,		26	While Galathea,	14
L			When first I saw the bright Aurelia's Eyes,	15
Lucinda is Young, and she is Witty,		19	What State of life can be so blest,	31
Leave, leave these useless Arts,		33	Y	
S			Young I am and yet unskill'd,	2
Sawney is a bonney, bonney Lad,		1		



A New Scotch Song Sung at the Confort  
In York-Buildings, at the Entertainment of the  
Prince of Baden. Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



SAWNEY is a Bonney, Bonney Lad, but Saw-ney  
Kens it well; and Sawney might a Boon have had, but Saw-ney  
loves to tell: He weens that I mun love him soon, gin Lo-vers now are  
rare; But I'de as leif have none, as one whom twan-ty, twan-ty share.

II.

When anent your love you come,  
Ah! Sawney were you true;  
What tho' I seem to Frown and Gloom,  
I ne're cou'd gang from you;  
Yet still my Tongue doe what I can,  
With muckle Woe denyes;  
Wa's me when once we like a Man,  
It Boots not to be wise.



A Song in the last new Play call'd *Love Triumphant, &c.*  
Set by Mr. *John Eccles*. Sung by a Girl.

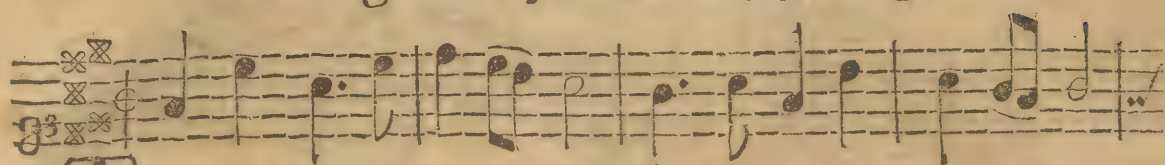
YOUNG I am and yet un—skill'd, how to make a  
Lo—ver yeild; how to keep, or how to gaine,  
when to Love and when to Feign: Take me, take me, some of  
you, while I yet am young and true; e're I can my  
Soul dis—guise, heave my Breasts, heave my Breasts and  
rowl my Eyes.

II.

Stay not till I learn the way,  
How to lye and to betray;  
He that Loves me first is blest,  
For I may deceive the rest:  
Cou'd I find a blooming Youth,  
Full of Love and full of Truth;  
Brisk and of a *fantes* Meen,  
I shou'd long to be Fifteen.



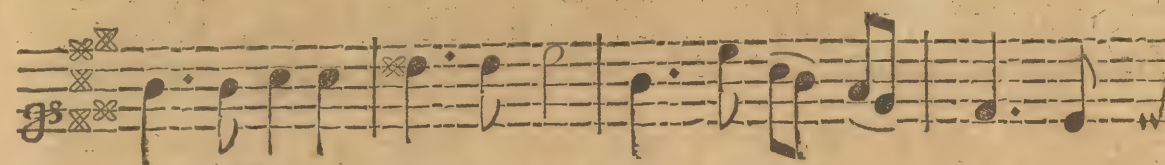
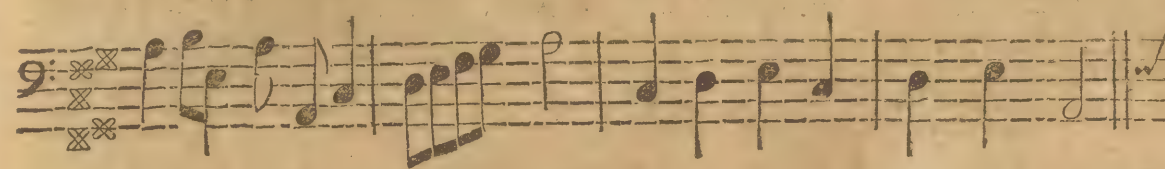
# A Song set by Mr. Godfry Finger.



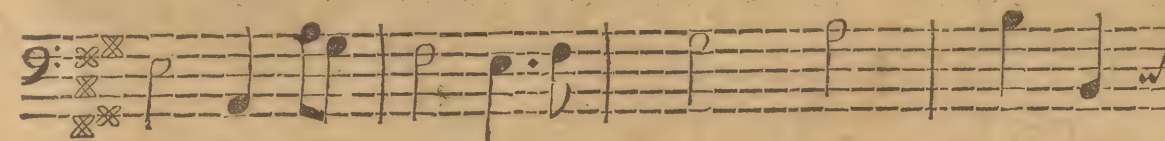
**T** Hink not, Sighs or Tears can move, Pray'rs and Vows are ne're re-paid;



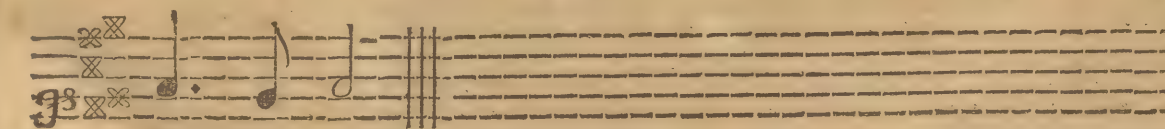
Those are common cheats in Love, dai-ly at our Al-tars made:



Cu-pid's Vaffals may dis-pair, use—less now are all his

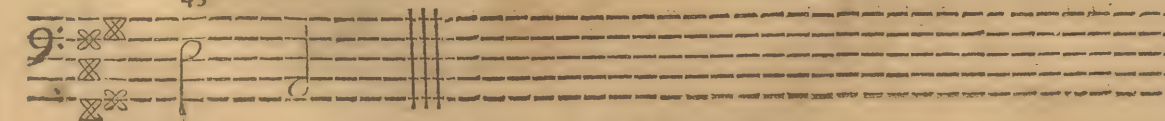


Arts; They who hope to wound the fair, e—ver shoot with



Gol—den Darts.

43

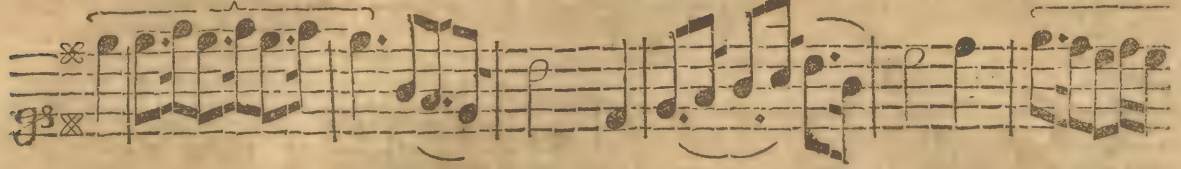
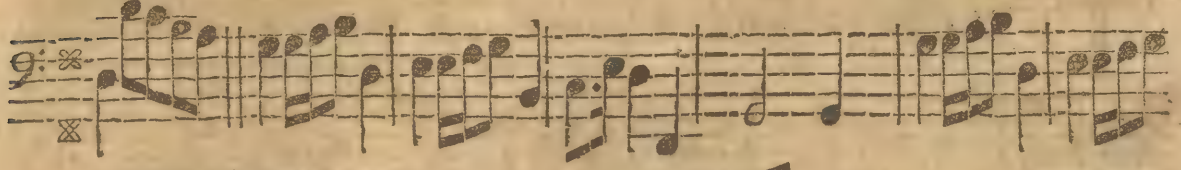
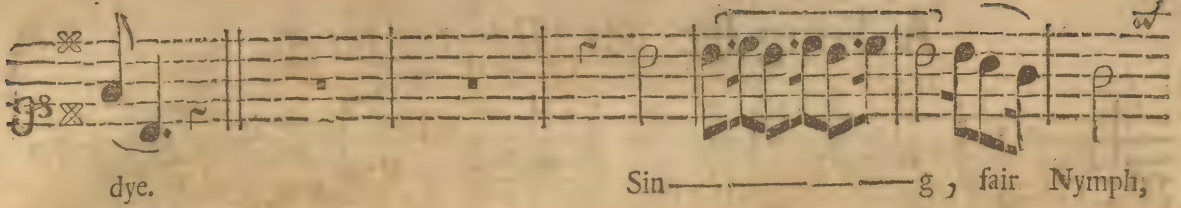




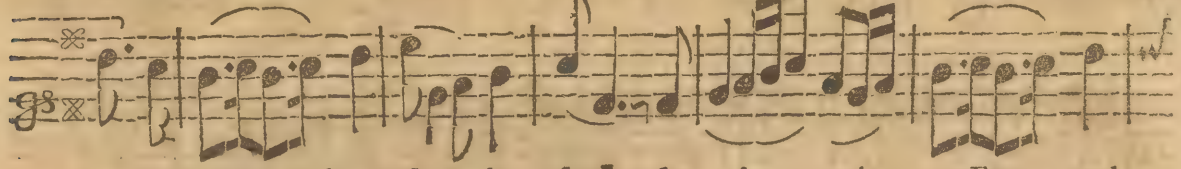
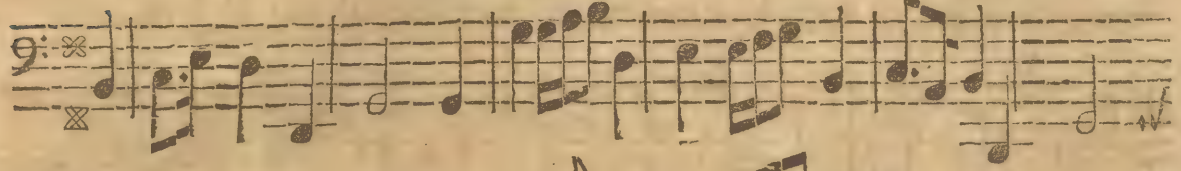
## A Song to a Ground by Mr. Henry Hall.

EN-CHAN-  
ted, en-chant-ed by your Voice, en-chant-ed by  
your Voice and Face, in plea-sing Trance I fain-  
ting lye. I bleed, I bleed, fair Nymph, I bleed a-pace; and  
now I lan-guish, now I dye, now, now, and now I

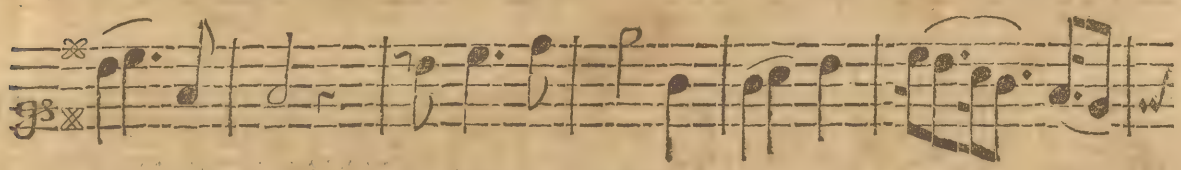
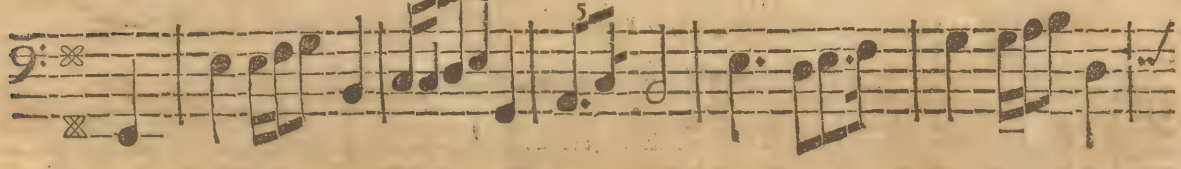




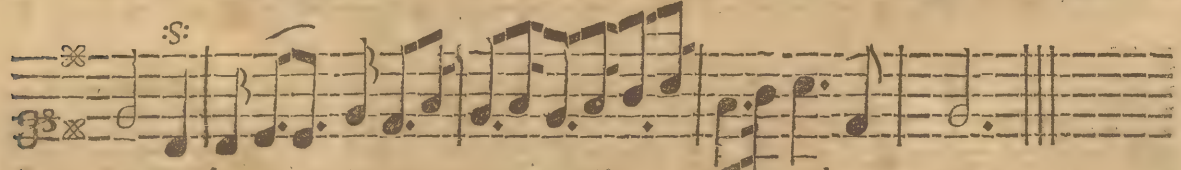
fin ————— g, fair Nymph, and let your Rays up—on—



your pro—strate slave be shed; for An—gels Face, and



An—gels Voice, when-e're they please can raise, can raise the



dead, can rai ————— se the dead.





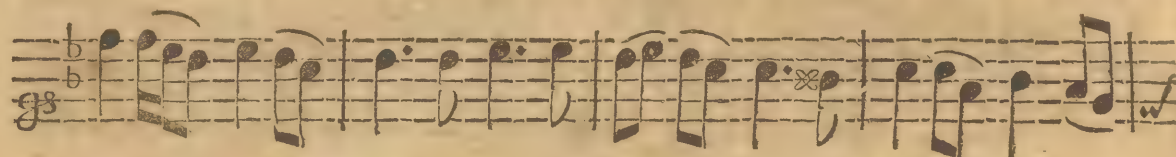
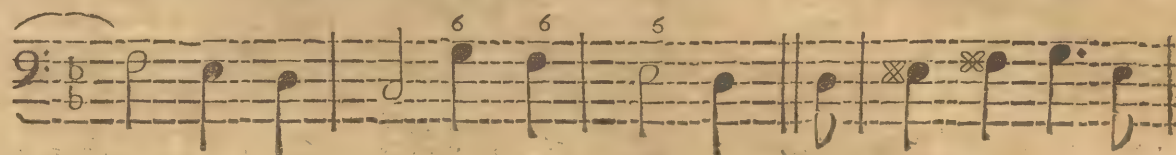
## A Song set Mr. Robert King.



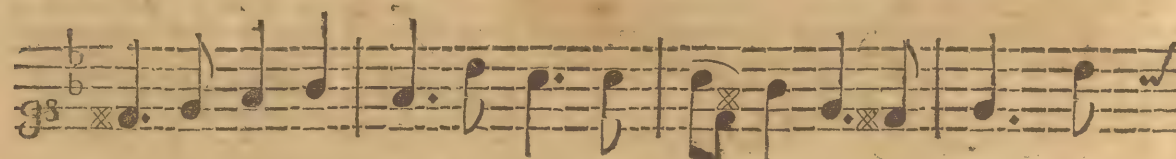
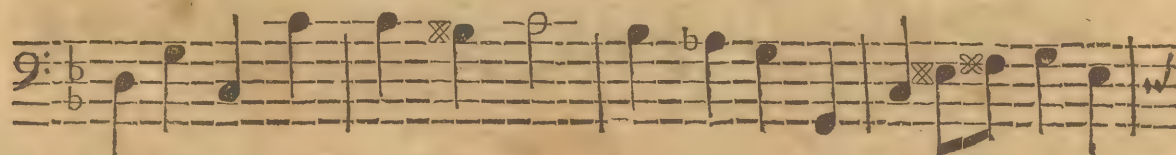
Is Love that al-ways strikes the fire, which spar-



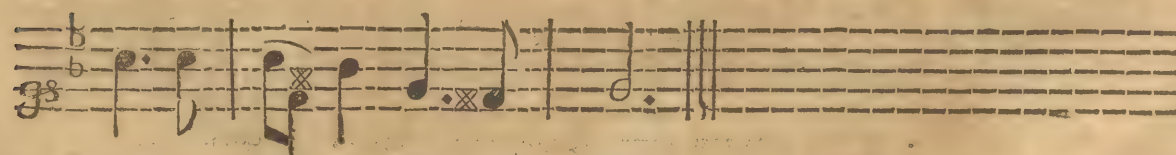
kles in our hearts, which sparkles in our hearts: A Soul its Vigour, a



Soul its Vigour don't inspire, re-mains like o-ther parts; And Po-ets



still in Wit im--prove, as more or less in--spir'd by Love, as



more or less in--spir'd by Love.

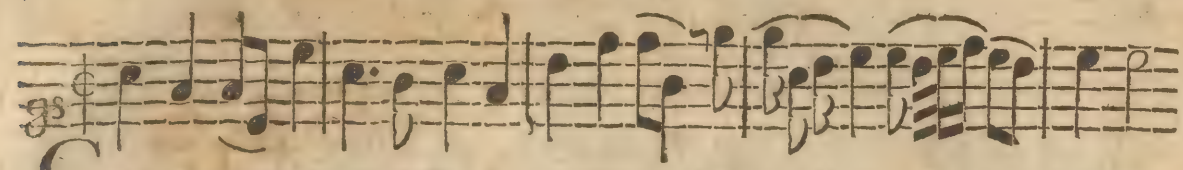


## II.

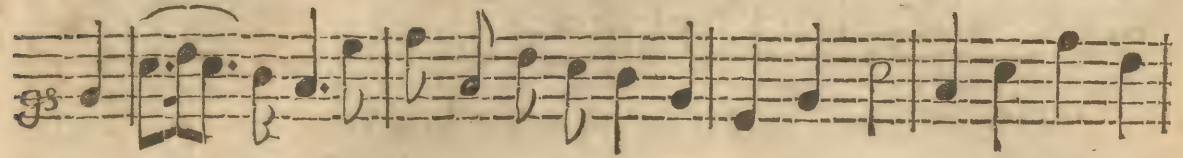
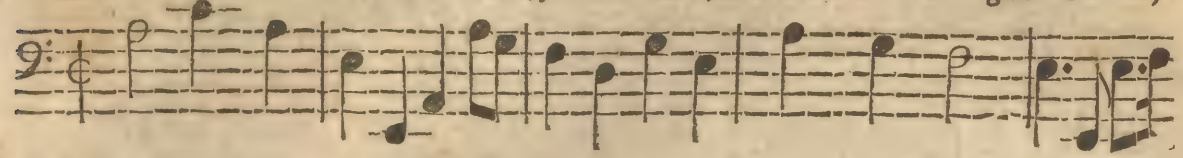
If this be true, as sure it is,  
Can I remain so poor,  
And of its Portion ever miss,  
Who with such Zeal adore?  
Of all thy Bards, Love, tell me why  
Must only *Strephon's* Fleece be dry?



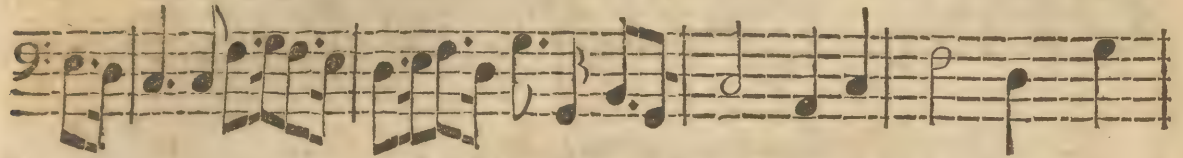
[ 7 ]  
A Song in the Double-dealler, Sung by Mrs. Aylyff,  
Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



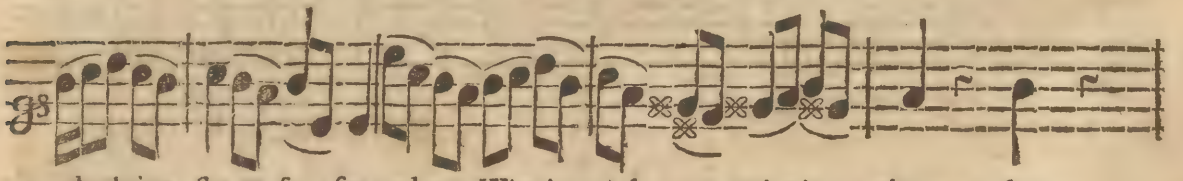
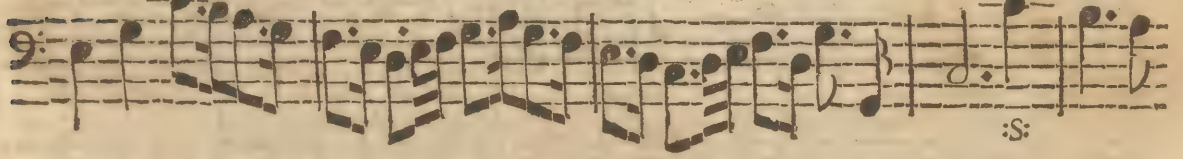
Cimbia frowns when e're I Woe her, yet she's vex'd, she's vex'd if I give o—ver;



much, much she fears I shou'd, I shou'd undoe her, but much more, but much more, much



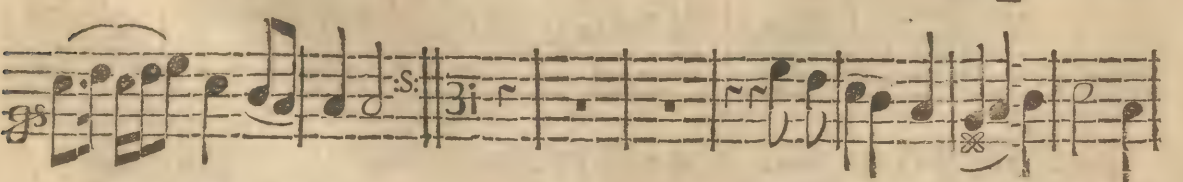
mo—re to lose her Lover; Thus, thus in



doubting she re-fu—ses, and not Winning, and not Winning, thus, thus,

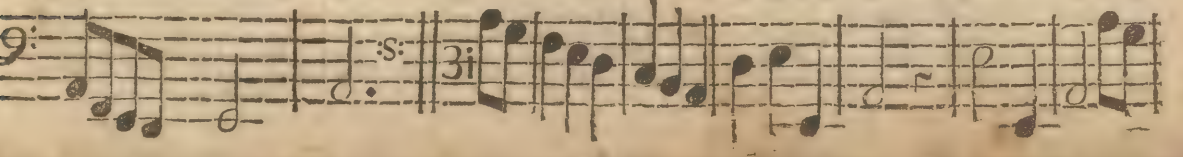


thus she loses; And not Winning, and not Winning, thus, thus, thus, thus,



thus, thus she loses:

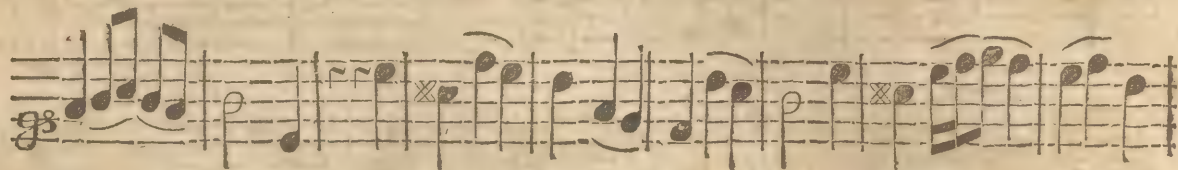
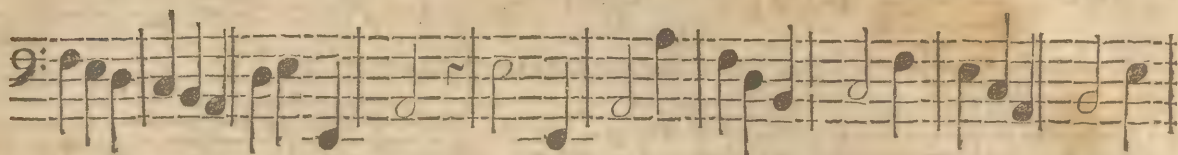
Prethee Cimbia, look behind you,



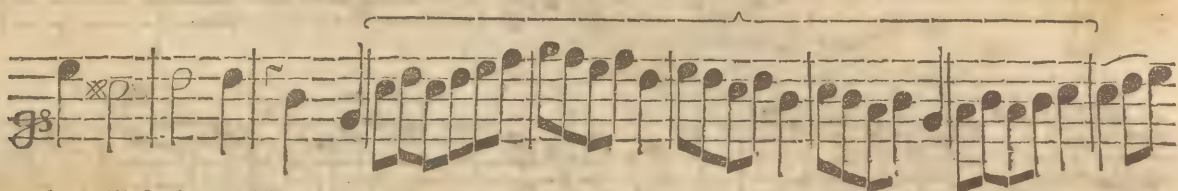




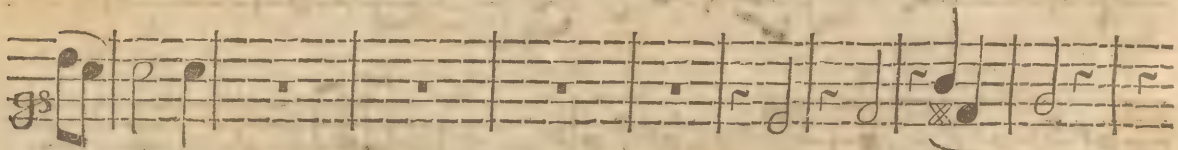
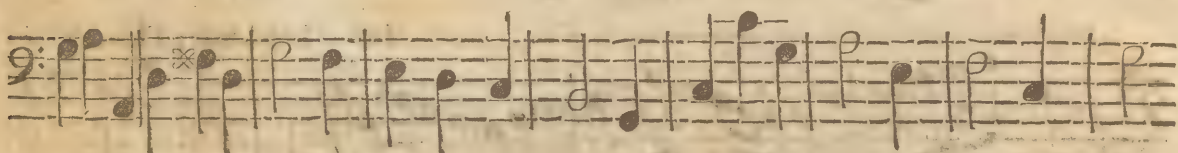
prethee *Cynthia*, look behind you, Age and Wrinkles, Age and Wrinkles



will o're--take you; Then, then too late, too late, too late, then, then too late De—



—fire will find you; When the po — w'r does



forfake you;

Think, think; oh! think,



think, think, oh! think, oh! sad con—dition

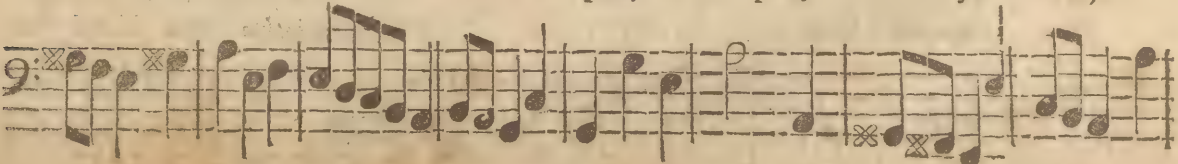
to be past, yet



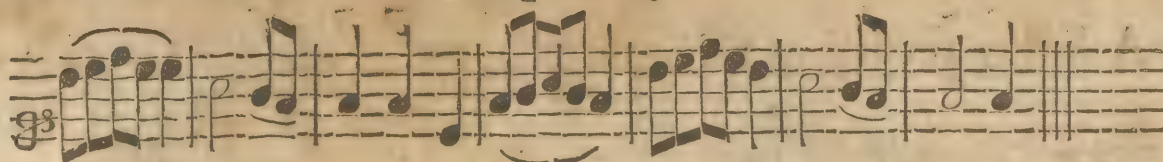
wish, yet wish fru—ition;

to be past, be past,

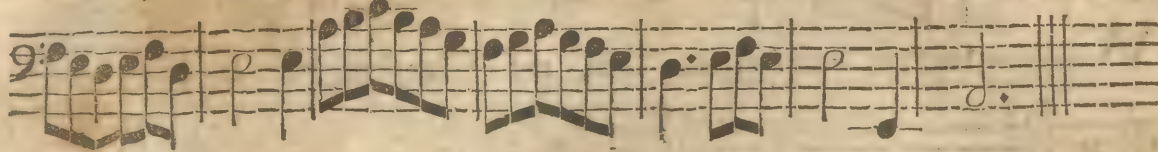
yet wish,



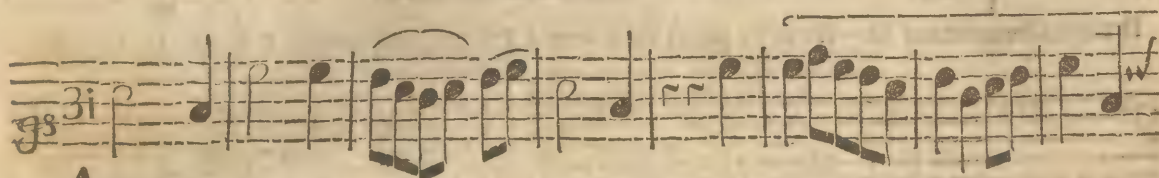




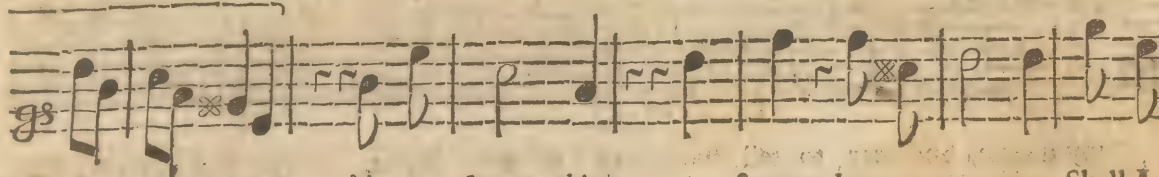
wish, wish fru—ition, yet wish, wish, wish fru—ition.



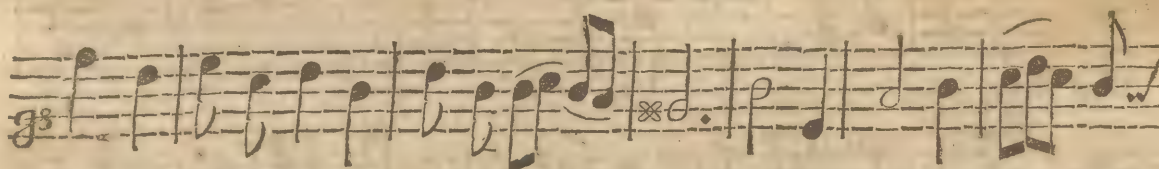
A Song set by Mr. *Bowman* in the *Comedy* call'd  
the *Double-dealer*.



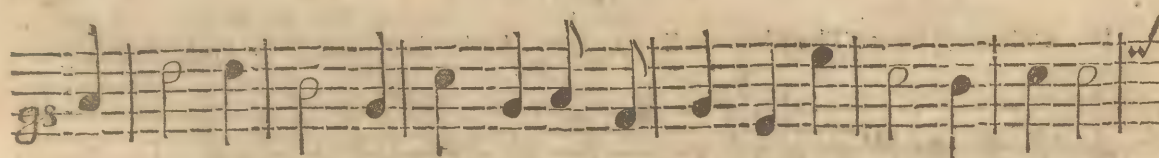
A Ncient *Phil-lis* has young Graces, young Gra—



ces; 'tis a strange thing, a strange but a true one; Shall I



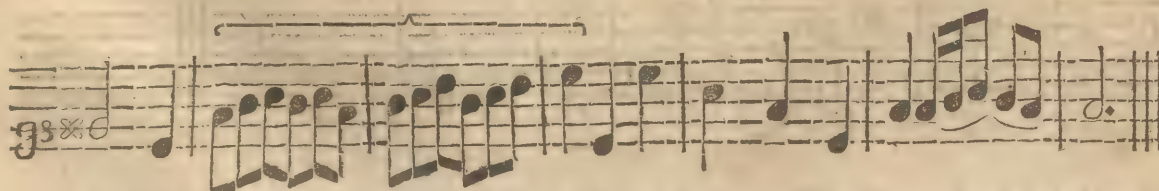
tell you, tell you, tell you? Shall I tell you how? she her self shall make her



own Fa—ces, And each Morning, Morning, Morning, still wear's a new one;



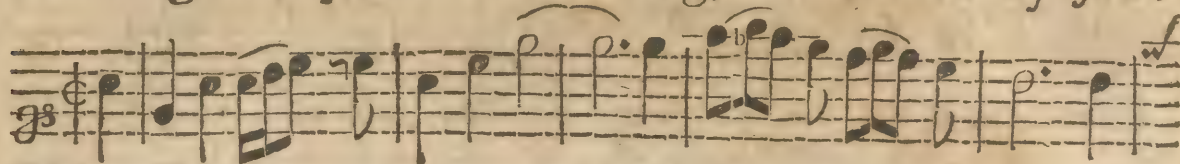
where's the Won—der now, now, now, now? where's the Won—der now, now, now,



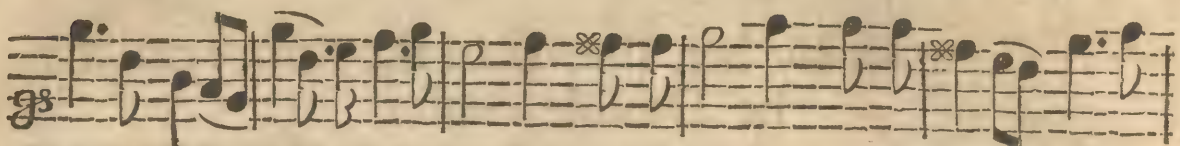
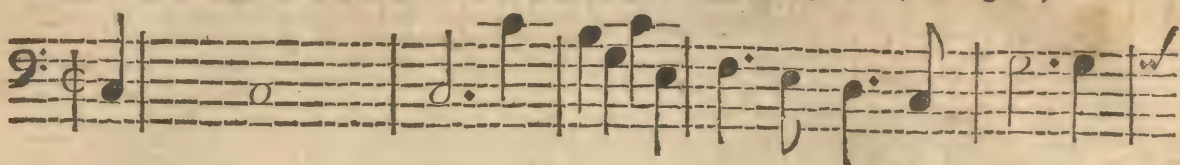
now? the Won—der now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now?



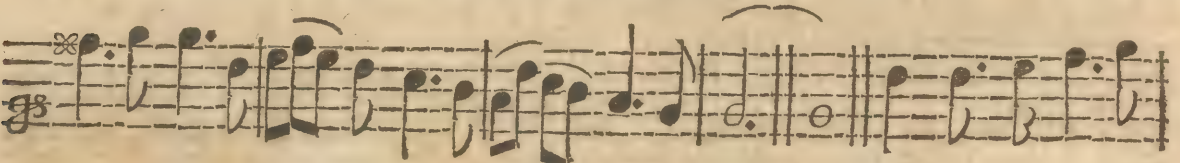
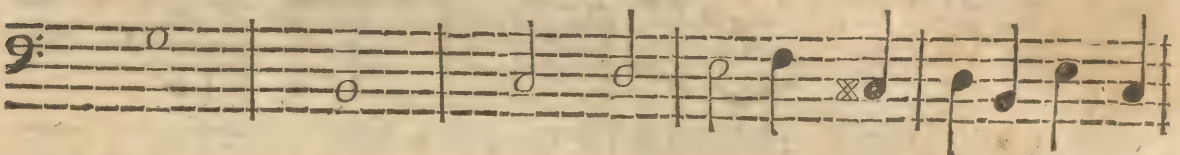
A Song set by Mr. Robert King, the Words by J. F.



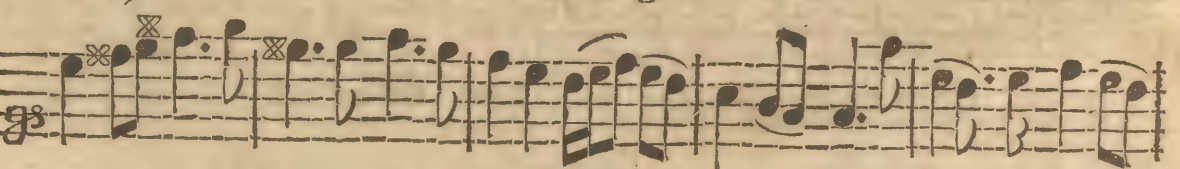
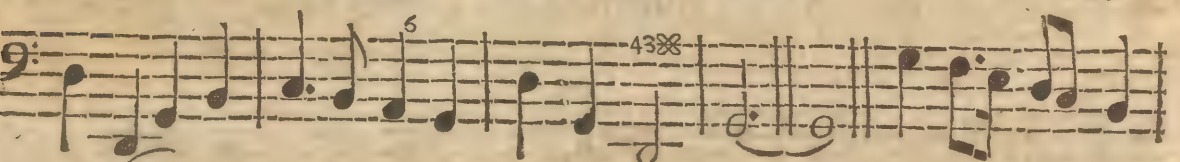
When on her Eyes, when on her Eyes, my hap-py Stars I gaze; A



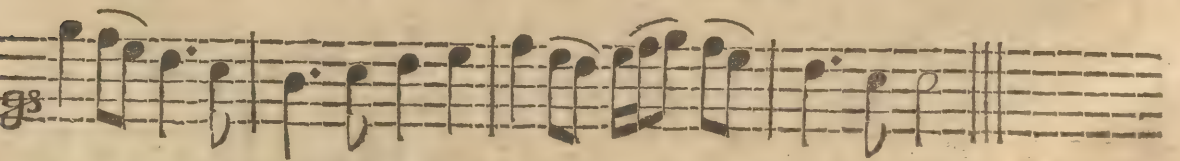
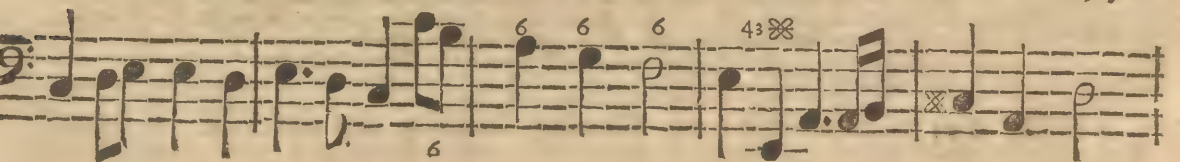
strange Commotion sei-fes ev'ry part; Fain wou'd I speak, fain wou'd I speak the Cause of



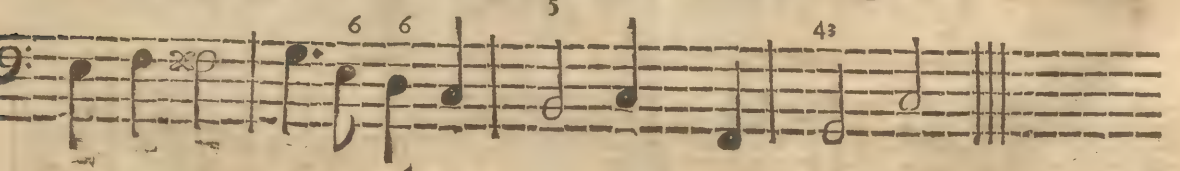
my diseafe, but fear to tell the sto-ry of my heart. Her looks severe, yet



so endearing awes; The Womens Envy, but Mankinds aplause; Her looks severe, yet



so en-dear-ing awes; The Womens En-vy, but Mankinds aplause.





## A Song set by Mr. Henry Hall.

IN vain, in vain, in vain, my fair *Sylvia*, your pre—

In vain, in vain, my fair *Sylvia*, my fair *Sylvia*, your pre—

—fence I shun; No distance, no distance preserves, no distance pre—

—fence I shun; No distance preserves, no, no, no distance preserves, pre—

—serves from the force of your Darts; Wheree-ver I goe, or where e—ver I run, your

—serves from the force of your Darts; Where e—ver I goe, or where e—ver I run, your

train of Ar—til—le—ry, your train of Ar—til—le—ry reaches my heart:

train, your train of Ar—til—le—ry rea—ches my heart:



And a — las!                      a — las 'tis a fol — ly all the World must needs

And a—las! a—las tis a fol—ly all the World must needs

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff. The notation includes a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 9/8 time signature. The notation consists of several measures with notes and rests, including a final measure with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

own, the in-fec-tion once ta-ken to fl ————— y, to fl —————

own, the in-sec-tion once ta-ken to fl

Musical notation for the vocal line of 'The Bird Song'. It features a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). The melody is written on a five-line staff with various note values, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. There are also some special symbols like a cross in a circle and a cross in a square. The lyrics 'y from the Town; And a — las 'tis a' are written below the staff.

y from the Town; And a—las 'tis a

fol-ly all the world must needs own, the in--fec-tion once ta--ken to fi—

fol — ly the world must needs own, the in — fec — tion once ta — ken

A single staff of handwritten musical notation. The staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The notation includes a half note on the second line (F), followed by a quarter rest, then a quarter note on the second line (F) marked with an 'X'. This is followed by a half note on the second line (F), a quarter note on the first line (D), a half note on the second line (F), a quarter note on the first line (D), a half note on the second line (F), a quarter note on the first line (D), a half note on the second line (F), and a quarter note on the first line (D). The staff ends with a double bar line and a final quarter note on the first line (D).

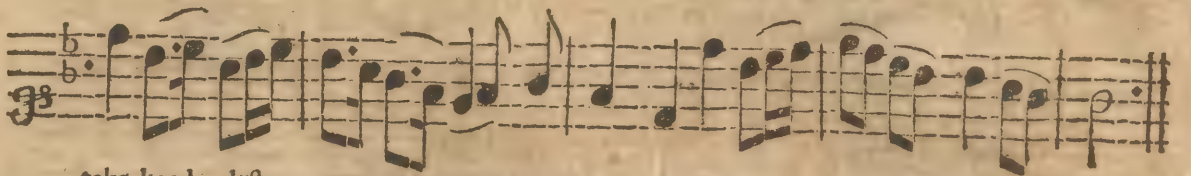
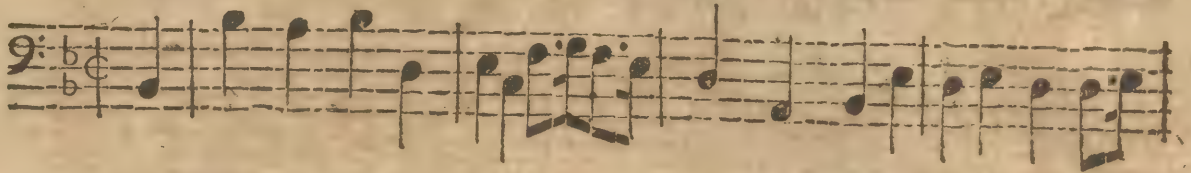
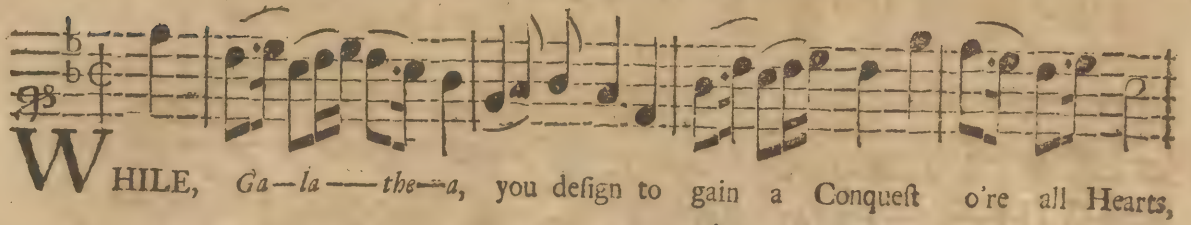


First system of musical notation. The treble staff begins with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics 'y to fl' are written under the treble staff, and 'to fl y, to fly' are written under the bass staff.

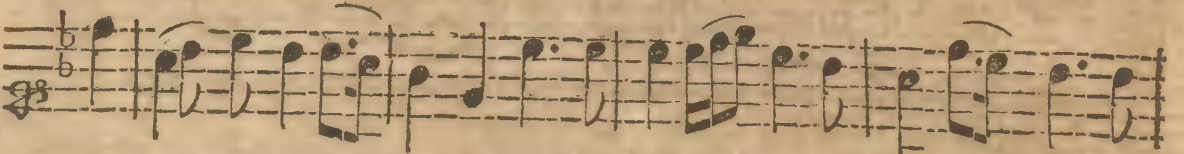
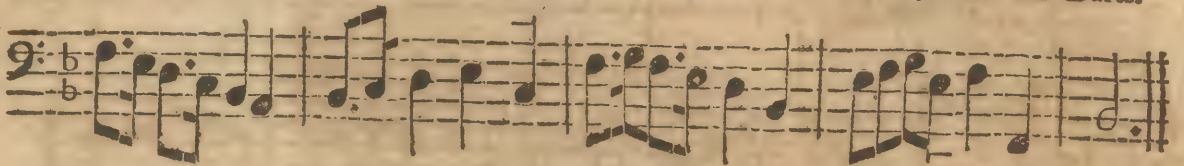
Second system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with various note values and rests. The bass staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics 'y, to fl y, to fl y from the Town, to' are written under the staves.

Third system of musical notation. The treble staff concludes the melody with a final note and a double bar line. The bass staff concludes the accompaniment. The lyrics 'Town, to fl y from the Town.' are written under the treble staff, and 'fl y from the Town.' are written under the bass staff.

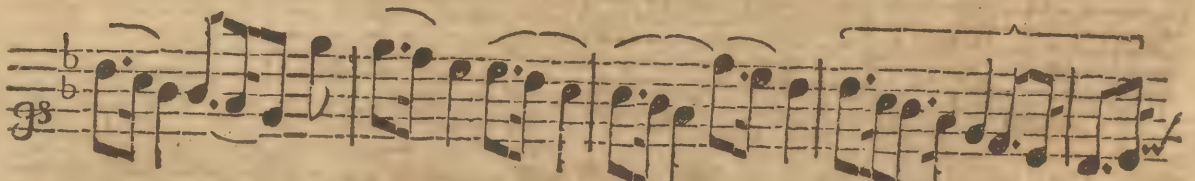




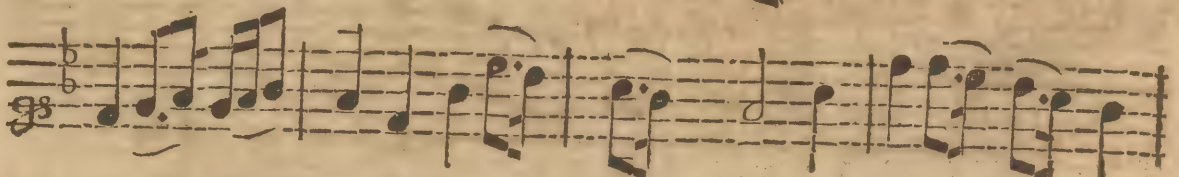
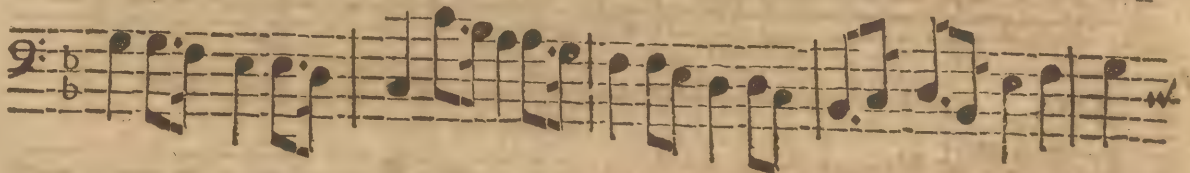
take heed lest you your own re-sign, Love play's not id-ly with his Darts.



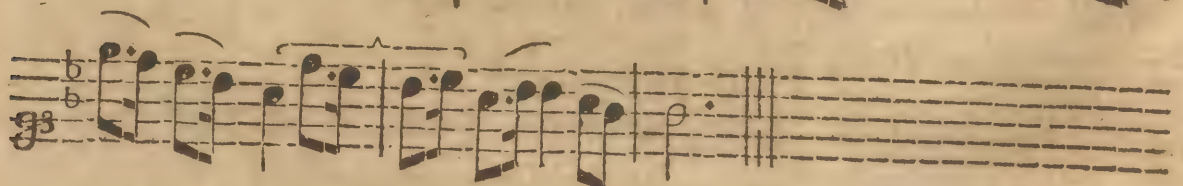
Be care-full how you fan his Fire, and while you strive to give de--fire, you



do not fall, you do not fall, fall, do not fa———ll

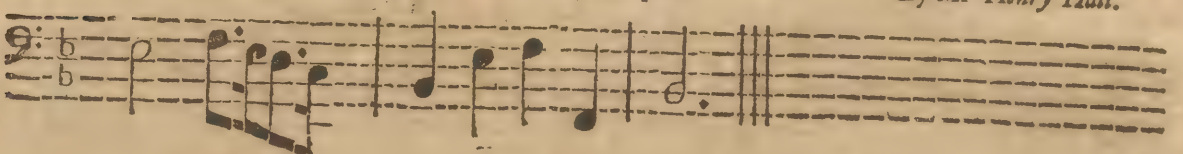


in—to that Snare, which for your Lo—ver, which for your Lo—ver,



for your Lo—ver you pre-pare.

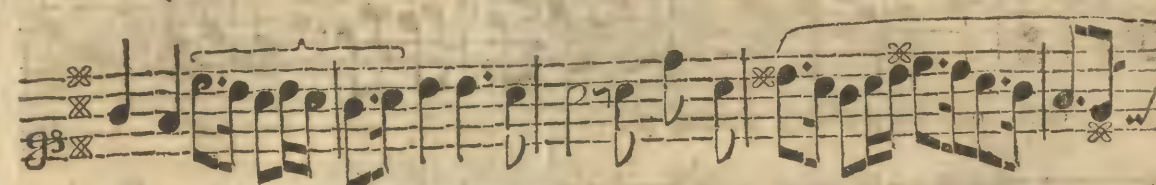
By Mr Henry Hall.



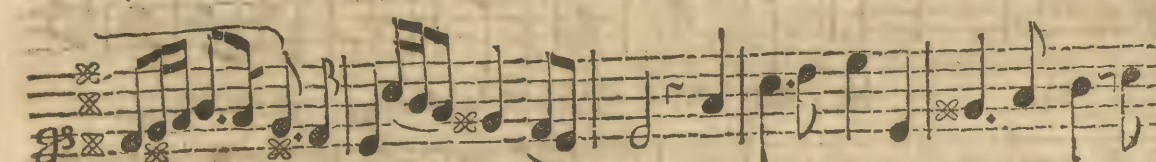
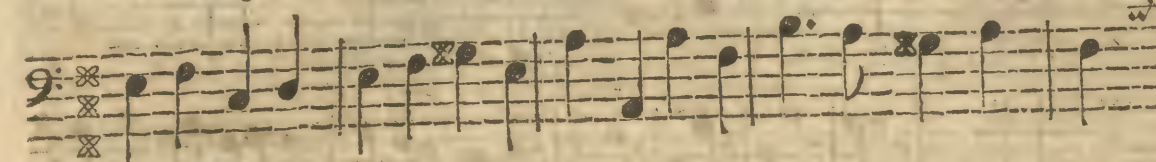




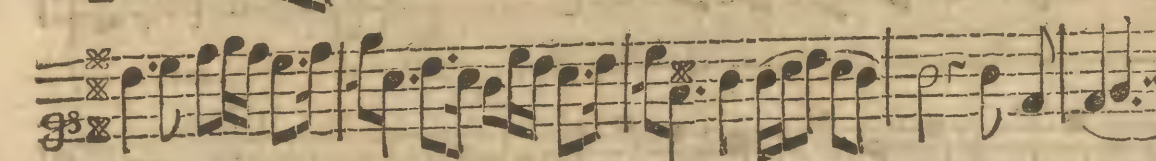
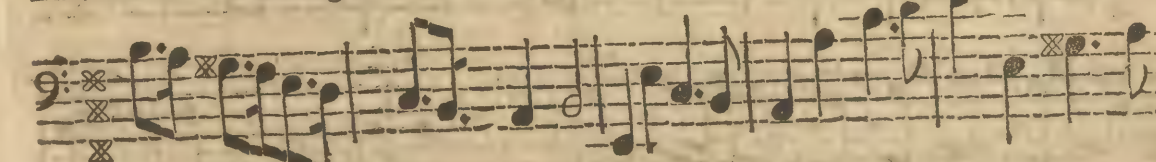
W H E N first I saw the brig ——— ht *Au-re-lia's* Eyes, when first I



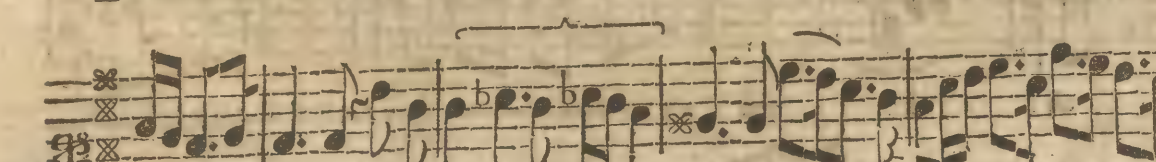
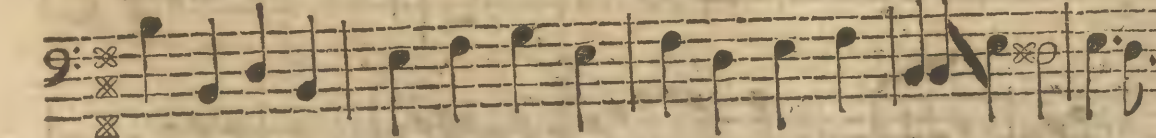
saw the brig ——— ht *Au-re-lia's* Eyes; a suddain tre-



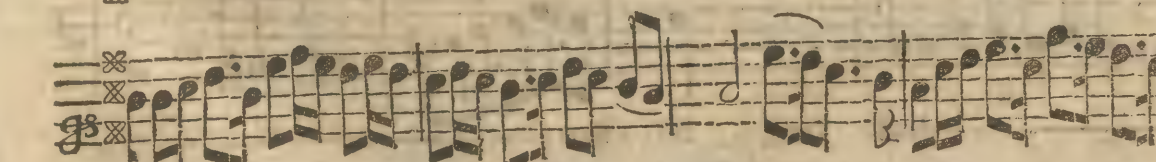
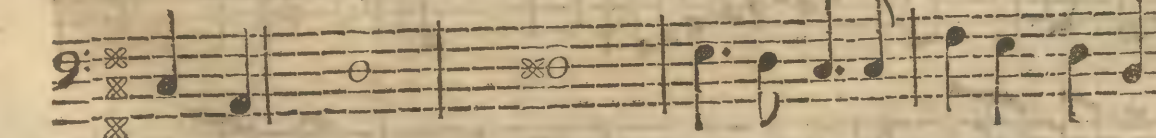
mbling did my Limbs sur—prize, in ev'ry Vein, in ev'ry Vein I



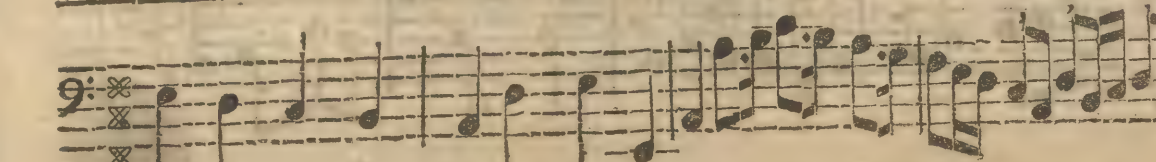
felt a tin ——— gling, tingling smart, and a co—



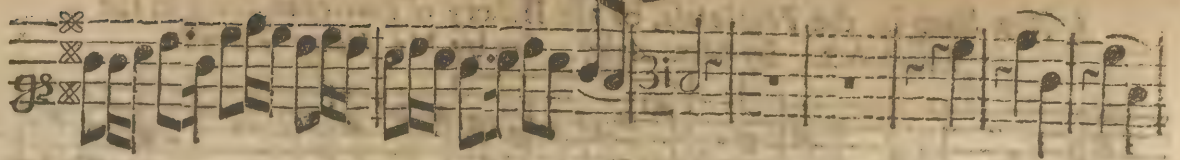
ld faintness, and a co ——— ld faintness all a—rou—



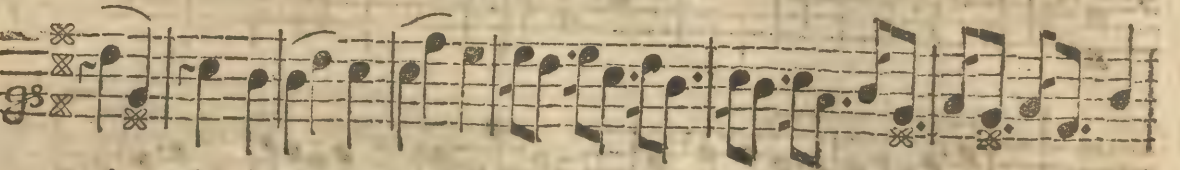
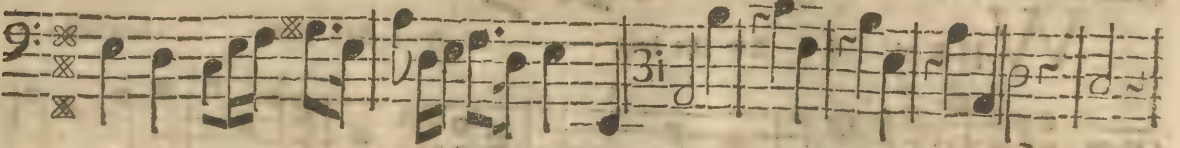
nd my Heart, all a—rou—



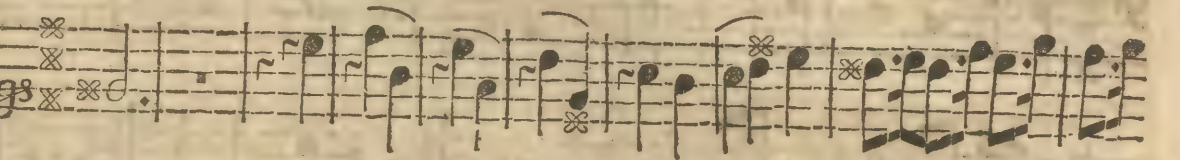
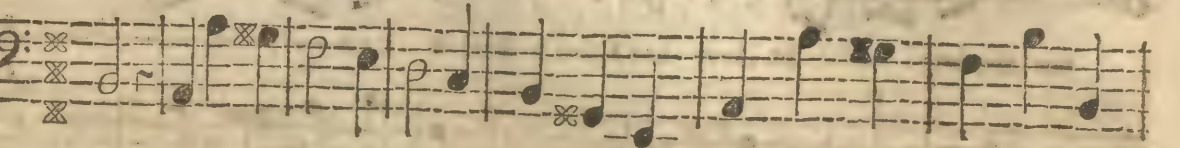




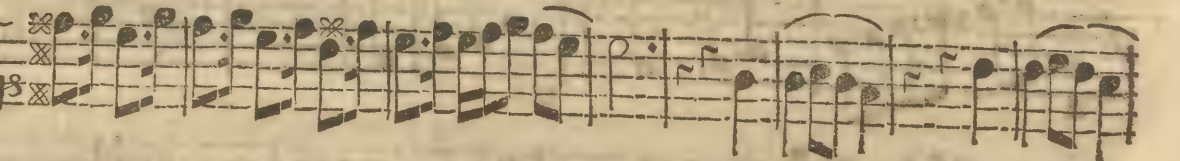
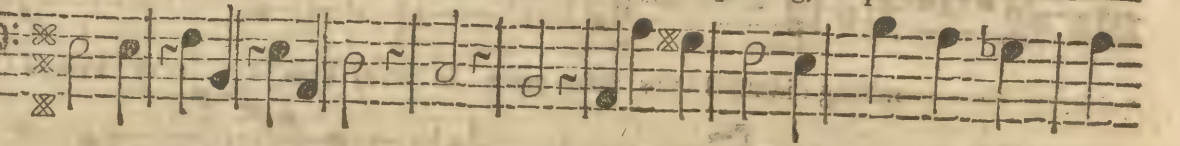
nd my Heart: But oh! oh!



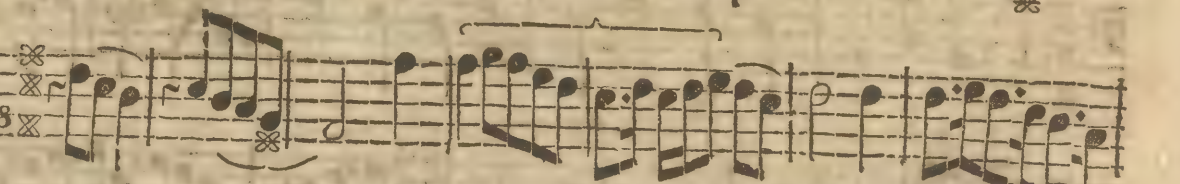
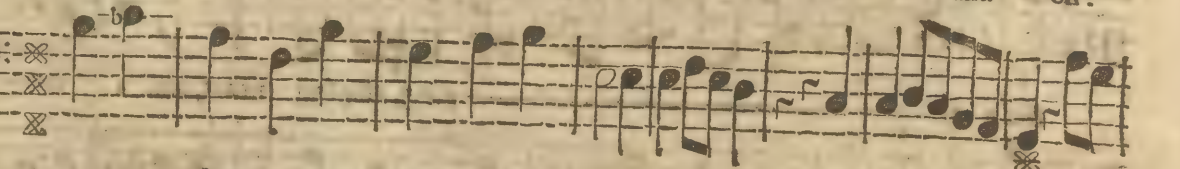
oh! oh! the piercing, piercing pier— cing



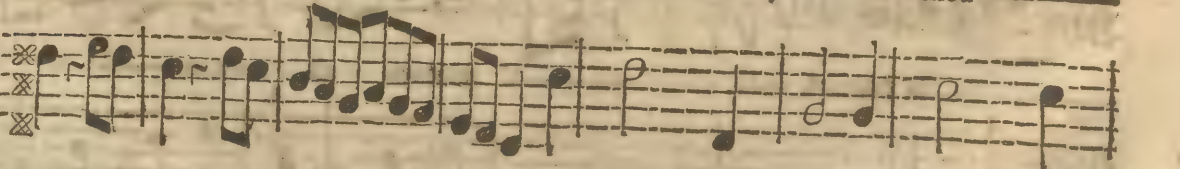
joy, but oh! oh! oh! oh! the pleasing, plea—



—sing pain; And oh! and oh!



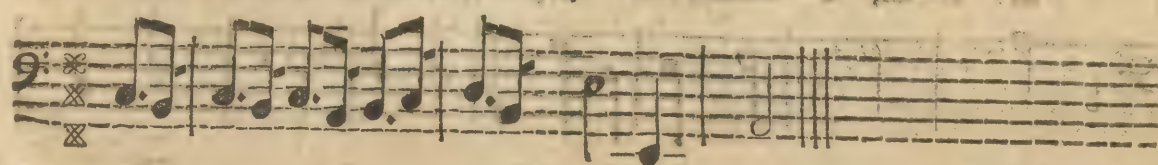
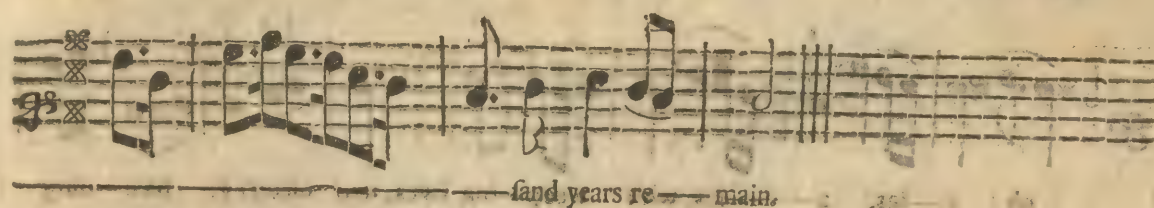
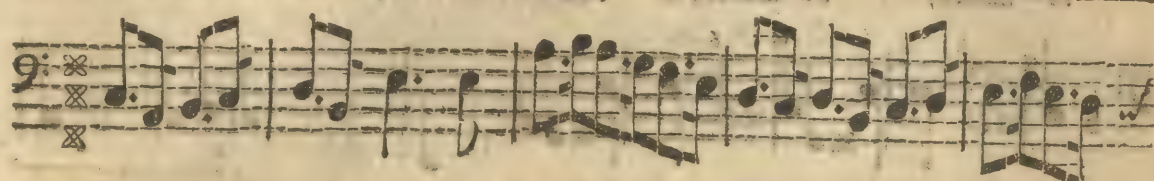
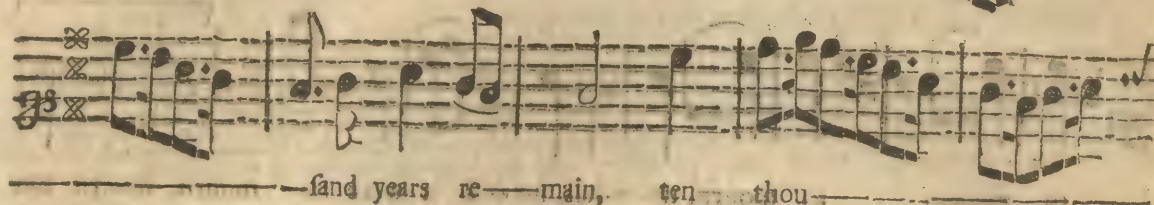
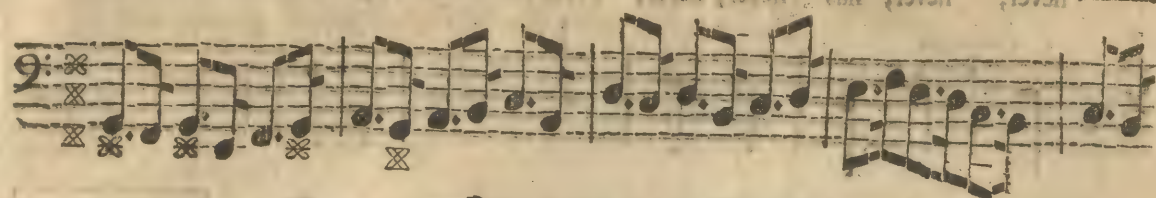
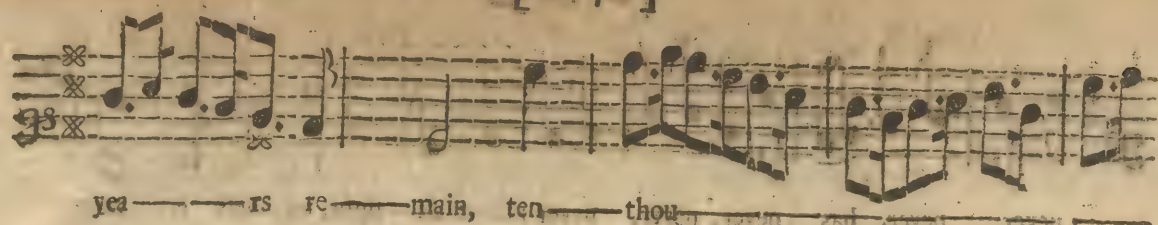
oh! oh! and oh! — may both ten—thou—



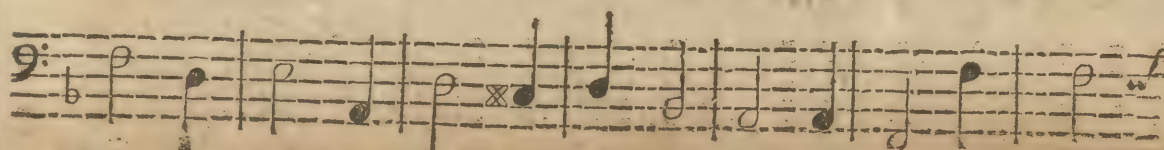
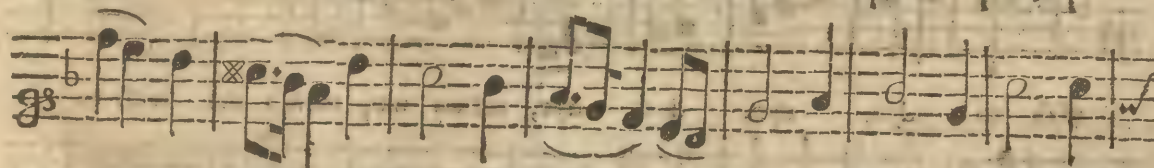
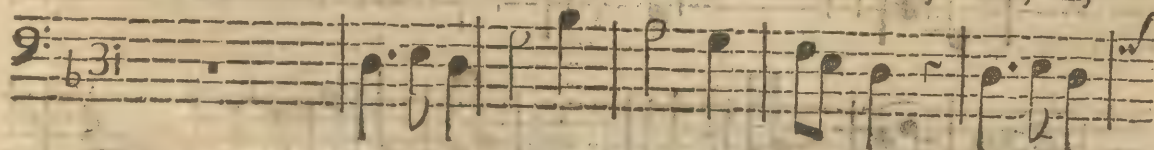
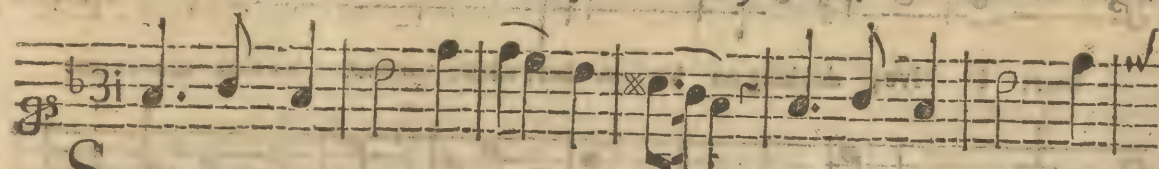
—sand Years, ten—thou— sand



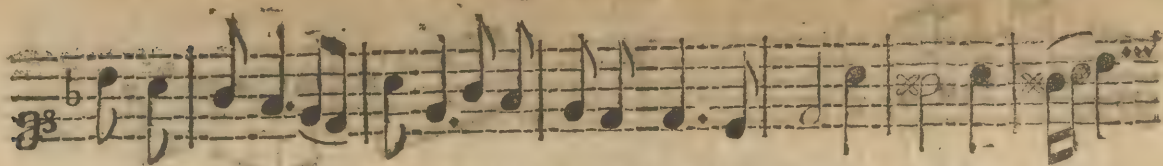




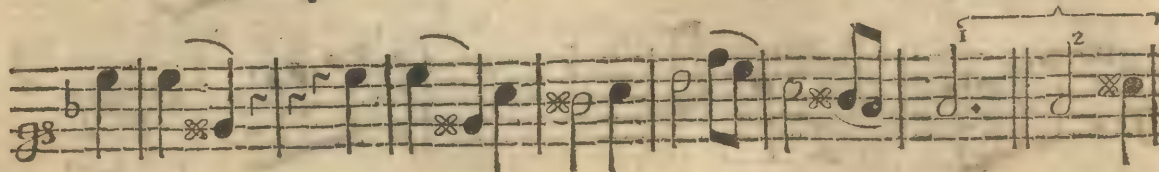
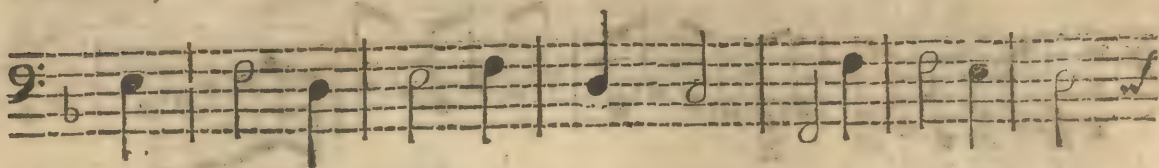
A New Song in the *Prophetess*, or the History of *Dioclesian*. Sung in the  
last Act. Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



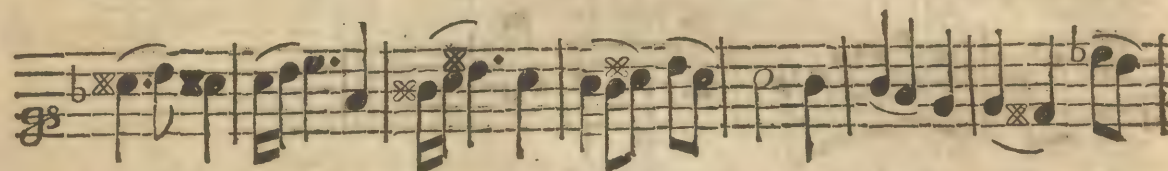




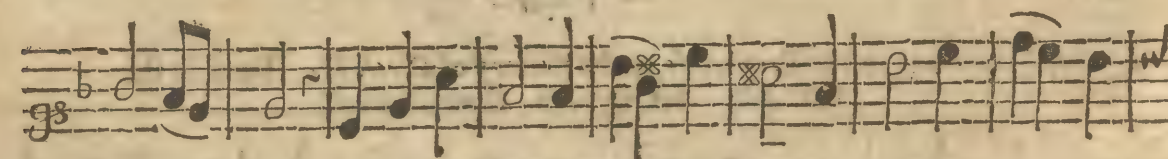
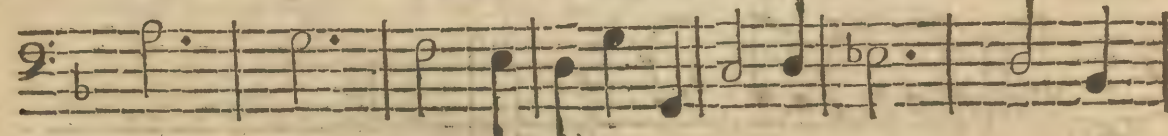
never, never, has never, never, never known de—light, un—less it were



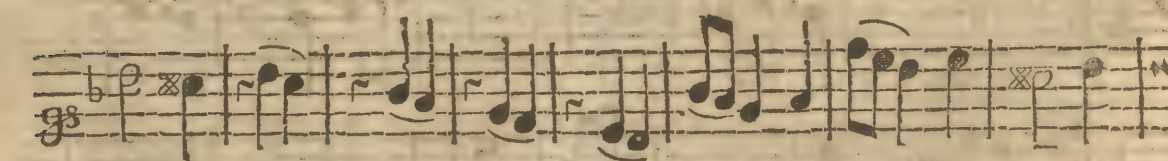
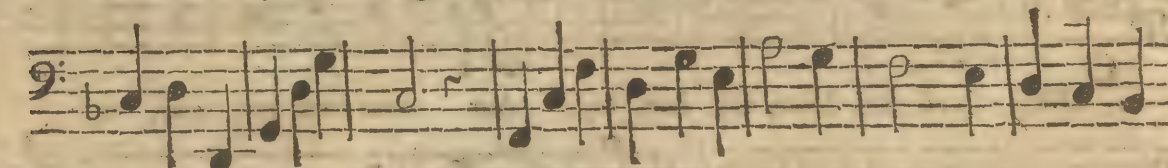
to mourn, to mourn, un—less, un—less it were to mourn, mourn. But



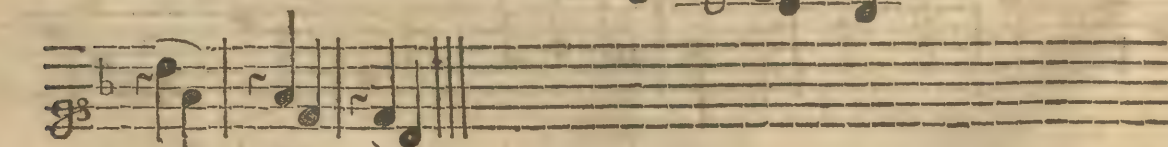
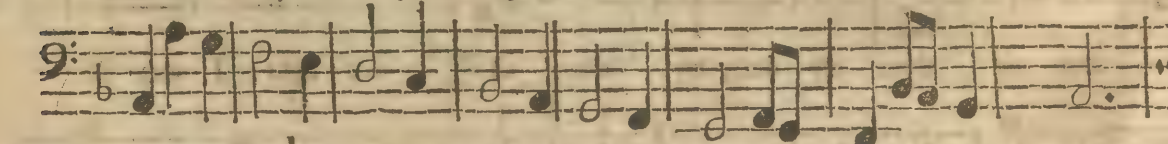
oh! a—las, a—las, with weep—ing Eyes, and bleeding, blee—ding



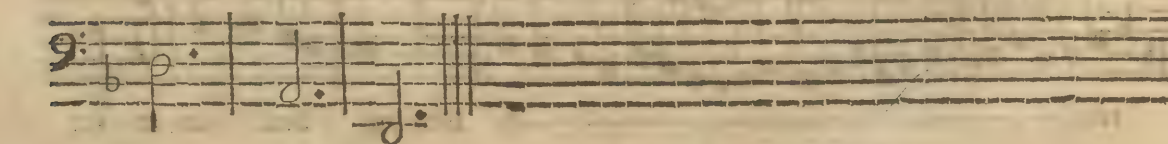
heart I lye; thinking on her, on her, whose absence 'tis that makes me



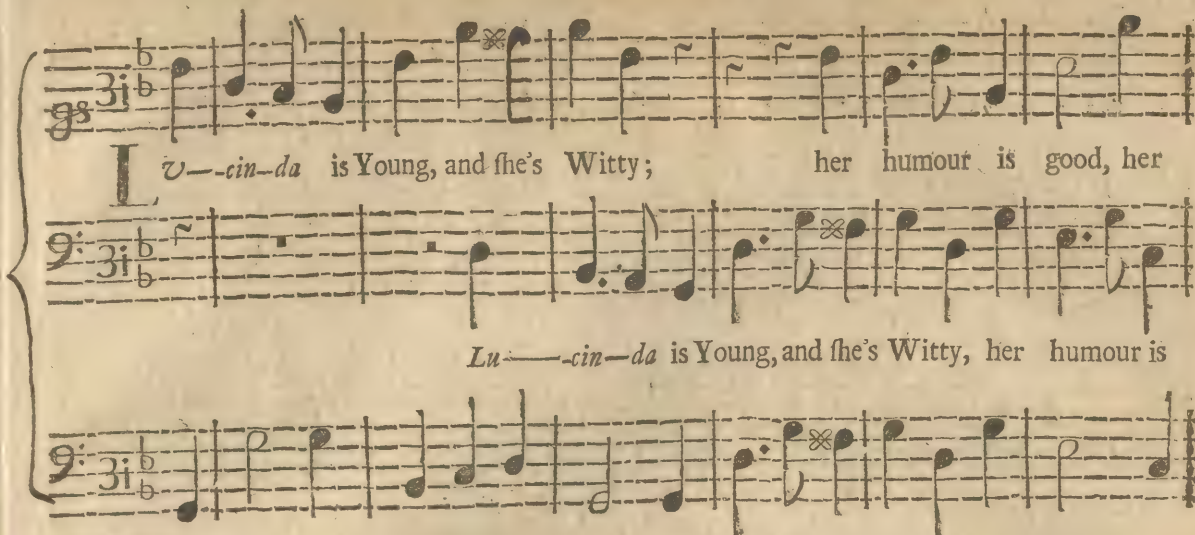
wish to dye, dye, dye, dye, makes me, makes me wish to



dye, dye dye.

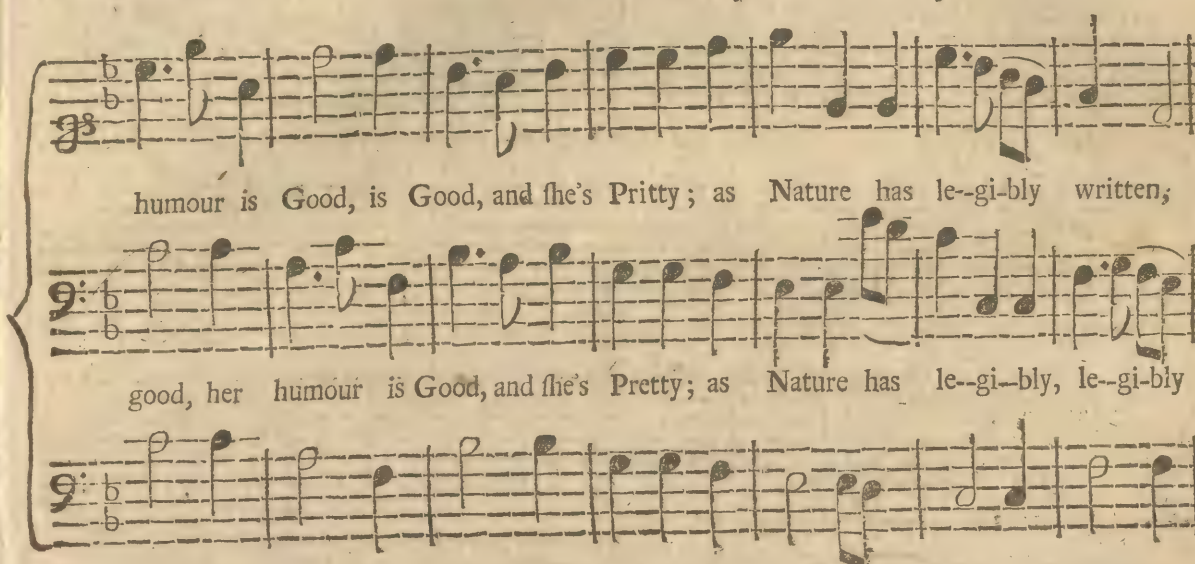






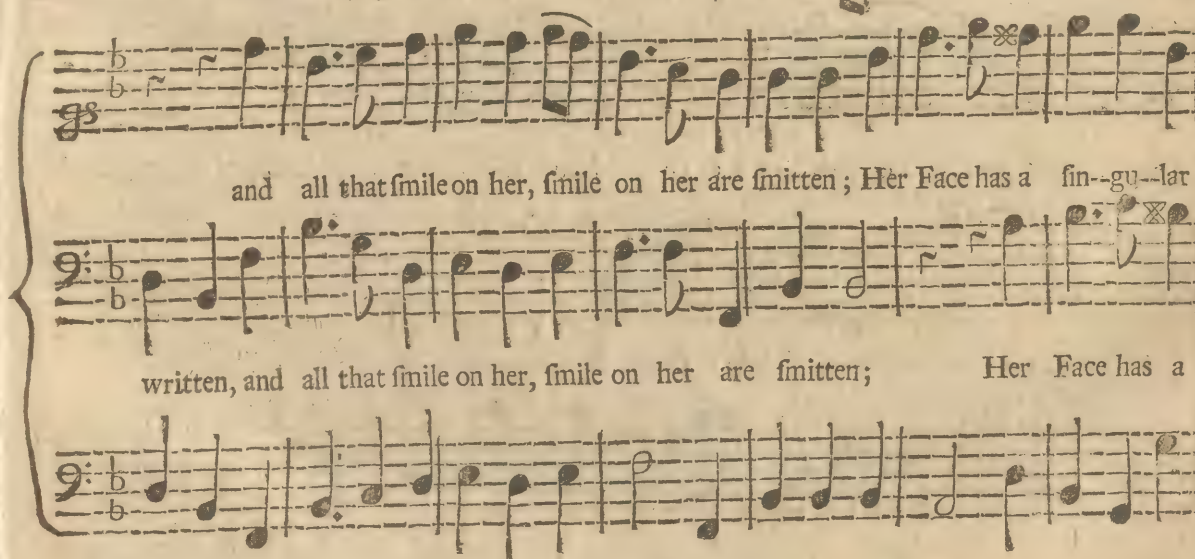
**L** u—cin—da is Young, and she's Witty; her humour is good, her

Lu—cin—da is Young, and she's Witty, her humour is



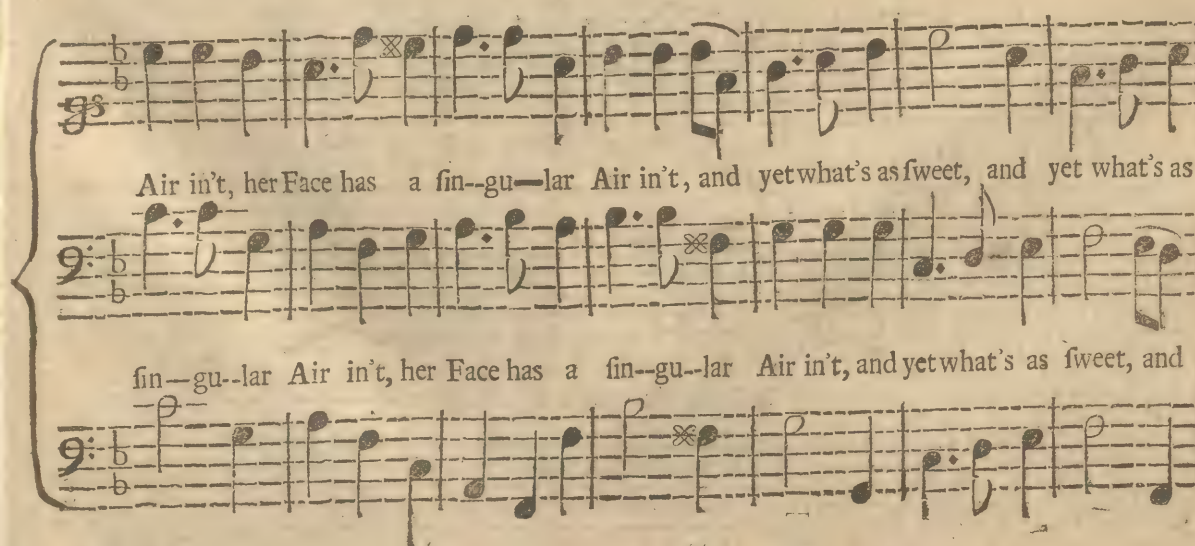
humour is Good, is Good, and she's Pritty; as Nature has le-gi-bly written;

good, her humour is Good, and she's Pretty; as Nature has le-gi-bly, le-gi-bly



and all that smile on her, smile on her are smitten; Her Face has a fin-gu-lar

written, and all that smile on her, smile on her are smitten; Her Face has a



Air in't, her Face has a fin-gu-lar Air in't, and yet what's as sweet, and yet what's as

fin-gu-lar Air in't, her Face has a fin-gu-lar Air in't, and yet what's as sweet, and



sweet, and yet what's as sweet, as sweet, as sweet, as what's rare in't:

yet what's as sweet, and yet what's as sweet, as sweet as what's rare in't:

rare in't. So love ly Lu-

rare in't. So

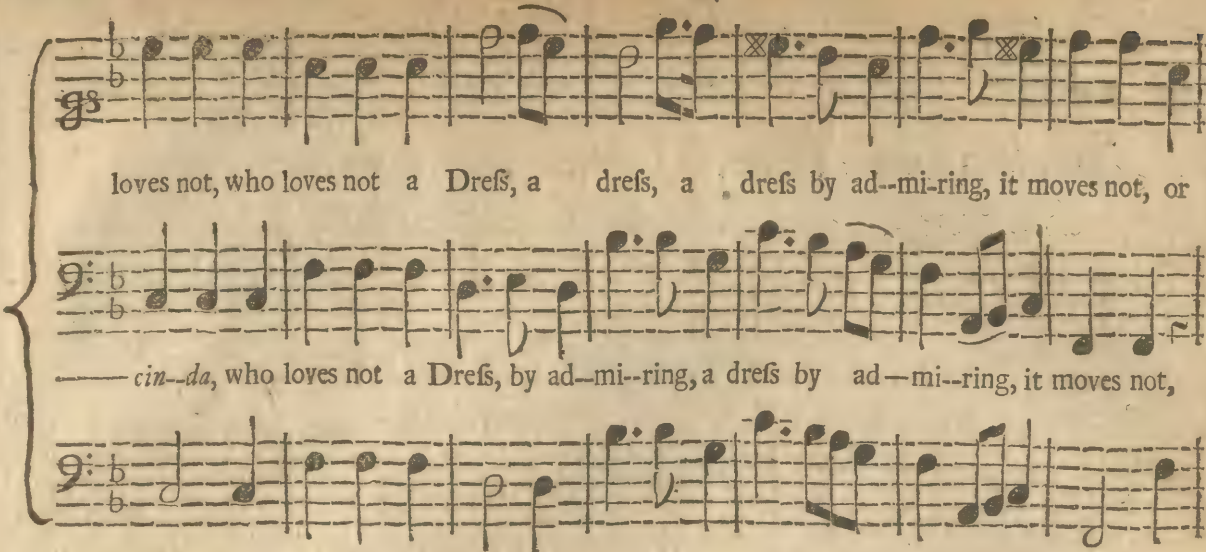
cin-da, fo love ly Lu-

love ly Lu-cin-da, fo

cin-da, fo love ly Lu-cin-da who

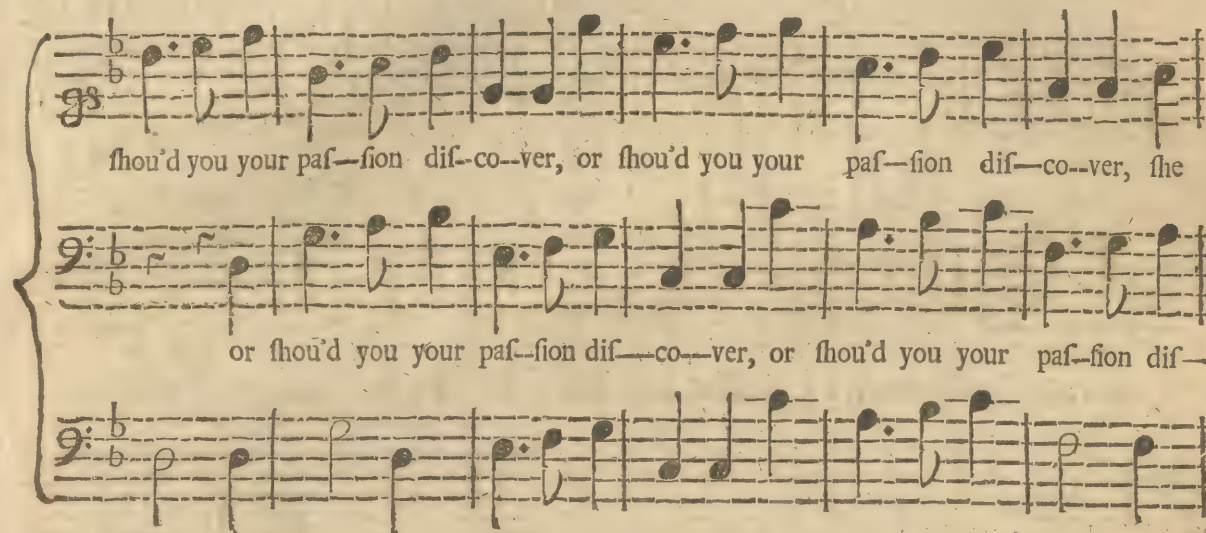
love ly Lu-cin-da, fo love ly Lu-





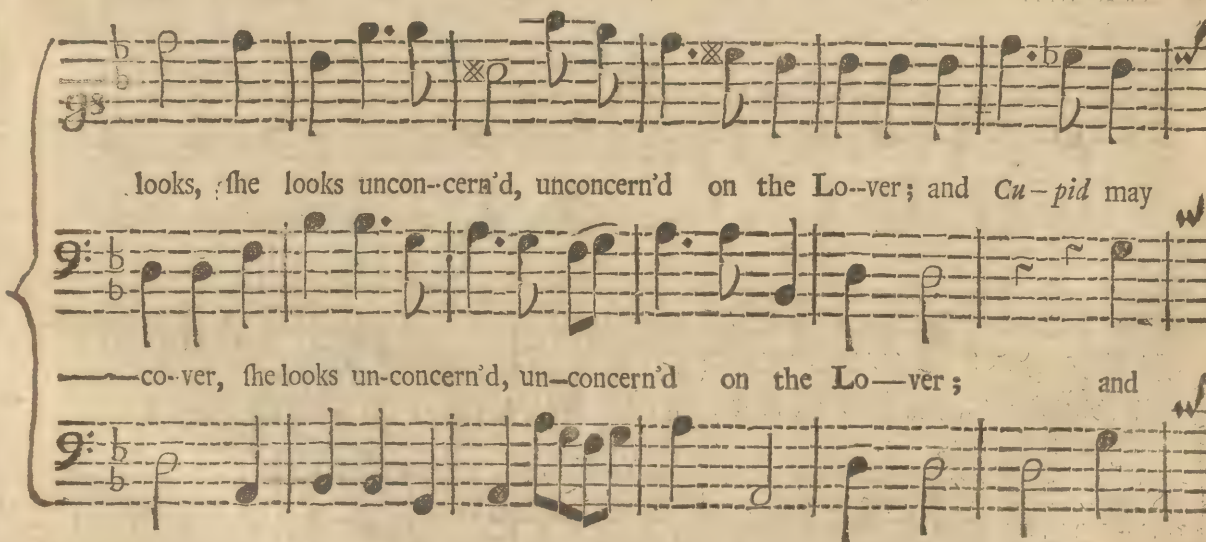
loves not, who loves not a Drefs, a drefs, a drefs by ad-mi-ring, it moves not, or

— cin-da, who loves not a Drefs, by ad-mi-ring, a drefs by ad-mi-ring, it moves not,



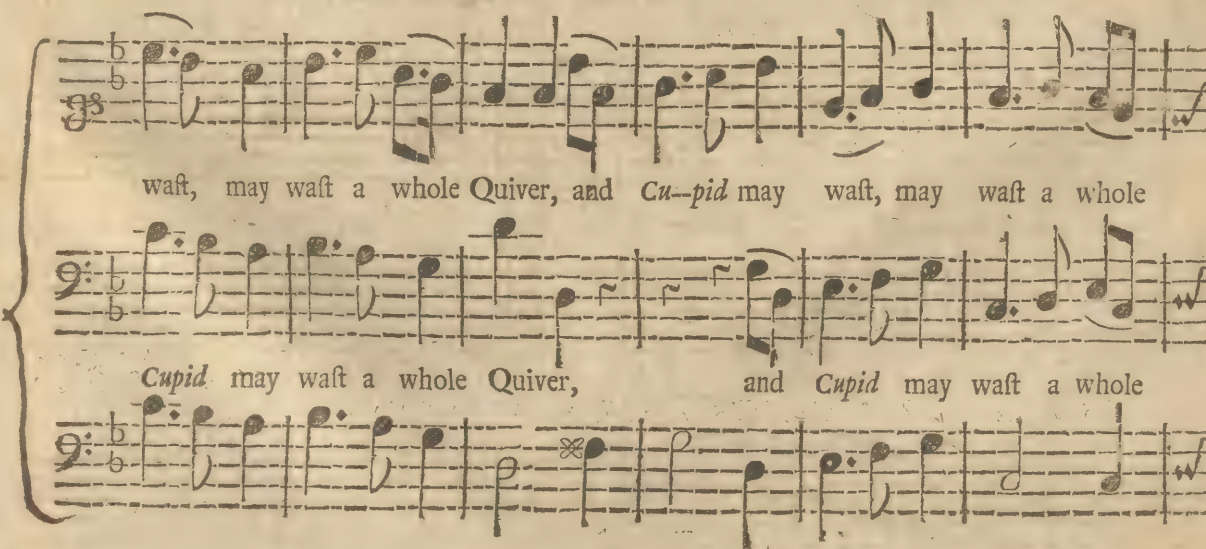
shon'd you your pas-sion dif-co-ver, or shou'd you your pas-sion dif-co-ver, she

or shou'd you your pas-sion dif-co-ver, or shou'd you your pas-sion dif-



looks, she looks uncon-cern'd, unconcern'd on the Lo-ver; and Cu-pid may

—co-ver, she looks un-concern'd, un-concern'd on the Lo-ver; and



waft, may waft a whole Quiver, and Cu-pid may waft, may waft a whole

Cupid may waft a whole Quiver, and Cupid may waft a whole

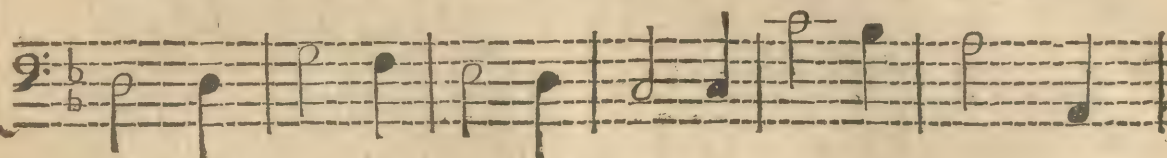




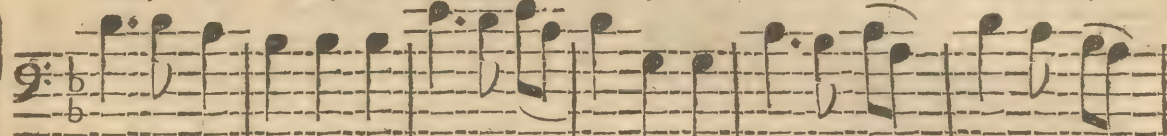
Quiver; I fear, I fear, I fear she'l re—sist him for e—ver, I



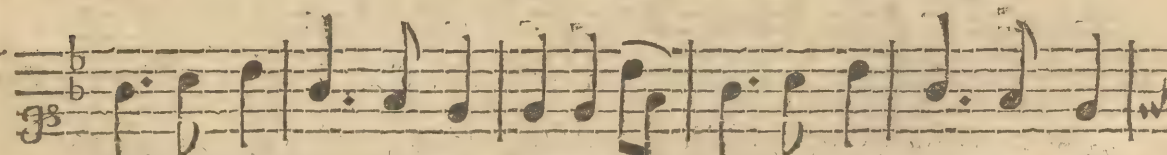
Quiver; I fear she'l re—sist him for e—ver, I fear she'l re—sist him, I



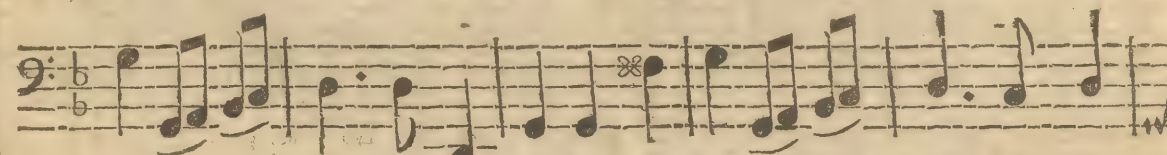
fear, I fear, I fear, fear, I fear she'l re—sist him, I



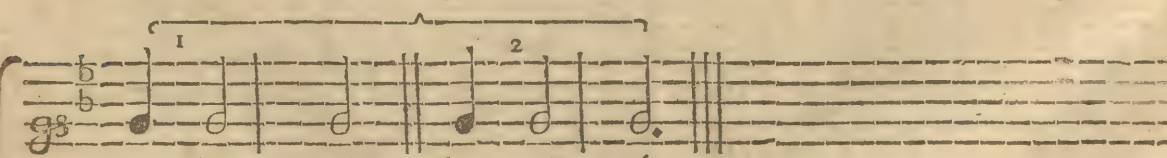
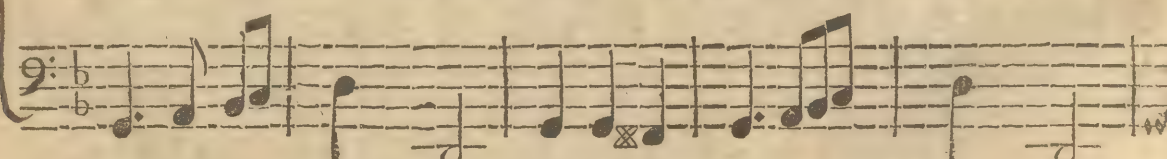
fear, she'l re—sist him, I fear she'l re—sist him, I fear she'l re—sist him for



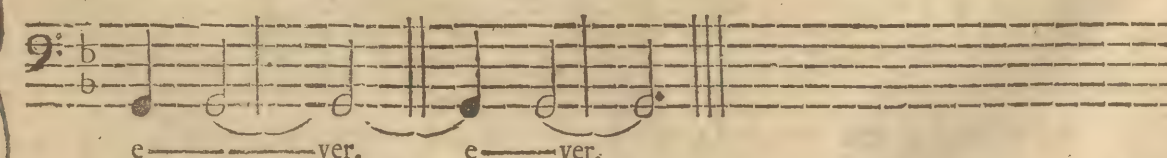
fear she'l re—sist him for e—ver, I fear she'l re—sist him for



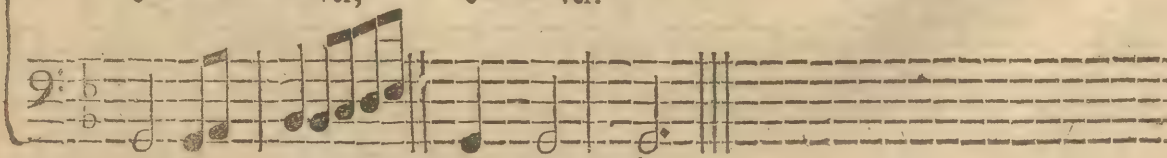
e—ver, re—sist him for e—ver, I fear she'l re—sist him for



e—ver, e—ver.



e—ver, e—ver.



1 2



## A Song set by Collonel Pack.

**T**hat your Beauty may be lasting, to the Man you have allow'd your

Charms the li-ber-ty of tasting, li-ber-ty, li-ber-ty of tasting; let your

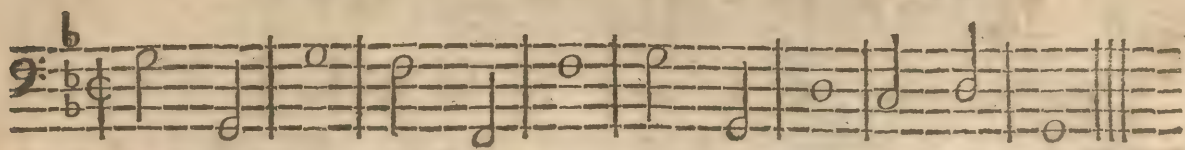
sighs, your sighs, your sighs not make him proud; sometimes keep your Beggar fasting, and

by neither want, by neither want or store; Save his Ap-petite, save his Ap-petite

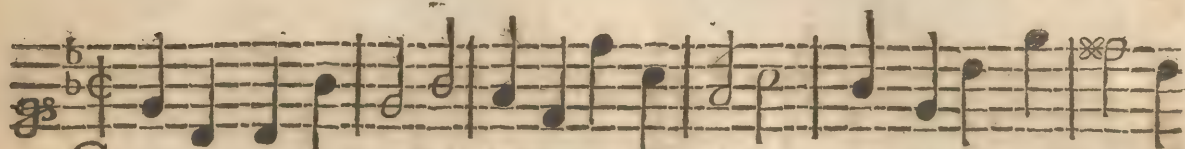
from wasting; He will always, always, always, always, always you a-dore.



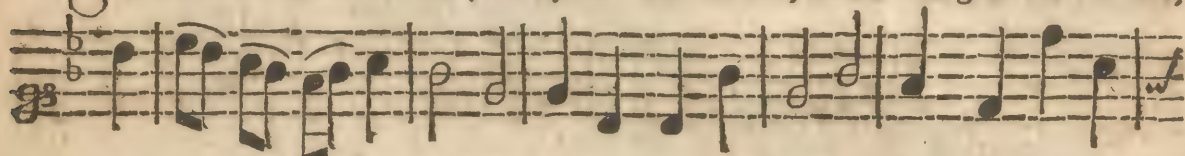
A New Song in the *Richmond-Heirefs*, the Words by  
Mr. Durfey, to a Ground of Mr. Solomon Eccles.



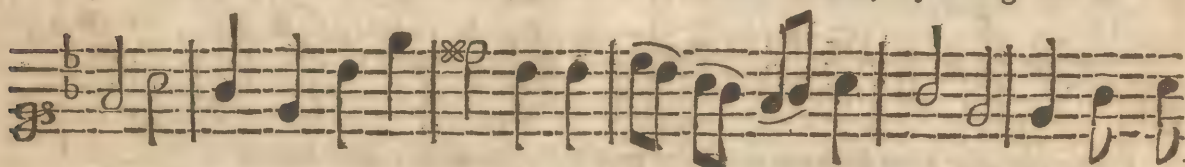
The Ground Bass.



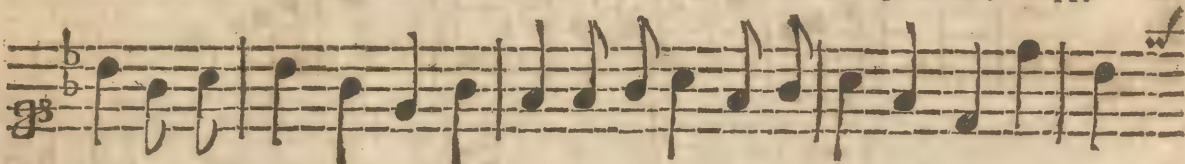
S Tubborn Church-di-vi-sion, Fol-ly and Am-bi-tion, cause with great De-ri-sion,



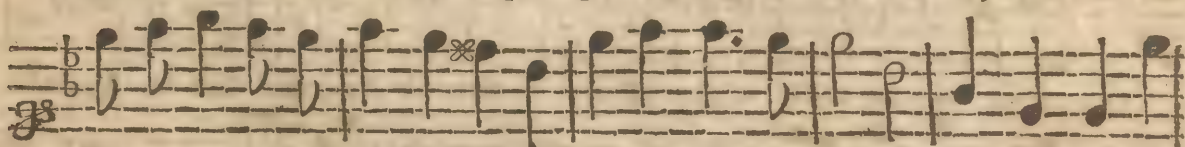
poor England's sad con-di-tion; Princes leave their Stations, by strange Ab-di-



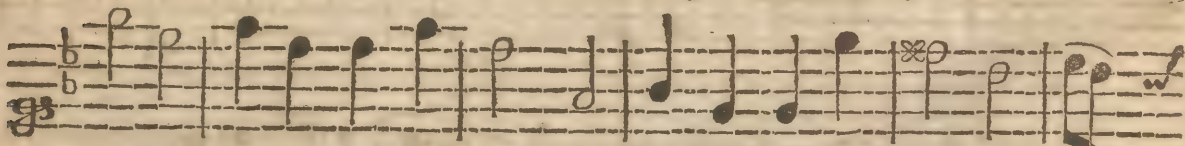
ca-tions: New ones come to ease us, yet no-thing e're can please us, happy's the



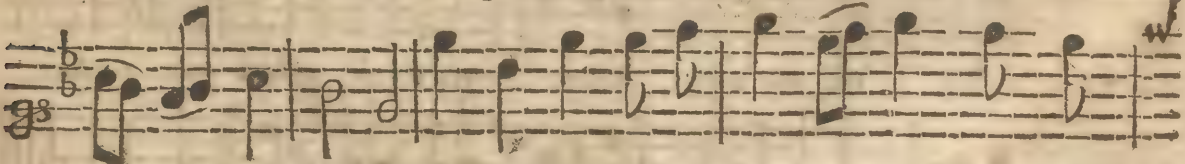
Man then that shun's the Great, that pleasing himself in a Ru-ral State, with ease



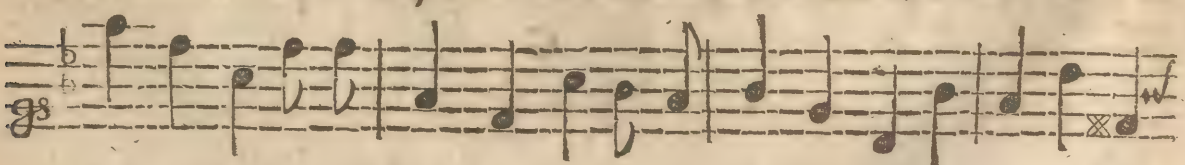
and content, In a sweet retreat a-voids all Jar's and Faction, in his small Do-



minions vents no false O-pi-nions, nor deserts the true for Pa-

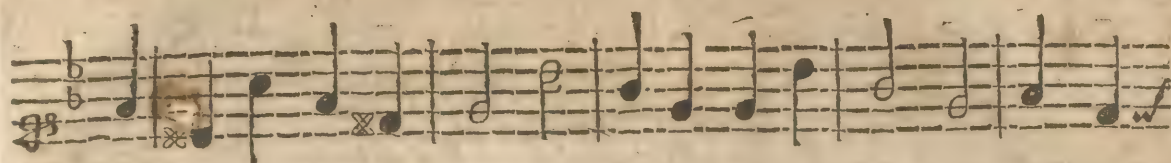


pist or So-ci-nians, but sits down with his Freind's around, whilst the

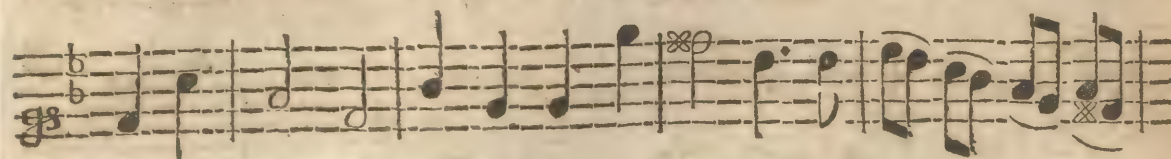


Glass is crown'd, and the health's a-bound to the King and Queen, the best in town;

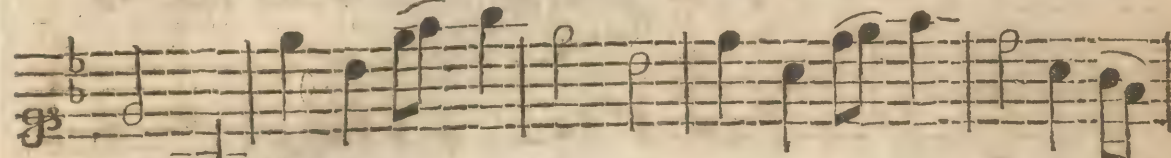




the Fleet or Ar—mies Action, ar—gues fill with Rea—son, speaks nor



hears no Treason, nor arraigns the Sense of five hun—dred Heads to



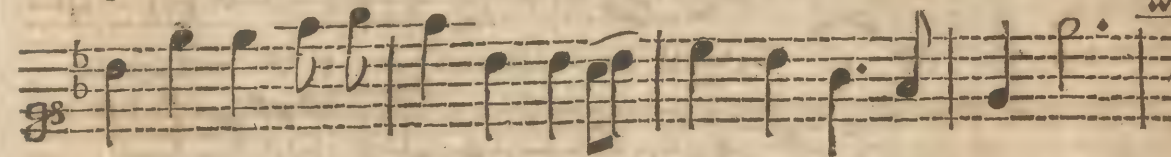
please One: Plaintiffs or De—fen—dants, ne're get his at—tendance, he



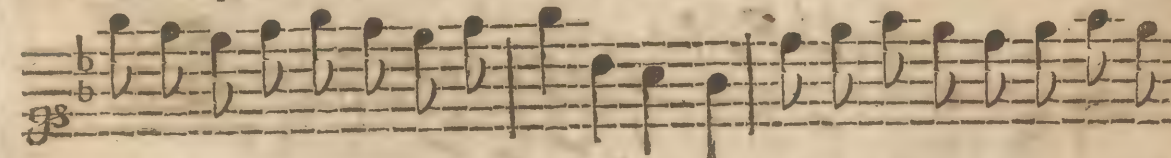
wishes well to all, that are at White-ball, but he loves no Court de—



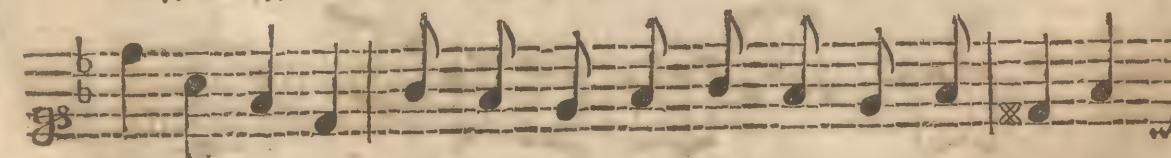
pendance; Books admires when Witty, good Musick and a Dit—ty, and



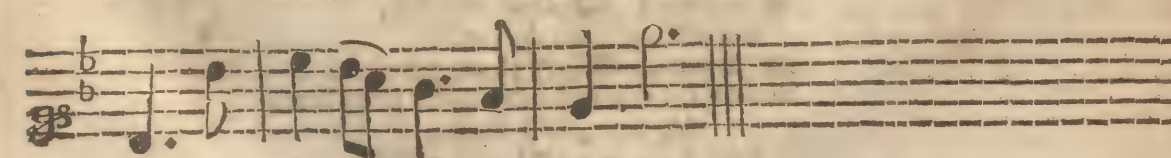
takes a Spouse to a—dorn his House that's rich and kind, and pret—ty;



merry, merry, merril—ly discards all sorrow; waril—ly does never, never



lend nor borrow, ge—ne—rous—ly En—tert—ains his Friends to



day, and is the same to morrow.



I Never felt the pangs of Love, nor cou'd the greatest Beau — ty Charm; a

Heart so stedfast none cou'd move, till Ce — lia's brighter Eyes, till

Ce — lia's brighter Eyes kind — led a flame: She has cre — a — ted

such a pain, that all the world be — sides can't cure; I still must sigh, but

sigh in vain, for no one knows the tor — ments I en — dure.

## II.

Where e're I go, I view the Fair,  
 But still my Celia does excell;  
 All beauteous Objects pleasing are,  
 But she the fairest, she the fairest in my heart,  
 My heart, doth dwell:  
 Since I am wounded with a Dart,  
 Shot from thy Quiver, mighty Love;  
 O wound my lovely Charmer's heart,  
 Or all my earthly Joys by Death remove.



[ 27 ]

## A Song in King Arthur, set by Mr. Henry Parcell.

Sound a par-ly, yee fair, and fur-ren-der, found, found, found, found a par-

Sound, found, found, found a par-ly, yee fair, and fur-ren-der,

ly yee fa-ir, a par-ly yee fair, and fur-

found a par-ly yee fair, found a par-ly yee fair and fur-

render; fet your selves and your Lover's at ease:

render; fet your selves and your Lover's at ease: He's a

He's a gratefull, a gratefull of-fen-der, who plea-

gratefull, a gratefull of-fen-der who pleasure, who plea-



— fure dare feize, but the whine—ing pre—ten—der, the whineing pre—

— fure dare feize, but the whining, the whining pre—

— tender is fure to displease. Sound a parly yee fair and sur—ren—der,

— ten—der is fure to dis—please, found, found, found, found a parly yee

found, found, found, found a par—ly yee fair, fou—nd, a

fair and sur—ren—der, found a par—ly yee fair; found a par—

par—ly yee fair and sur—ren—der; since the fruit of de—fire is pos—

— ly yee fair and sur—render: since the fruit of de—fire is pos—



—fessing, 'tis un-man-ly to figh, 'tis un-manly to figh and complain; When we

—fessing, 'tis un-man-ly to figh, 'tis un-manly to figh and com—plain;

kneel for re—dressing, when we kneel for re—dressing, we mo—

When we kneel for re—dressing, when we kneel for re—dressing we

—ve your dis—dain; Love was made for a blessing, a

mo—ve your dis—dain; Love was made, love was



blef—sing, Love was made, love was made for a blef—

made, love was made for a blef sing, love was made for a blef—sing, was

—sing, and not for a pain, love was made for a blef—

made for a blessing, and not for a pain; love was made for a

—sing and not for a pain.

a blessing, was made for a blessing and not for a pain.

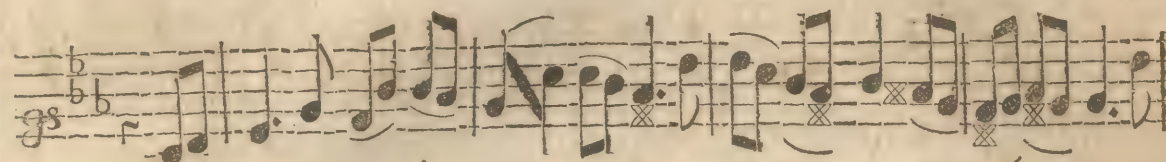


# A Song in the last new Play call'd *Love Triumphant, &c.*

Set by Mr. *John Eccles*, and Sung by Mrs. *Hudson*.



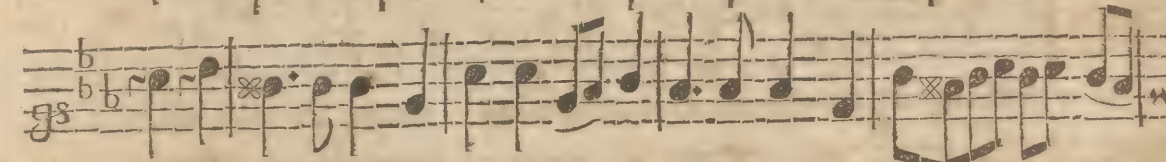
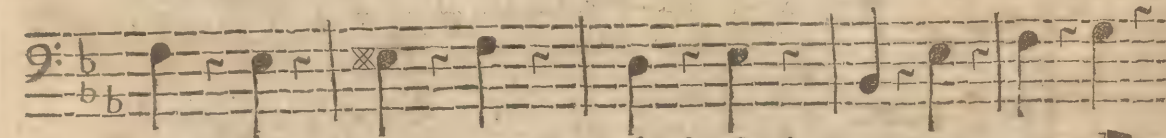
W Hat state of life can be so blest, as love that warms a lo—vers breast;



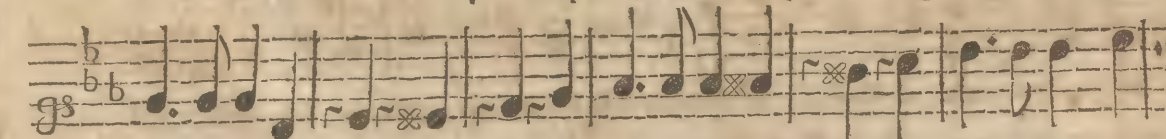
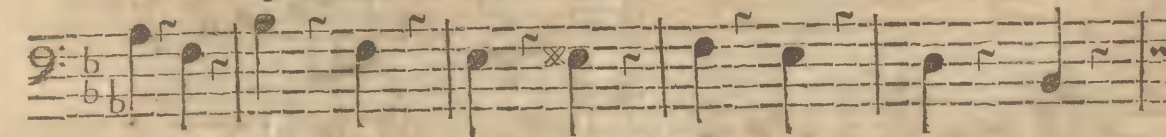
two souls in one, the same de—fire, to grant the bliss and to require; but



if in Heav'n a Hell we find, 'tis all from thee, oh! Jealousie, oh! oh! oh!



oh! oh! Jealousie, thou tyrant, tyrant. Jealousie thou ty—rant,



Jealousie, oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! Jealousie, oh! oh! oh! Jealousie thou



ty—rant of the mind.



## II.

All other Ills, tho' sharp they prove,  
Serve to refine and perfect love;  
In absence or unkind disdain,  
Sweet hope relieves the lover's pain;  
But oh! no cure but death we find,  
To set us free from Jealousie.

Oh! oh! &c.

## II.

False in thy glass all Objects are,  
Some set too near, and some too farr,  
Thou art the fire of endless night,  
The fire that burns, and gives no Light;  
All Torments of the damn'd we find,  
In only thee, oh! Jealousie.

Oh! Oh! &c.

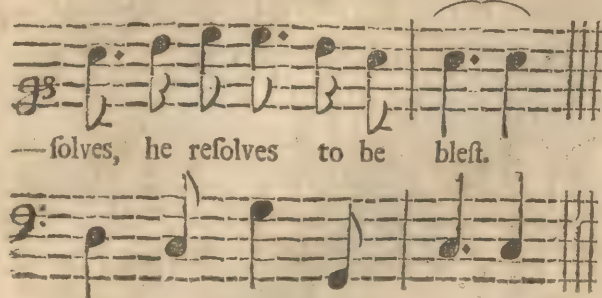
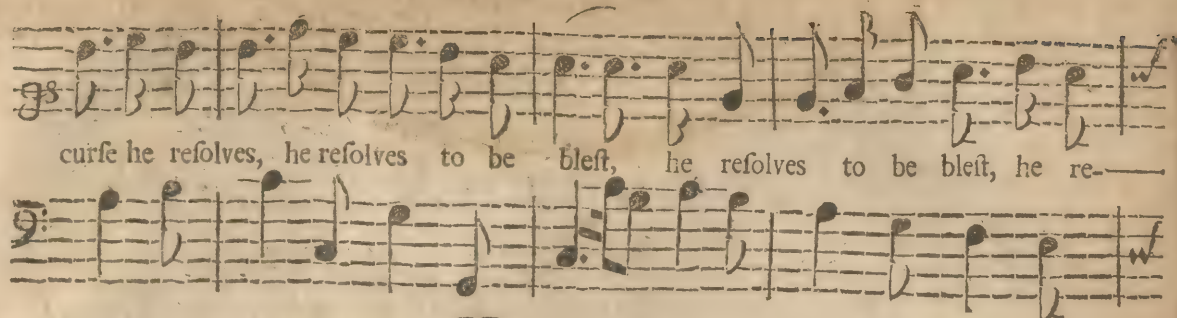


A Song in the last new Play call'd *Love Triumphant, &c.*  
 Set by Mr. H. Purcell, and Sung by Mrs. Ayloff.

How happy's the Husband, how happy's the Husband whose  
 Wife has been try'd, has been try'd; not damn'd to the Bed, not damn'd to  
 the Bed of an ig-no-rant Bride: fe-cure of what's left, fe-cure of what's left, he  
 ne're misses the rest, but where there's enough, enough, enough, but where there's e-  
 nough, sup-poses a Feast; so foreknowing the cheat, he escapes the deceit, and in  
 spight of the curse he resolves, he resolves to be blest; and in spight of the



## [ 33 ]



## II.

If Children are blessings,  
 His Comfort's the more,  
 Whose Spouse has been known  
 To be fruitfull before;  
 And the Boy that she brings,  
 Ready made to his Hand,  
 May stand in his stead  
 For an Heir to his Land,  
 If his own prove a Sot,  
 When 'tis lawfully got;  
 As when e're it is so,  
 If it don't, I'll be hang'd.

A New Song in *Epsome-Wells*. set *for two Voices* by Mr.  
 Henry Purcell.

**L**Leave, leavethose useles Arts, leave, leave those use—les Arts in loving; seeming

Leave, leave these useles Arts, leave, leave these useles Arts in loving,

an ————— ger and dis ——— dain:

seem — ing an ————— ger and dis ——— dain:



Trust, trust to nature gently, gently, gently mo—ving, nature

Trust, trust to nature, gently, gently, gent—ly, mo—ving,

never, never, never, never, never, never, never, never, never, never, ne-ver pleads in vain;

nature, never, never, never, never, never, ne-ver, never, never, ne-ver pleads in vain;

nothing, nothing guides a lo--vers passion, nothing guides a lo--vers passion, like, like

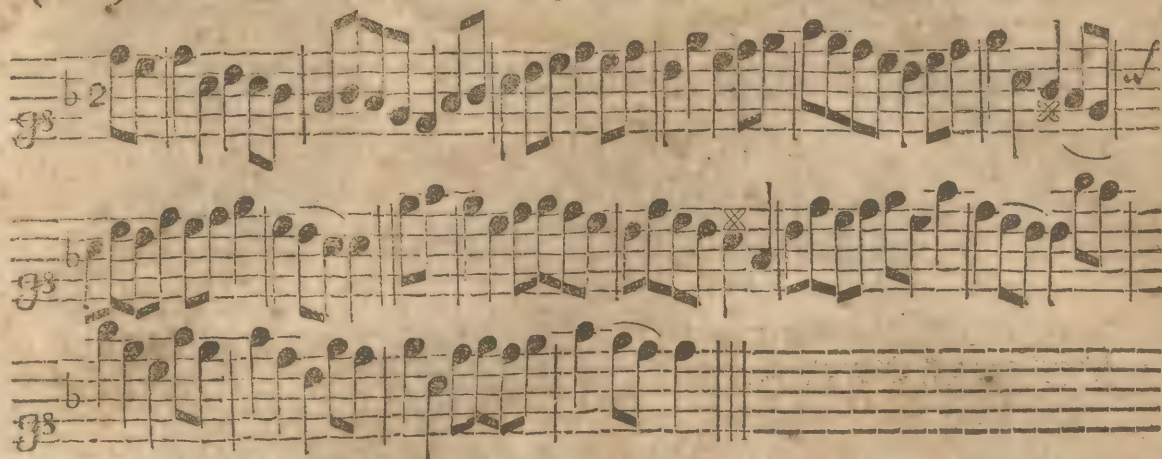
nothing, nothing guides a lovers passion, nothing guides a lovers passion, like, like

the fair ones in--cli--nation, like the fair ones in--cli—nation.

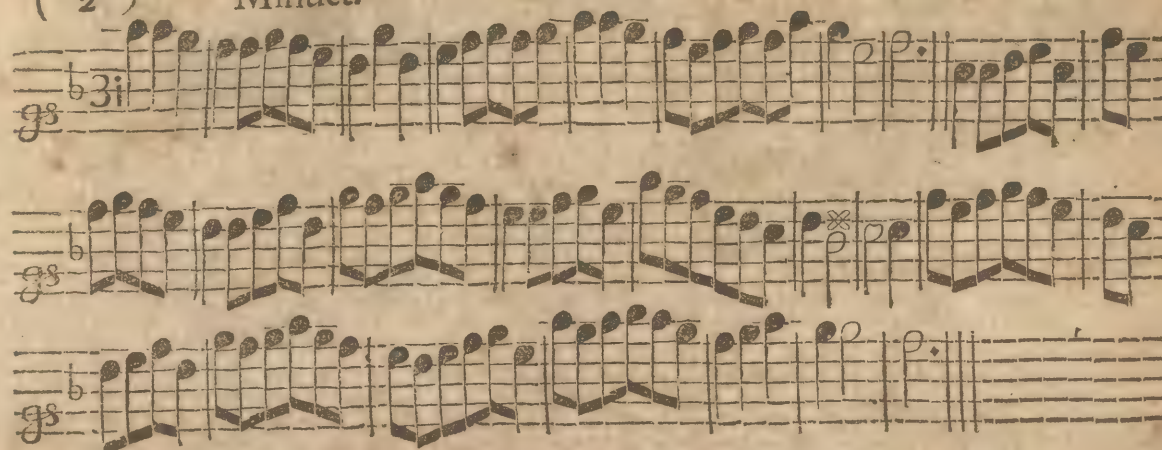
the fair ones in--cli--nation, like the fair ones in--cli—nation.



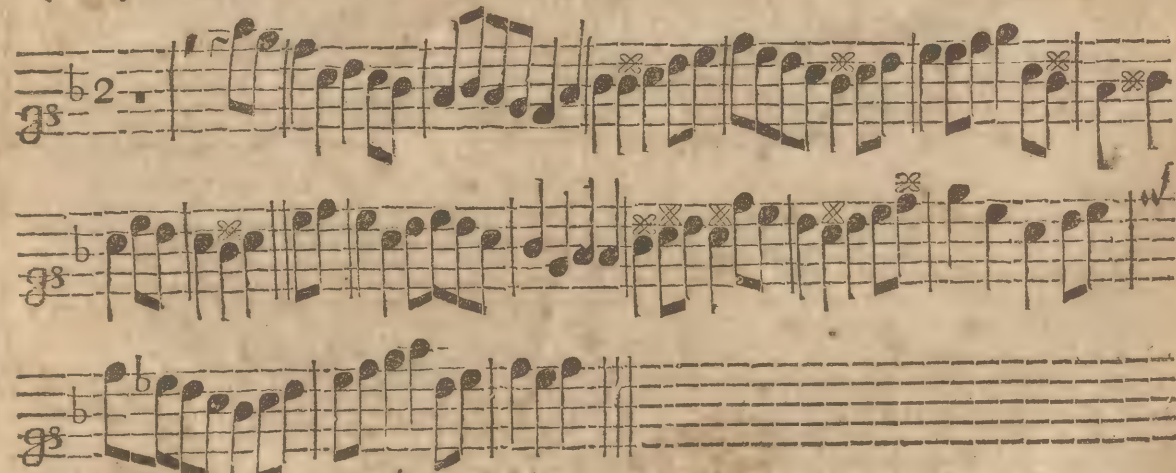
( 1 ) Boree. Mr. Banisters First and Second Trebles.



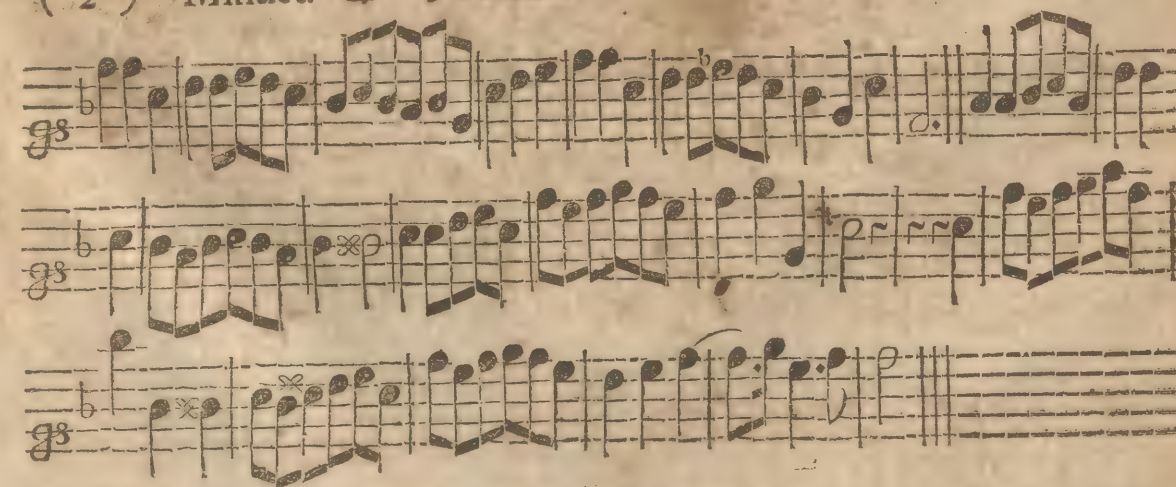
( 2 ) Minuet.



( 1 ) Boree. 2nd Treble.



( 2 ) Minuet. 2nd Treble.



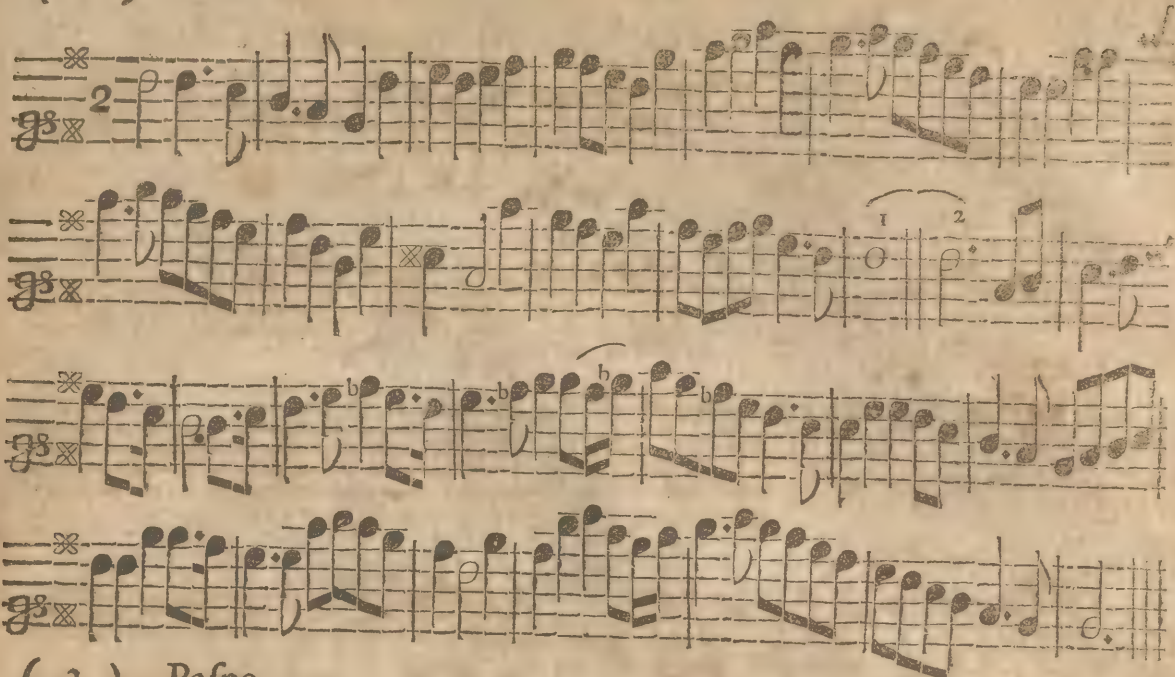


Play this at Mr. Pascale's [ 36 ]

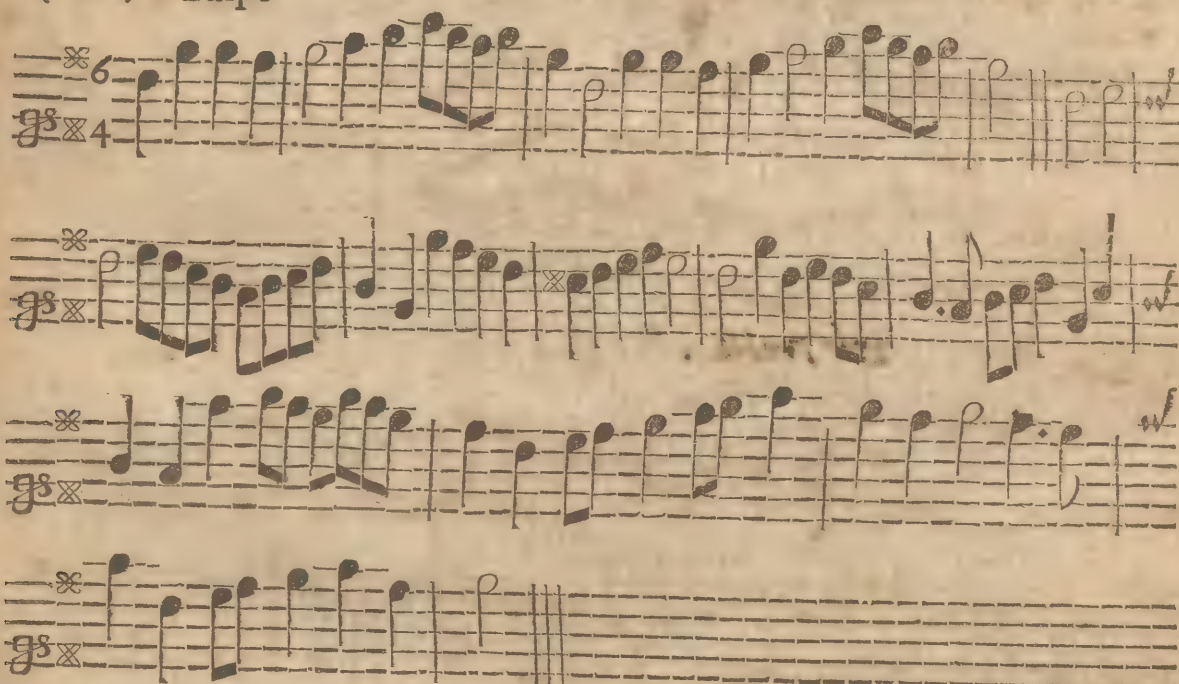
a Note lower on  
the Violin.

Mr. Pascale's First Trebles.

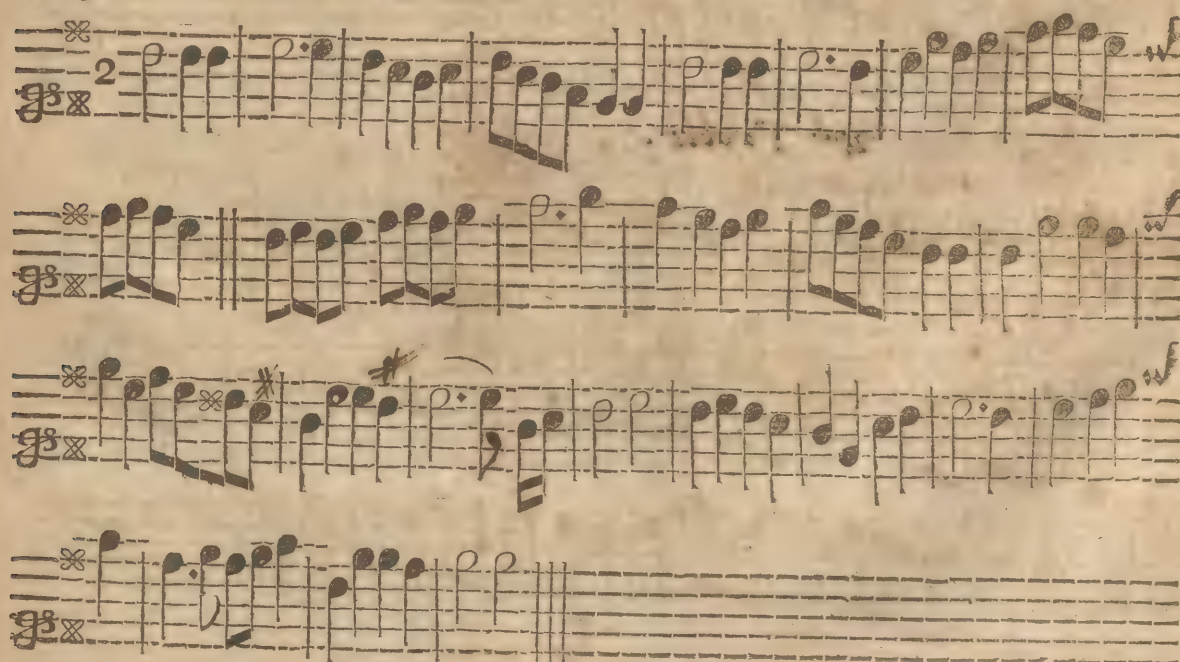
( 1 )



( 2 ) Paspe.



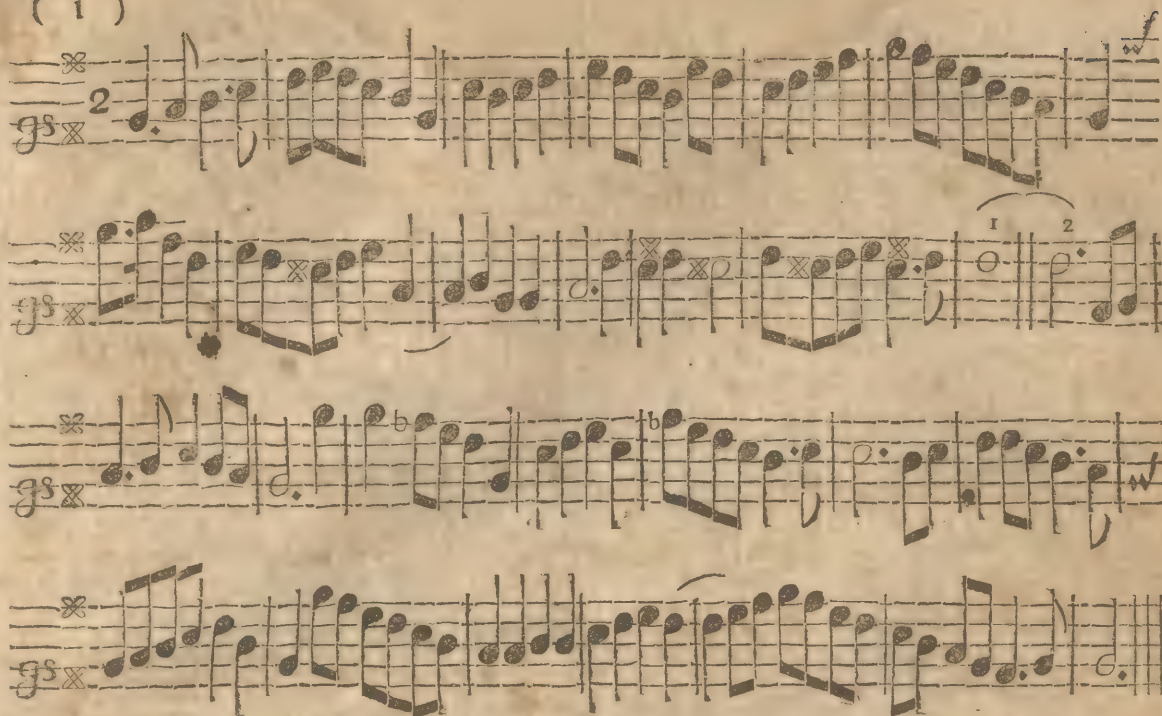
( 3 )



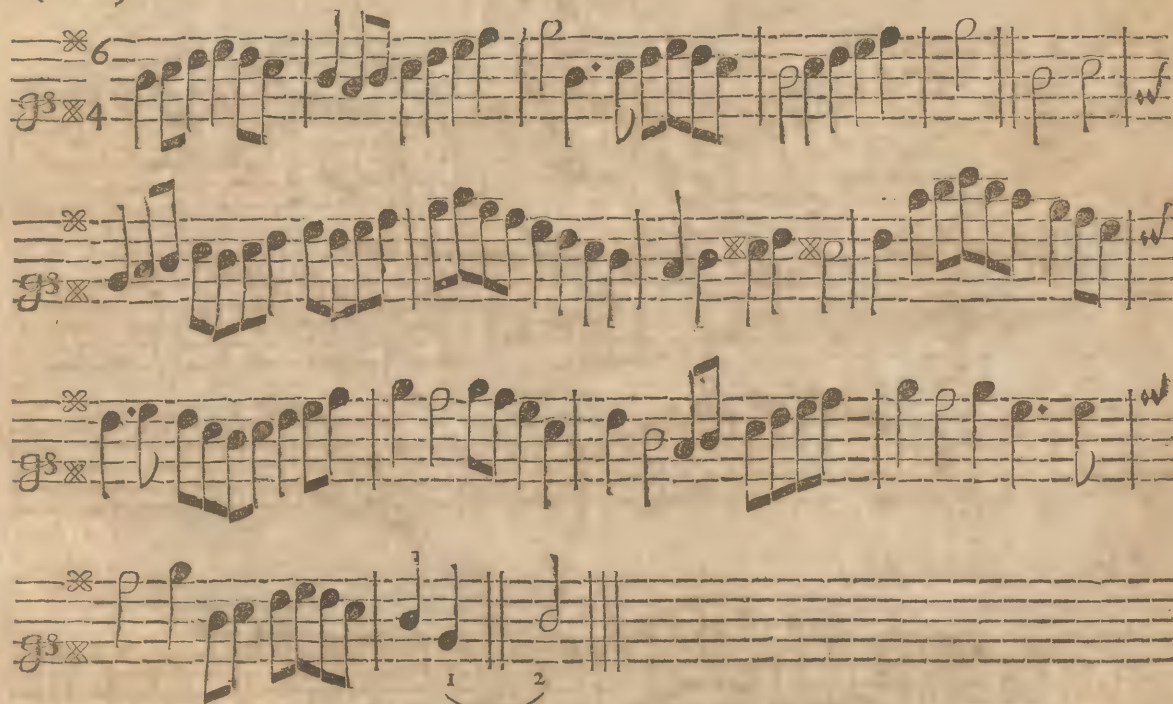


## Mr. Pesable's Second Trebles.

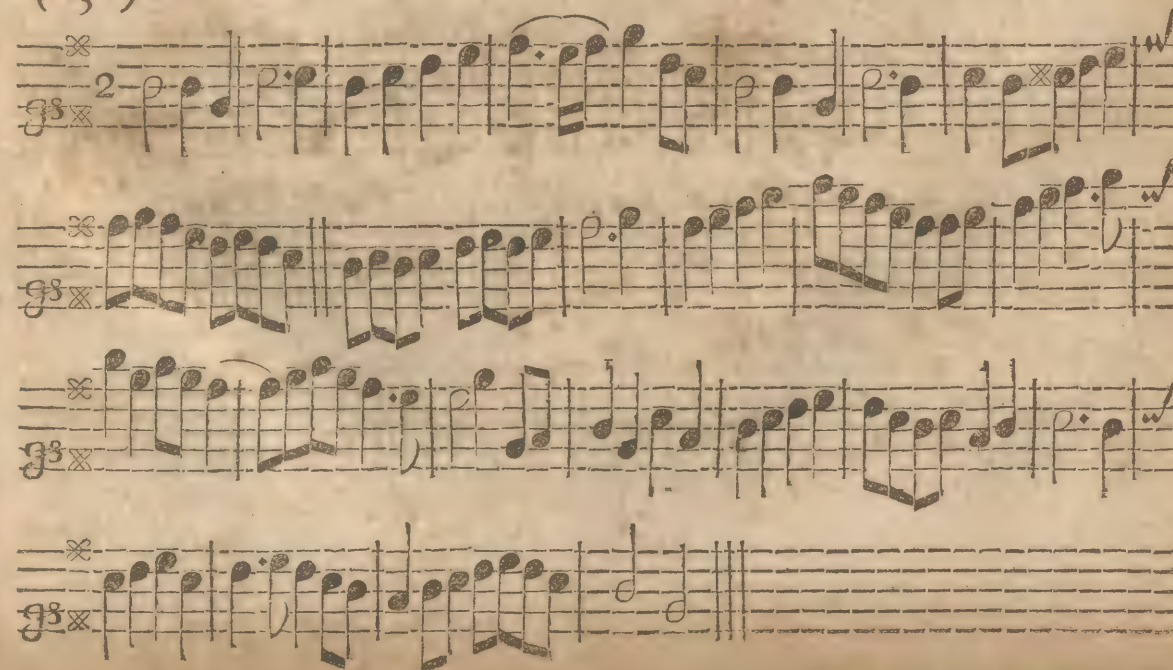
( 1 )



( 2 )



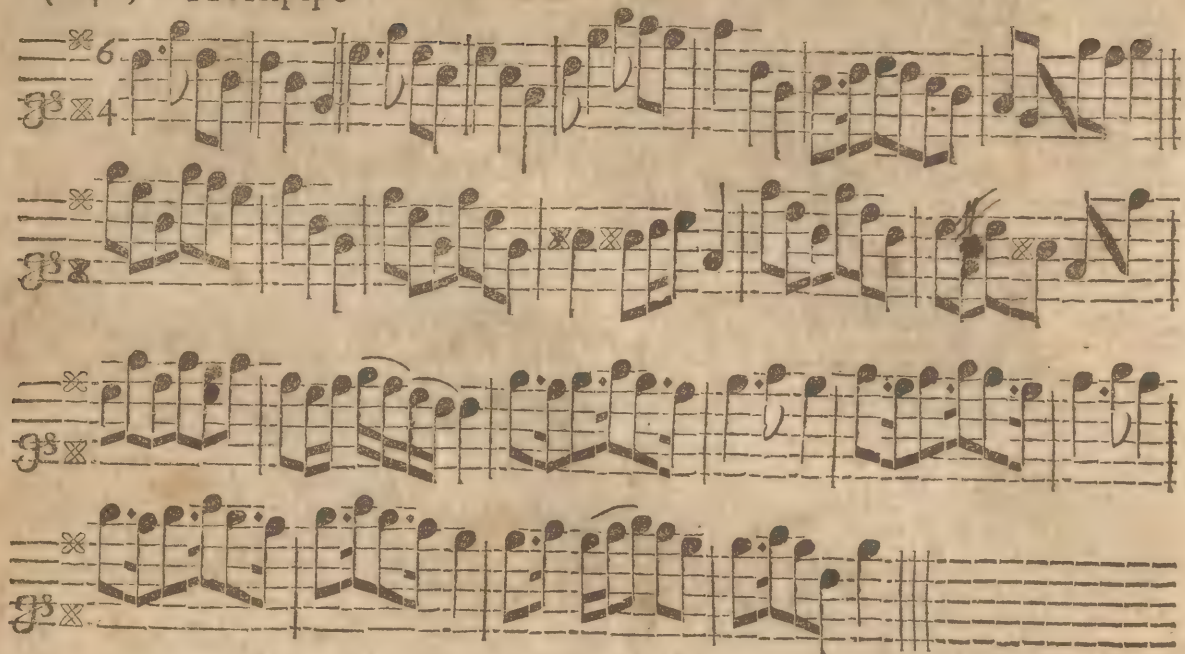
( 3 )





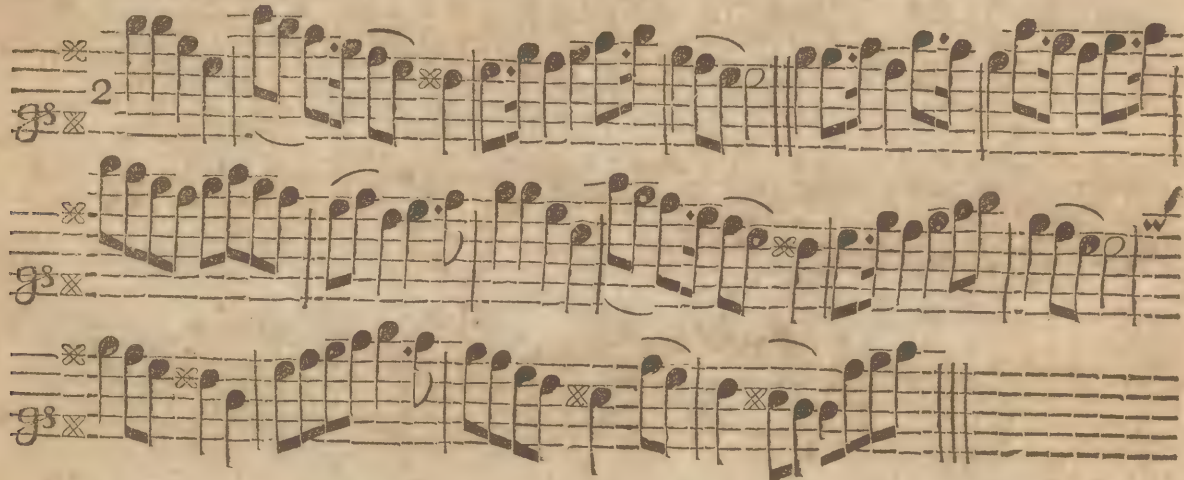
## First Trebles.

( 4 ) Hornpipe.

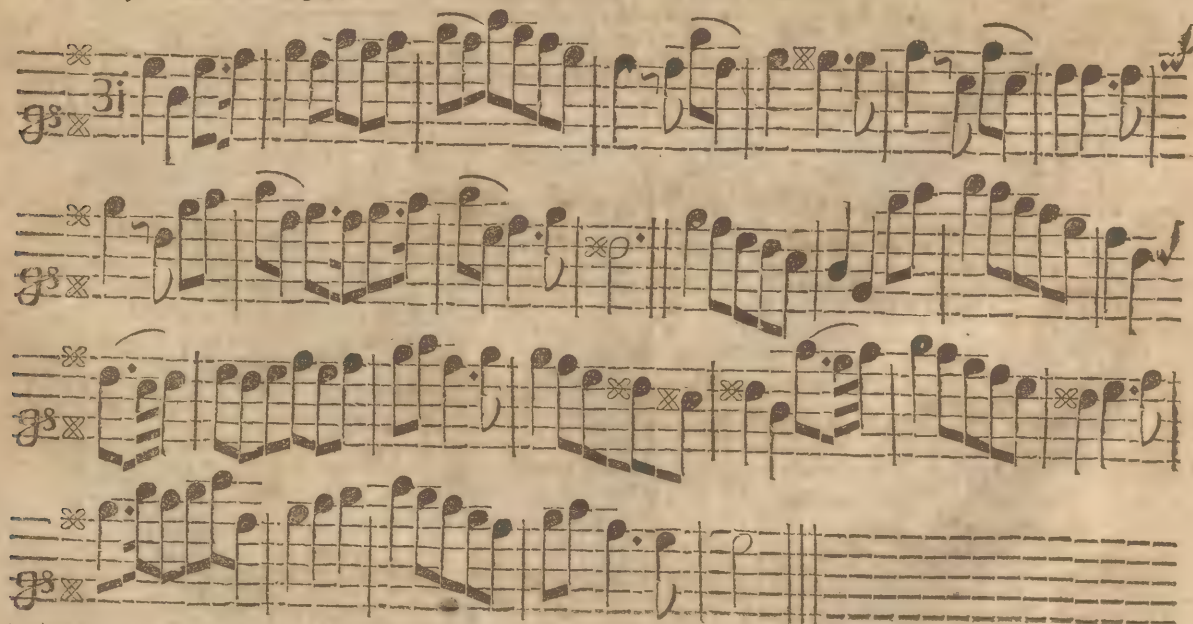


F I N I S.

( 1 ) Round O.



( 2 ) Slow Air.



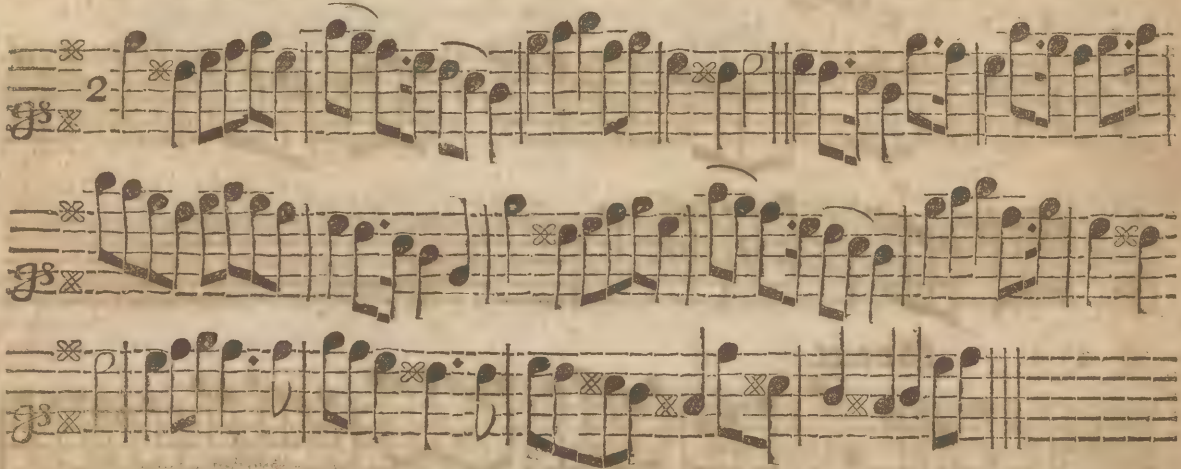


[ 39 ]  
Second Trebles.

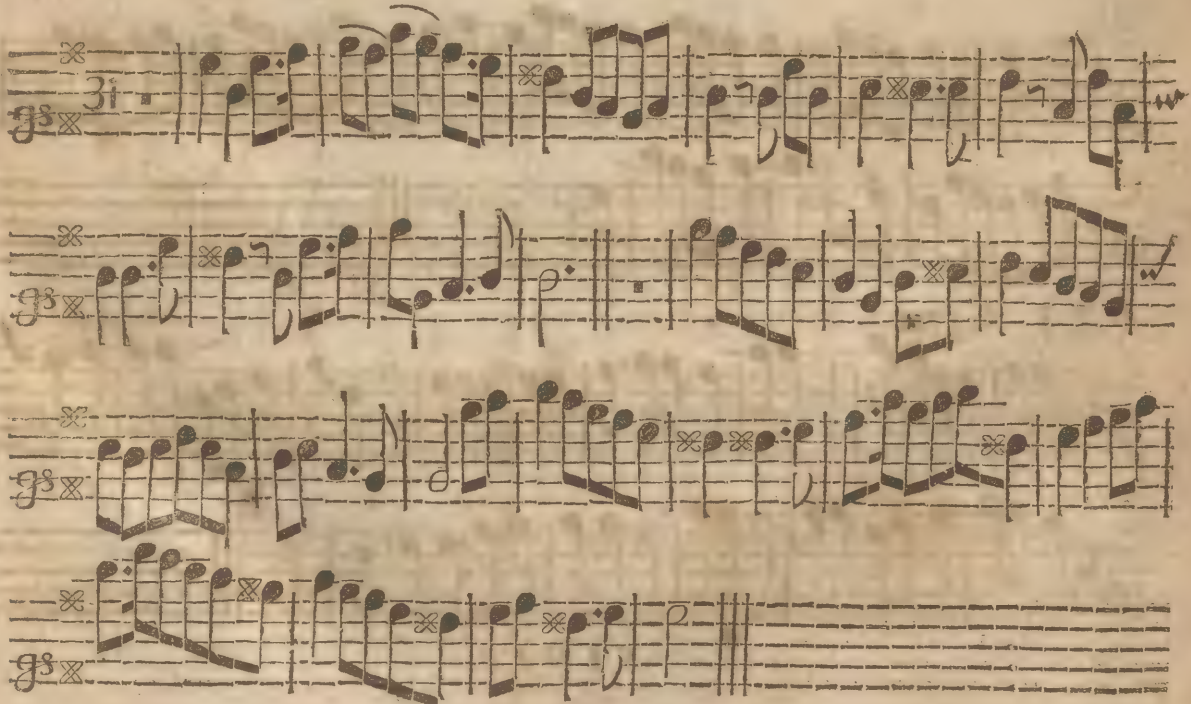
( 4 ) Hornpipe.



( 1 ) Round 0.



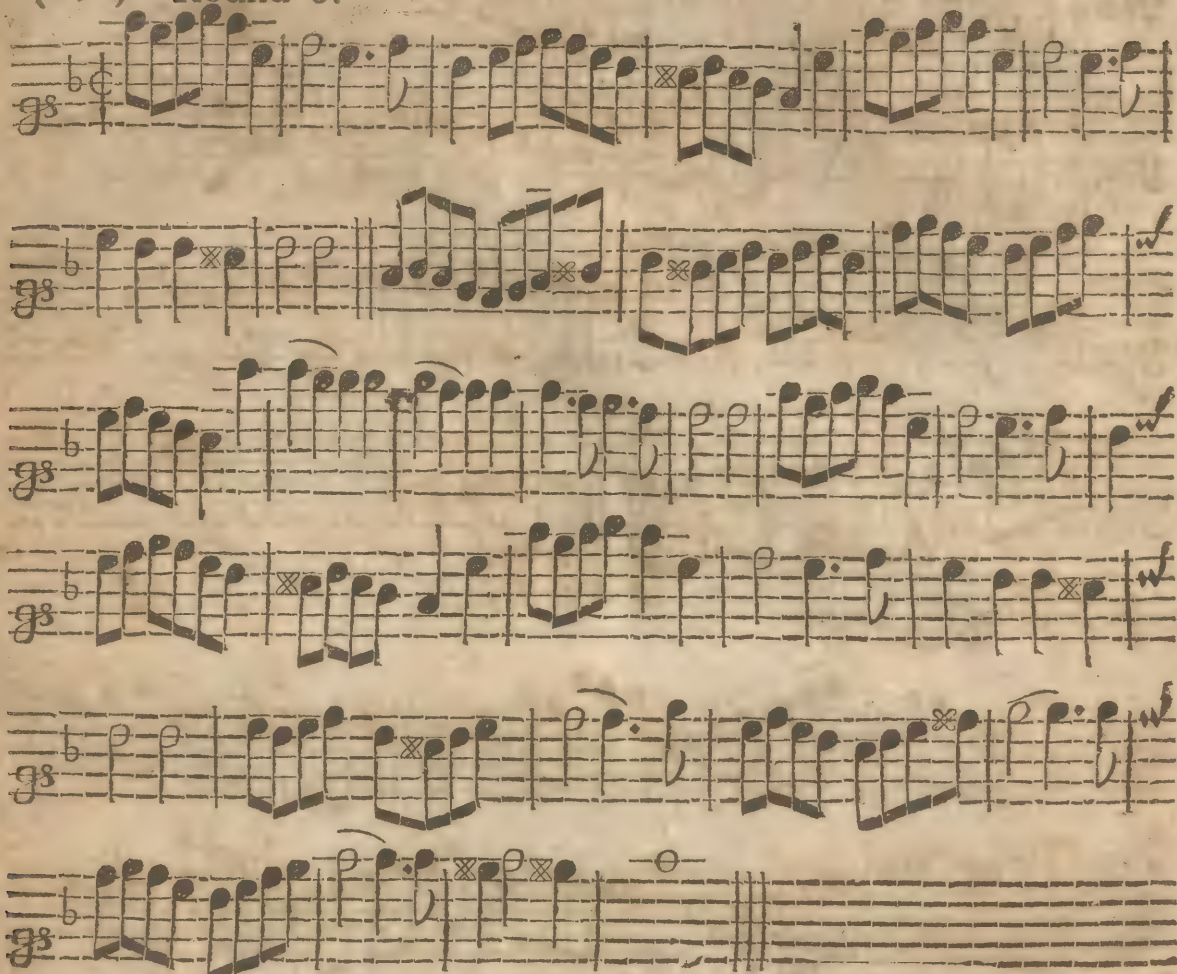
( 2 ) Slow Air.



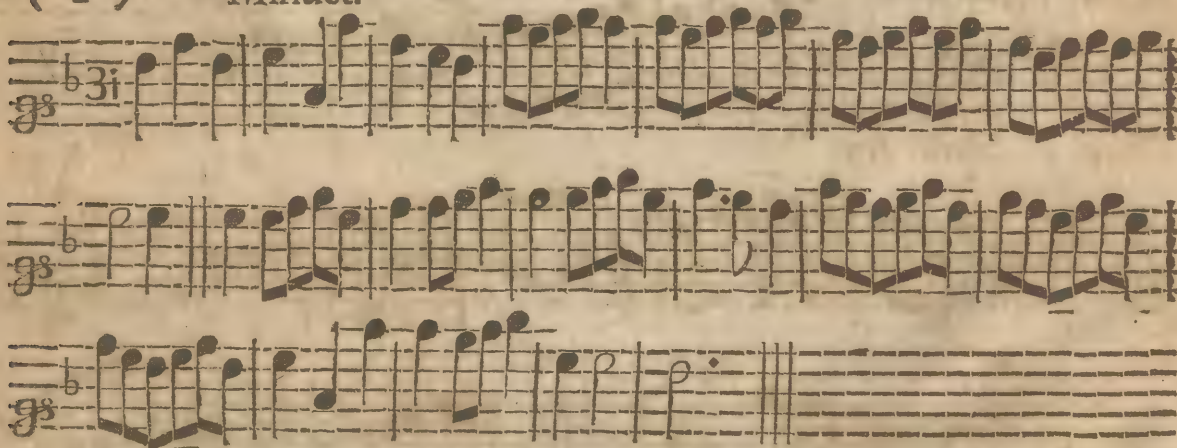


Mr. Robert King's First Trebles.

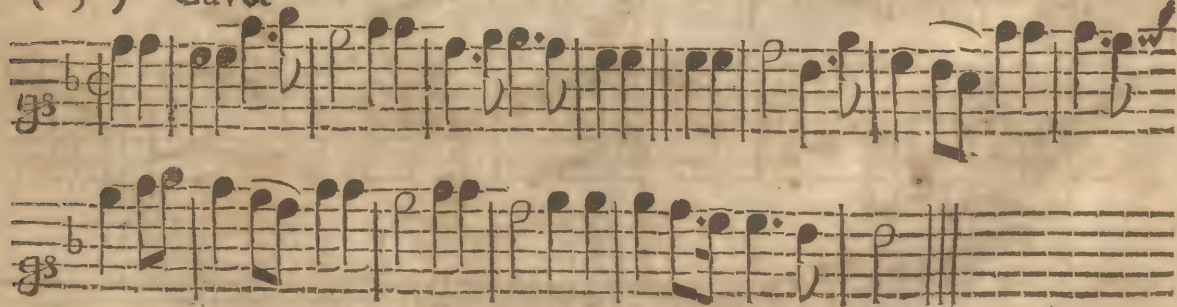
( 1 ) Round 0.



( 2 ) Minuet.



( 3 ) Gavot

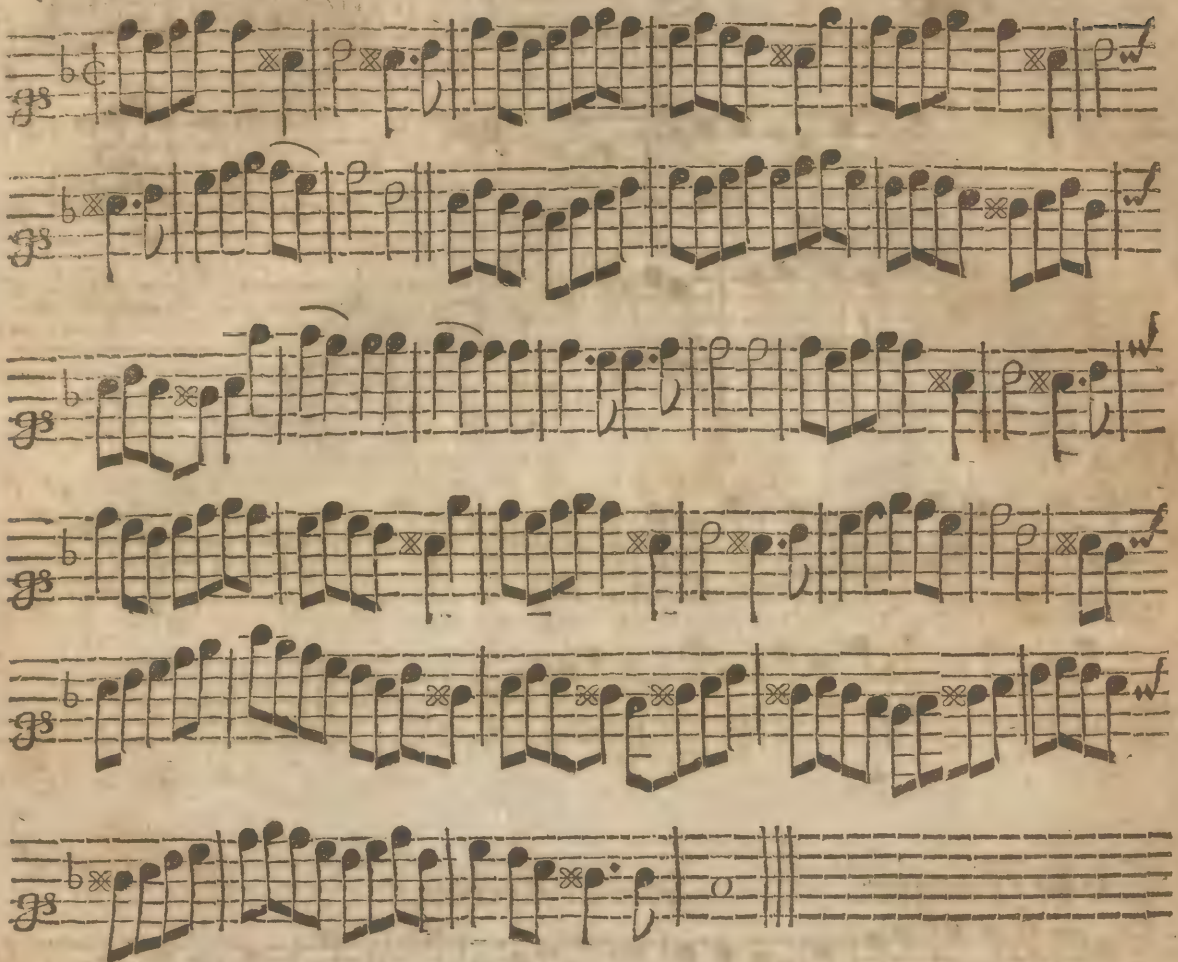


FINIS.

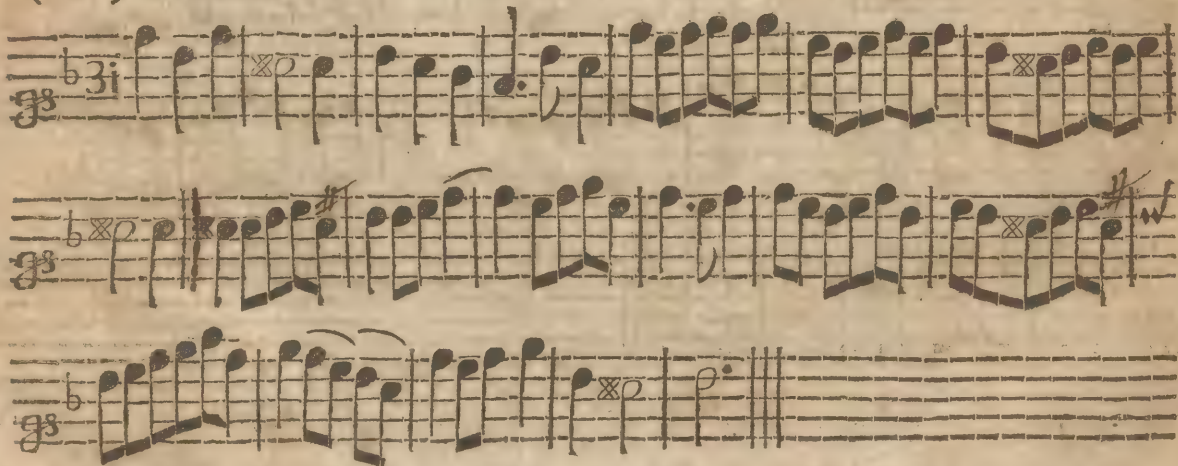


## Mr. Robert King's Second Trebles.

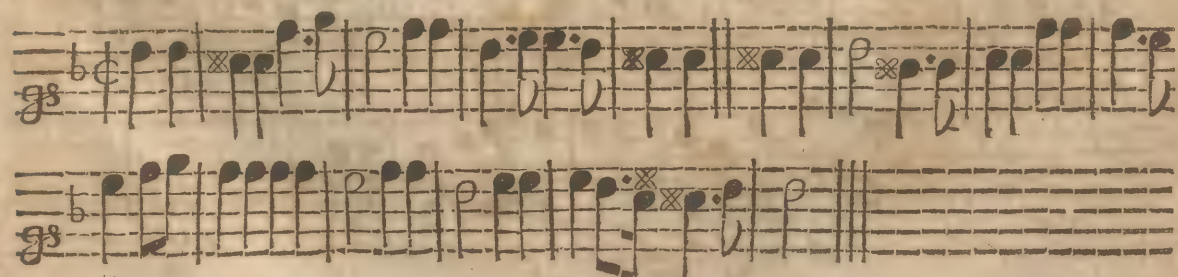
( 1 ) Round 0.



( 2 ) Minuet.



( 3 ) Gavot.

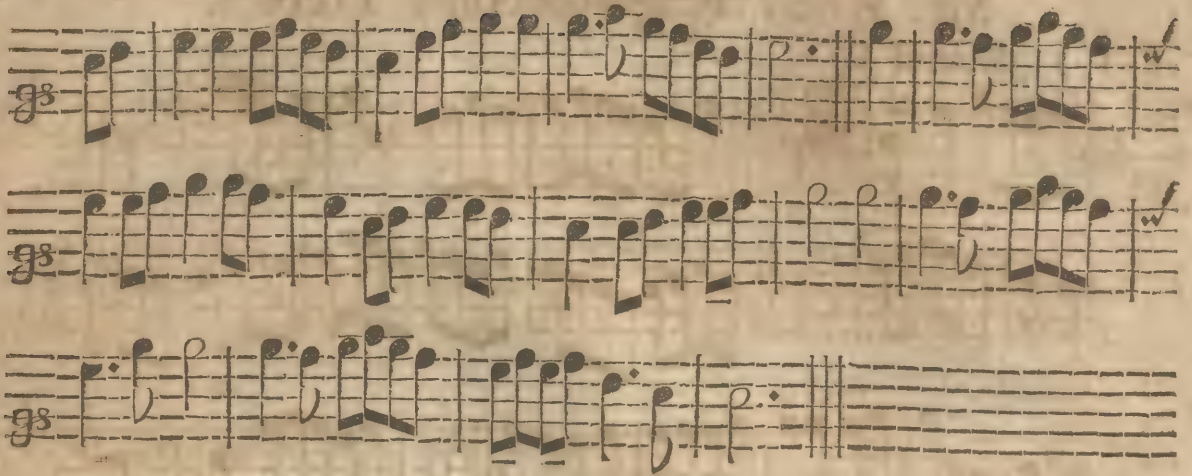


F I N I S.

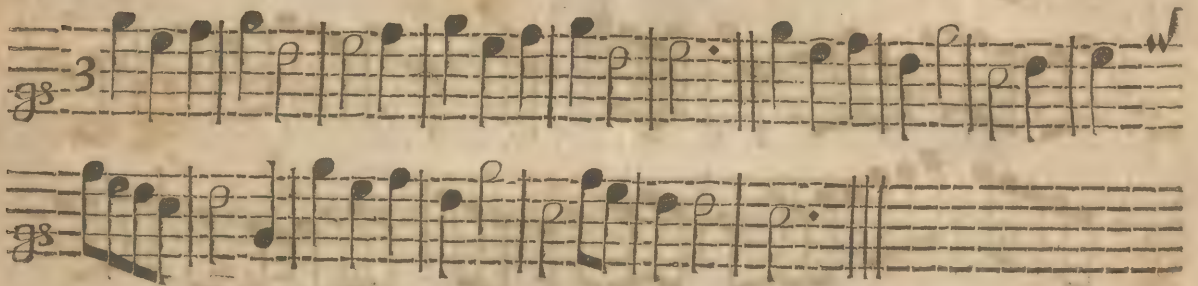


( 1 ) Trumpet.

First Trebles.

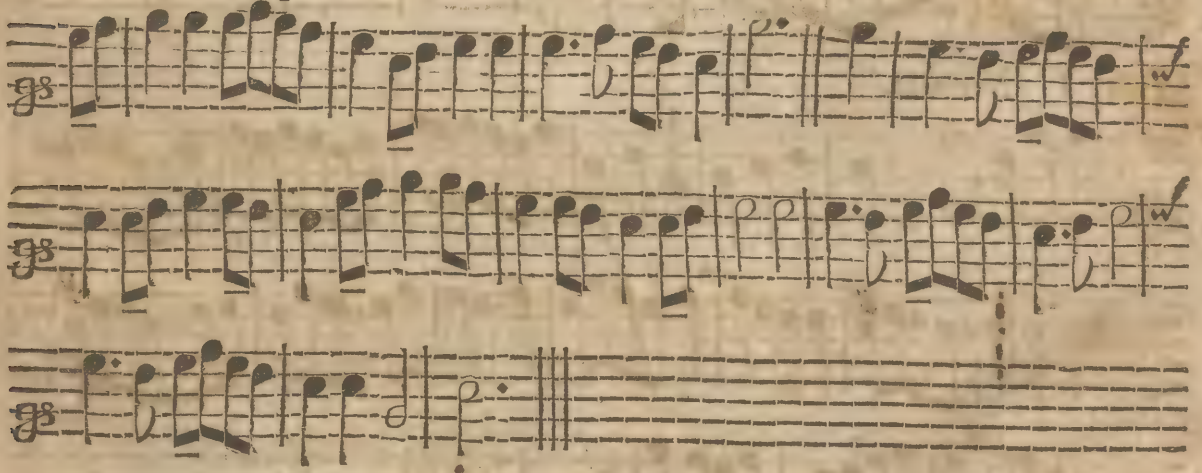


( 2 )

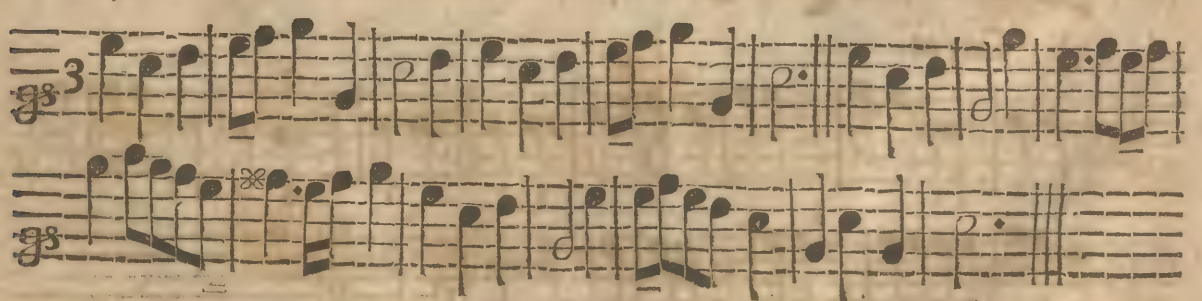


( I ) Trumpet.

## Second Trebles.



( 2 )





# THESAURUS MUSICUS:

BEING, A

## COLLECTION of the Newest SONGS

PERFORMED

At Their Majesties Theatres; and at the Conforts in  
Viller-street in York-Buildings, and in Charles-street  
Covent-Garden.

WITH A

Thorow-Bass to each SONG, for the *Harpficord*, *Theorbo*, or *Bass-Viol*.

To which is Annexed,

A Collection of *Airs*, Compos'd for two *Flutes*, by several Masters.

### THE THIRD BOOK.



Licensed according to Order.

L O N D O N,

Printed by J. Heptinstall for John Hudgebutt. And are to be sold by John Carr, at his Shop near the Middle-Temple-Gate in Fleetstreet, and John Money, at the Mitre in Mitre Court in Fleetstreet, where Masters and Shopkeepers may have them. And at most Musick-Shops in Town. Price one Shilling sixpence. 1695.



## A Table of the SONGS contain'd in this Book.

A	Page.	P	Page.
<i>Appear all, 'appear your kind Mistrefs to shew,</i>	9	<i>Phillis, we're not griev'd,</i>	24
<i>At London che've bin,</i>	12	S	
C		<i>Still, still, still I'm grieving,</i>	10
<i>Corinna, we allow you Fair,</i>	40	<i>See, see, where repenting Celia lies,</i>	19
F		<i>See, see, ob! see Corinna's Tear,</i>	32
<i>From Envy and Ambition free,</i>	18	T	
G		<i>Tormenting passion leave my breast,</i>	15
<i>Good Neighbour why,</i>	1	<i>Thus you may be as happy as we,</i>	16
<i>Give then Royal Maid your Sorrows o're,</i>	11	<i>Then Beautious Nymph look from above,</i>	29
H		U	
<i>Hear's not my Phillis how the Birds,</i>	5	<i>Under how hard a Fate are Women born,</i>	23
I		W	
<i>I sigh'd, I sigh'd and own'd my Love,</i>	6	<i>Why, ob! why shou'd the World mistake,</i>	21
<i>In this happy smiling shade,</i>	33	<i>Wa's me what munn I do,</i>	30
L			
<i>Lads and Lasses blith and gay,</i>	28		

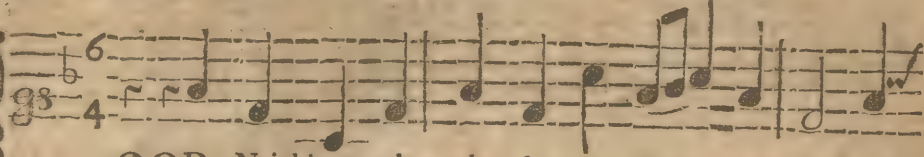
## A Collection of Flute-Tunes in Two Parts by several Masters.



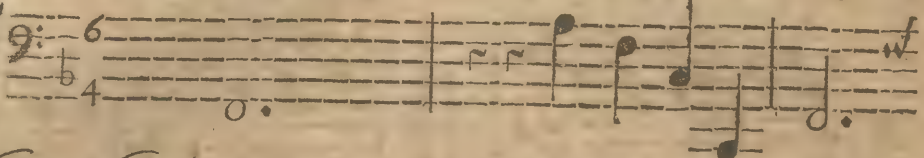
[ 1 ]

A Dialogue between Two Wives, Sung  
in the Play call'd, *The Canterbury Guests, or the Bar-*  
*gain Broken.* Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

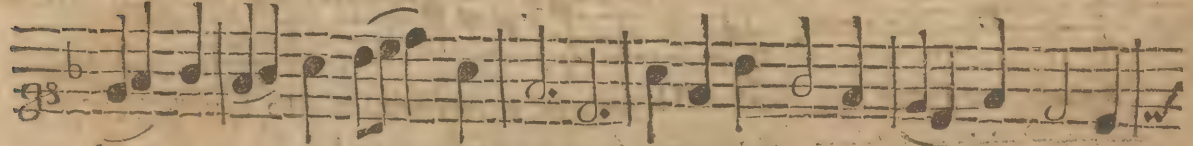
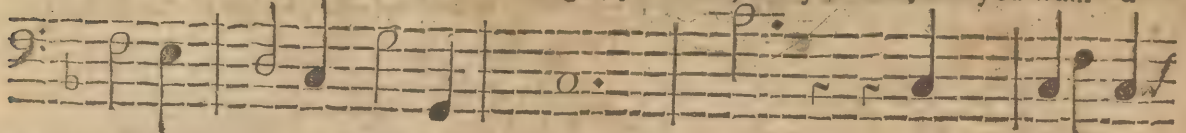
[ 1 Wife. ]



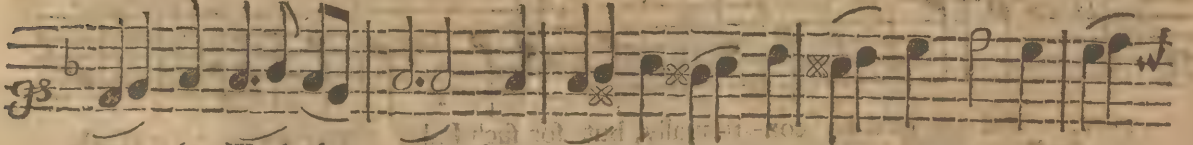
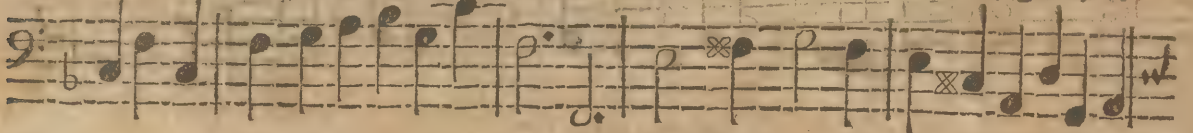
GOOD Neighbour, why, why doe you look a-wry? you're



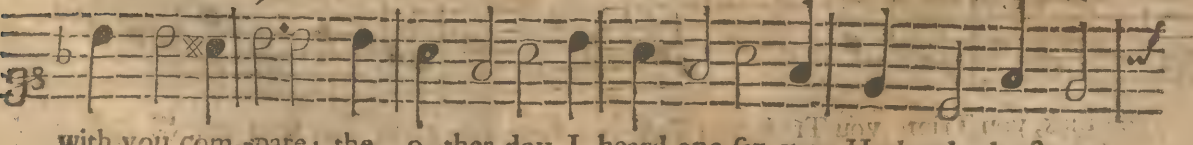
grown a wond'rous, wond'rous Stranger, you Huff, and you Puff, and you walk a—



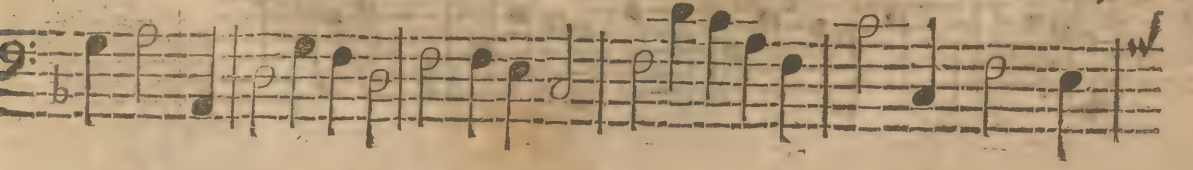
—bout as if you'd burst with Anger. Is it for that your Fortune's great, or



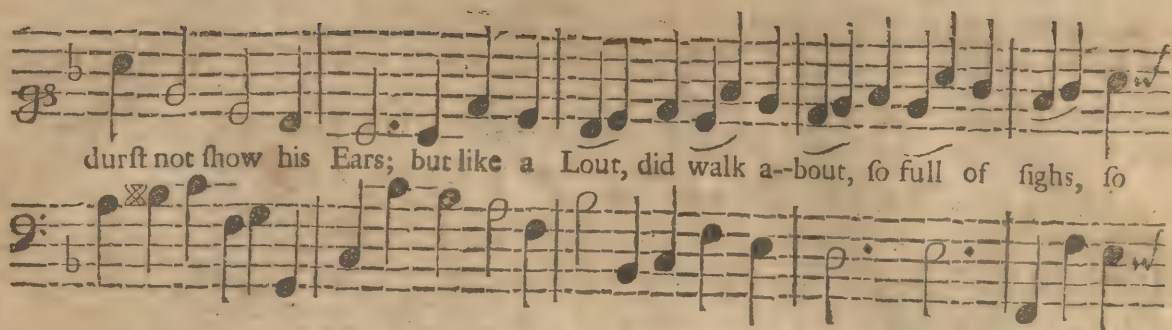
you so Weal--thy are? there's none so nigh, that lives so high, who can



with you com--pare: the o--ther day I heard one say, your Husband durst not,



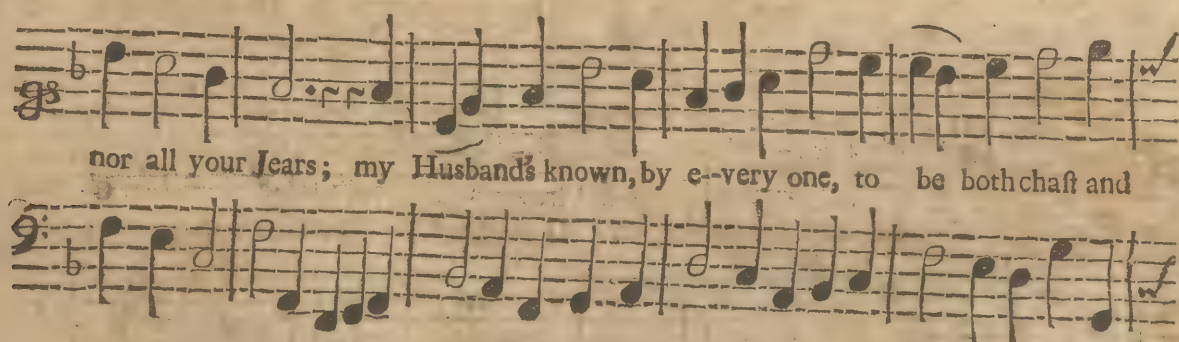




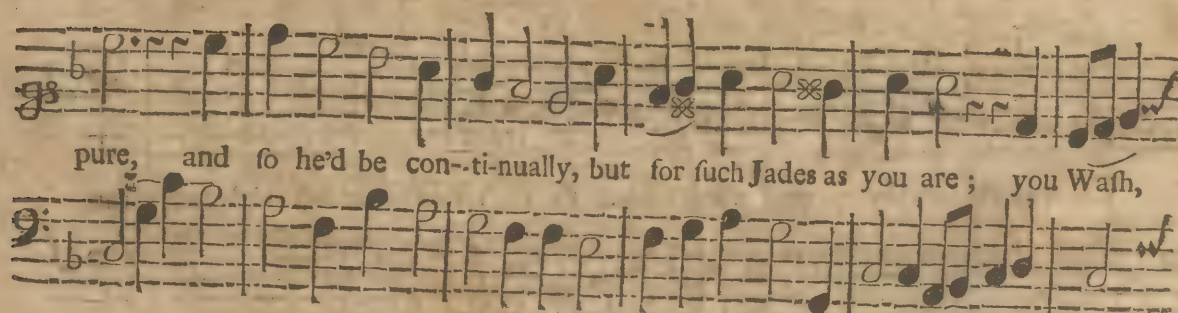
durst not show his Ears; but like a Lout, did walk a-bout, so full of sighs, so



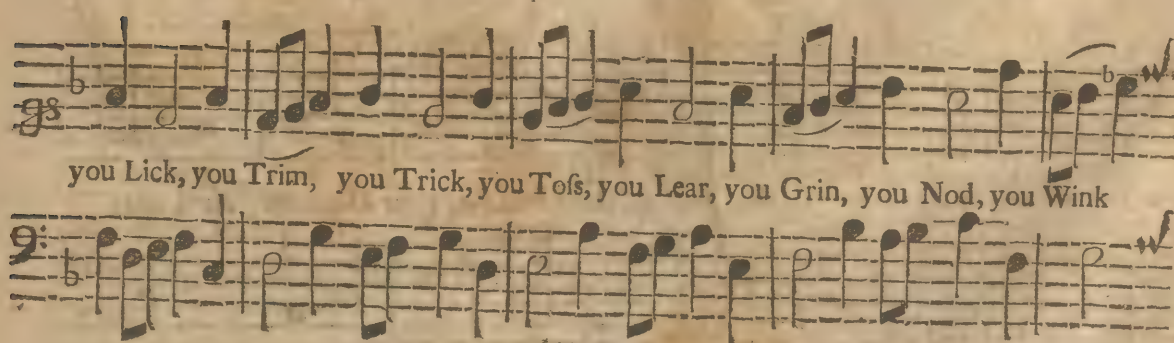
[ 2 Wife. ]  
full, so full of sighs and fears. Good mistress Tart, I care not a Fart, for you



nor all your Tears; my Husband's known, by e-very one, to be both chaste and



pure, and so he'd be con-ti-nually, but for such Jades as you are; you Wash,



you Lick, you Trim, you Trick, you Toss, you Lear, you Grin, you Nod, you Wink



## [ 2 ]

[ 1 Wife. ]

and Pink, and in his Drink, you strive to draw him in. You lye, you

Punk, your always Drunk, you make a noise, you make a strife, and like a Whore, run

[ 2 Wife. ]

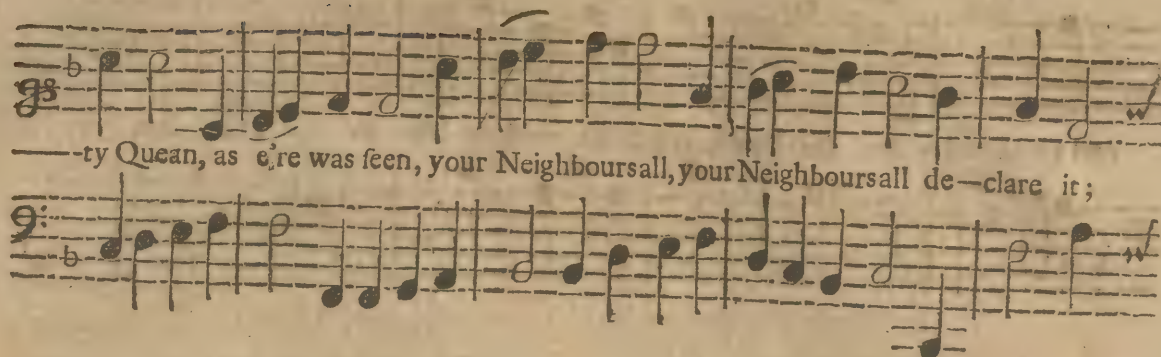
on the Score, and lead him a weary, weary life. Tell me so a-gen,

you saw-cy Quean, tell me so agen, you saw-cy Quean, and I'll pull you by the Quoife.

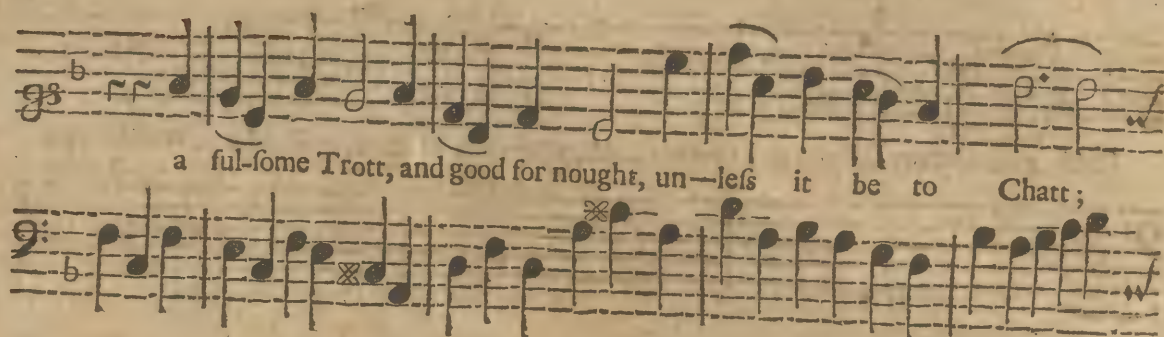
[ 1 Wife. ]

Go, go you'r a dir-ty Bear, your Husband cannot bear it, a naf






—ry Quean, as e're was seen, your Neighboursall, your Neighboursall de—clare it;

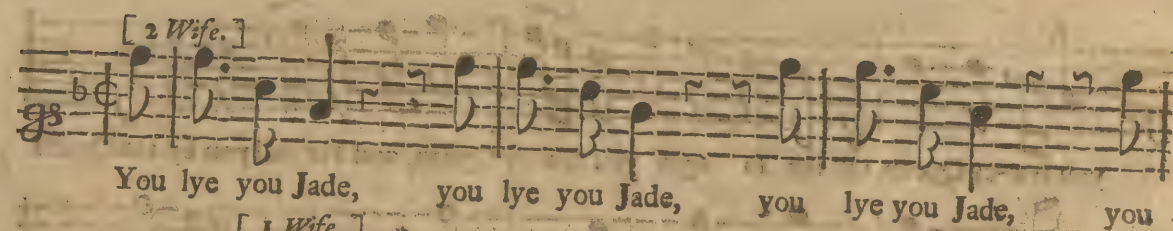


a ful-some Trott, and good for nought, un—less it be to Chatt;



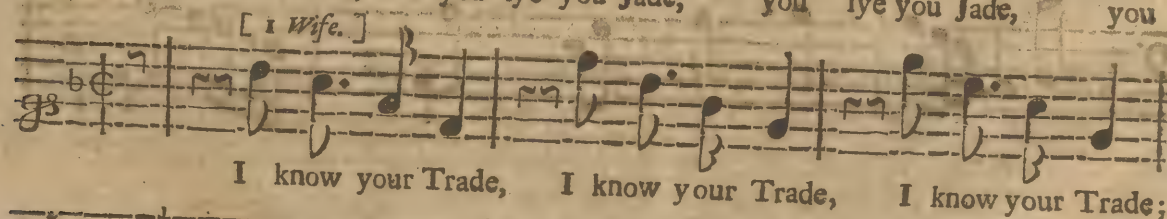
you stole a Spoon out of the Room, last Christning you were ar.

[ 2 Wife. ]

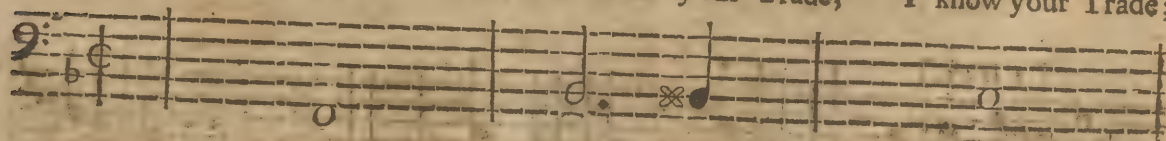
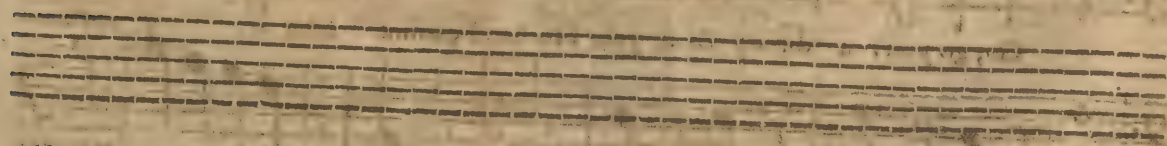


You lye you Jade, you lye you Jade, you lye you Jade, you

[ 1 Wife. ]

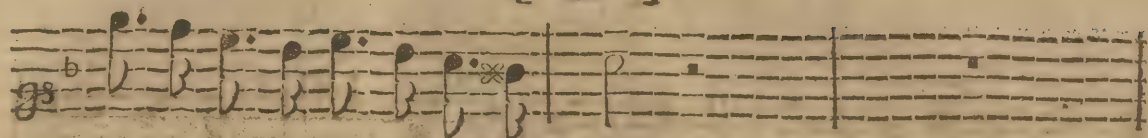


I know your Trade, I know your Trade, I know your Trade;



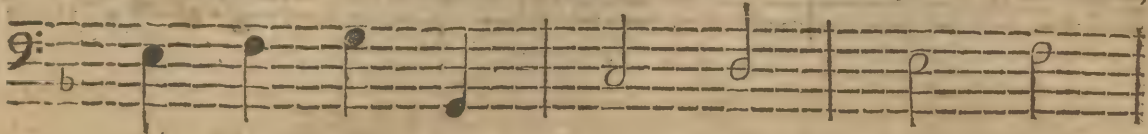
[ 3 ]



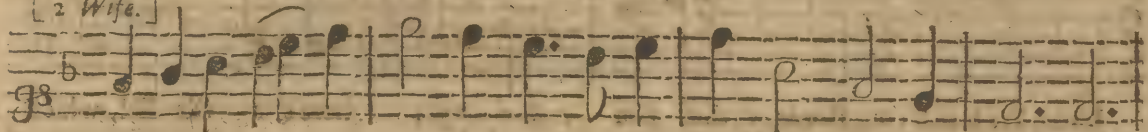
lye, you lye, you lye, you lye you Jade.



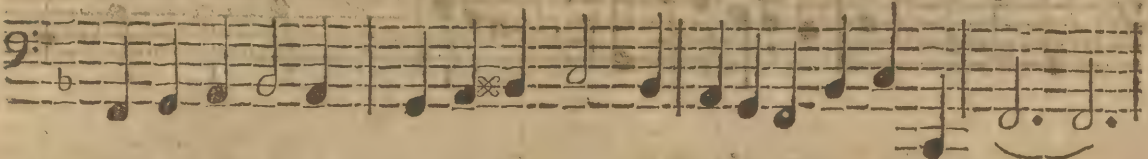
I know, I know your Trade; nay more I hear you are not found;



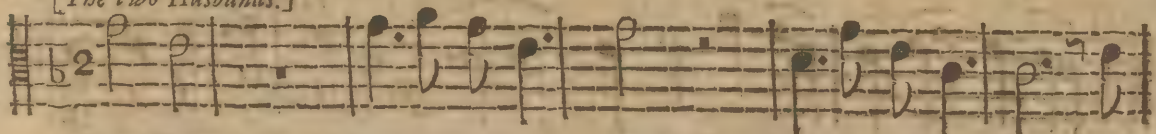
[ 2 Wife. ]



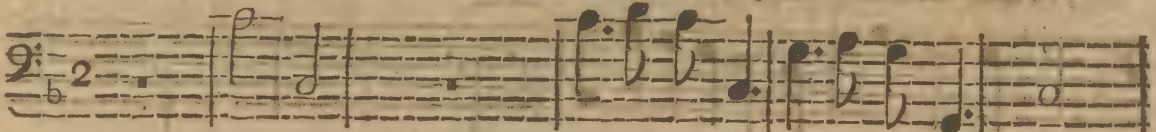
for this dis-grace, Ple claw your Face, and Ple fell you to the ground.



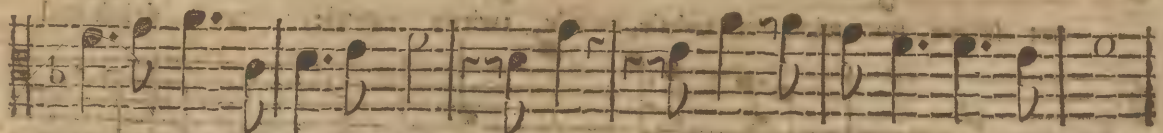
[ The two Husbands. ]



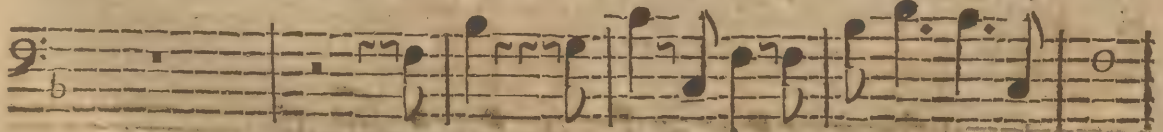
Hey day! what's the matter now? what's the matter now? the



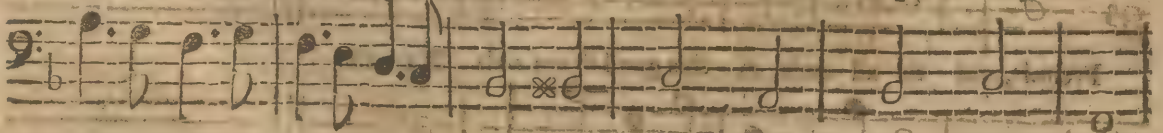
Hey day! what's the matter? what's the matter now?



Jades I think are in their drink; 'tis so, 'tis so, 'tis so up-on my life;

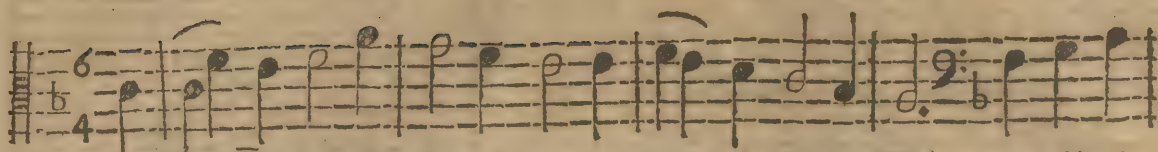


'tis so, 'tis so, 'tis so, 'tis so up-on my life.

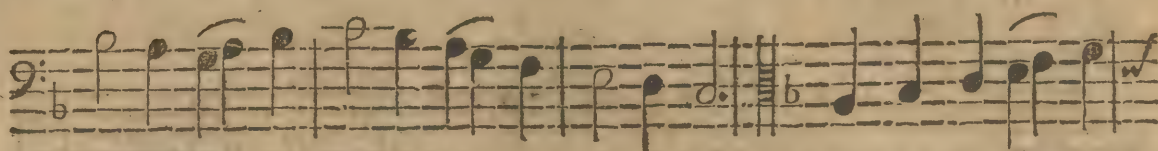
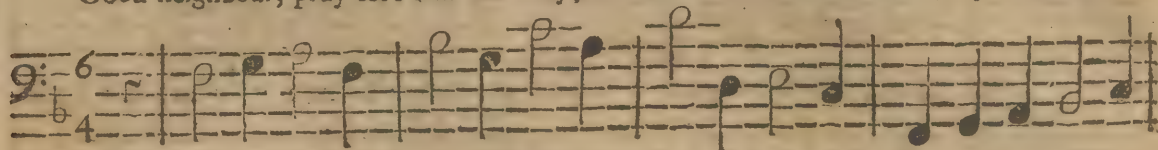




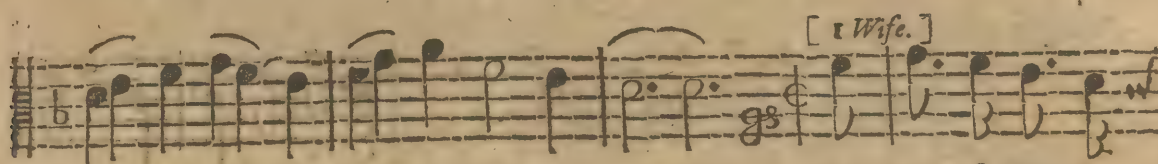
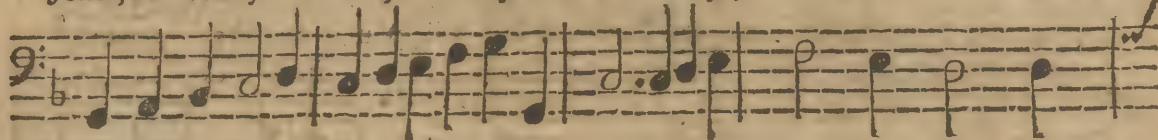
## [ 4 ]



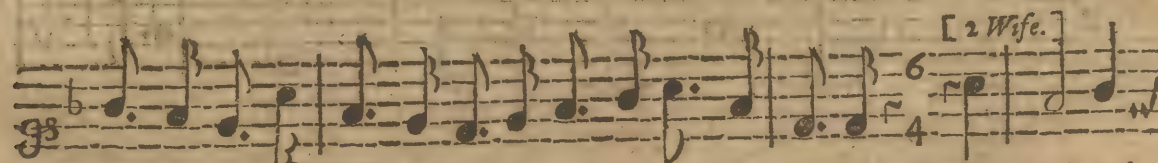
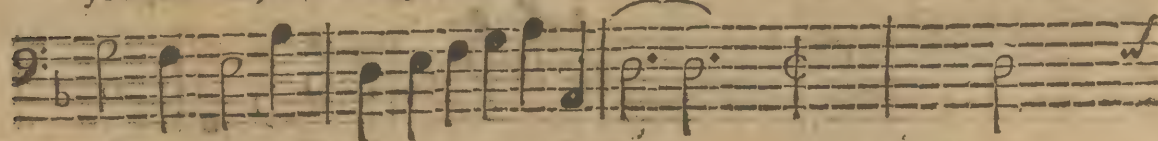
Good neighbour, pray let's end this Fray, and take each Man his Wife; you mistress



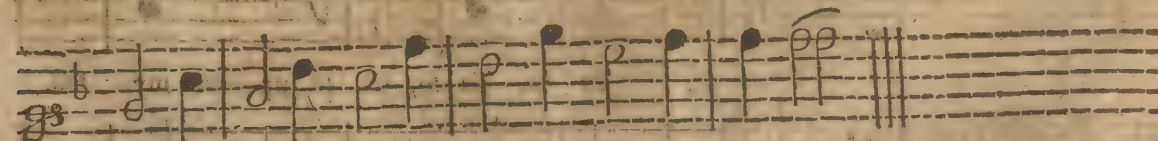
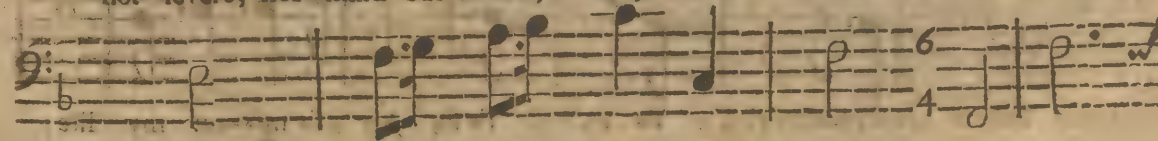
Jones, I'll break your Bones, if thus you mu-ti-ny; here's a salt Eel, which



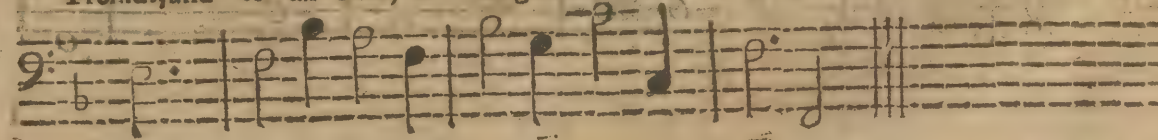
you shall feel, un-less you soon a-gree. My dear-est Dear, be



not severe, nor mind our twittle, twittle, twittle twattle; we'll drink and

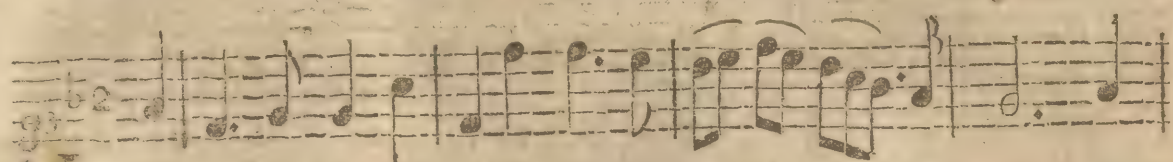


Friends, and for all ends, in this good dram oth Bot-tle.

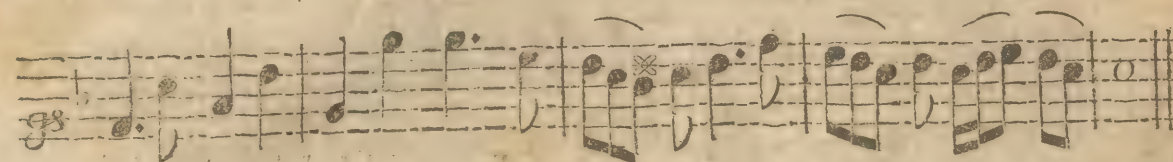
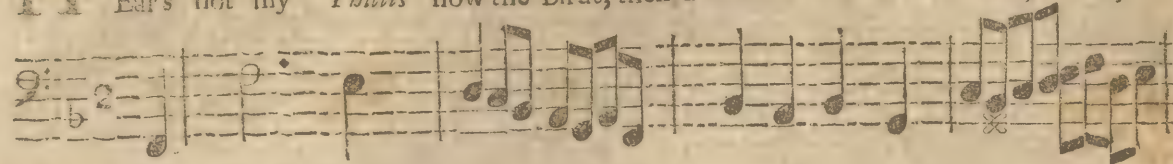




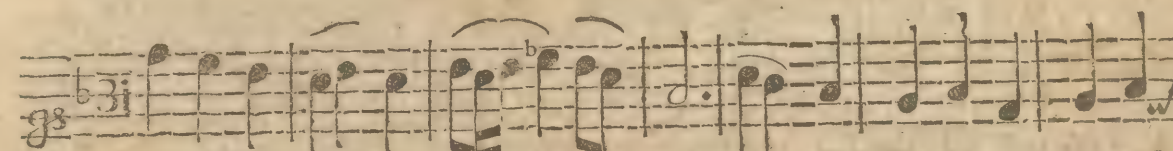
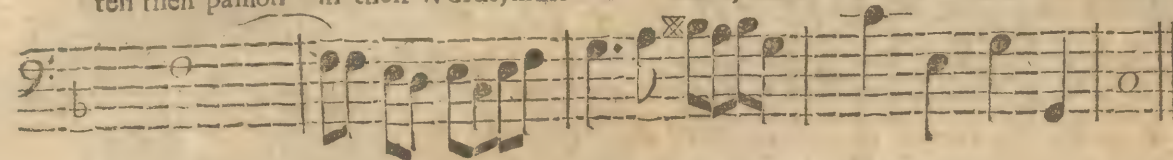
The Knotting Song, the Words by Sir Charles Sidley.  
Set to Musick by Mr. Henry Purcell.



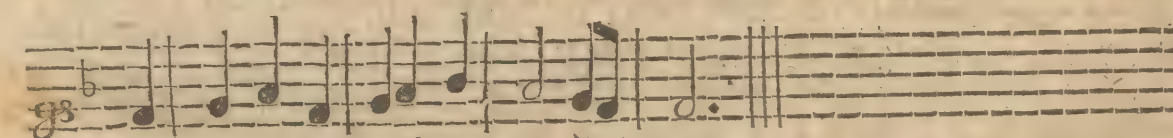
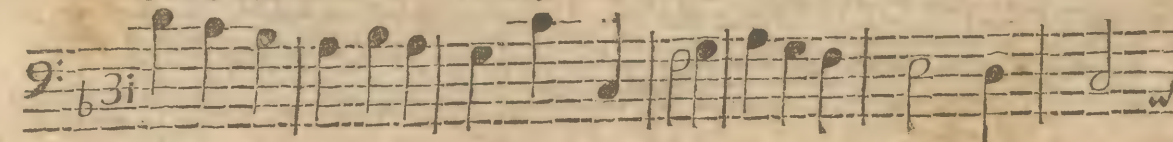
Hear's not my *Phillis* how the Birds, their Feather'd Mates fa - lute, they



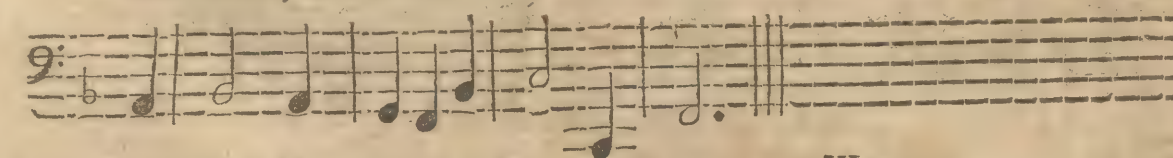
tell their passion in their Words, must I alone, must I a - lone be mute.



*Phillis* with - out a Frown, or Smile, fat and Knotted, and Knotted,



and Knotted, and Knotted all the while.



II.

The God of Love in thy bright Eyes,  
Does like a Tyrant reign;  
But in thy Heart a Child he lyes,  
Without his Dart or Flame.  
*Phillis &c.*

III.

So many Months in silence past,  
And yet in raging Love,  
Might well deserve one word at last,  
My passion shou'd approve.  
*Phillis &c.*

IV.

Must then your faithfull Swain expire,  
And not one look obtain;  
Which he, to sooth his fond desire,  
Might pleasingly explain.  
*Phillis &c.*



A Song in the *Fatal Marriage*. Set by Mr. H. Purcell.

I Si-gh'd, I fi-gh'd, fi-gh'd and own'd my Love; nor did the

Fair, nor did the Fair my Pas-sion dis-ap-

prove; a so-ft en-gaging Air, a so-

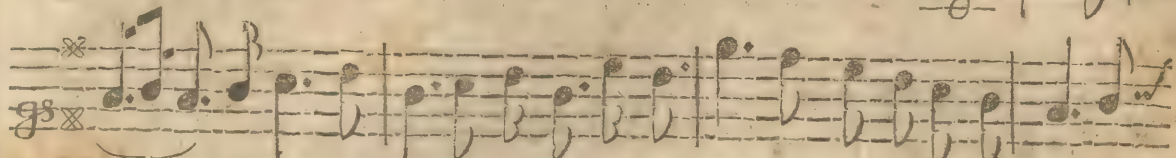
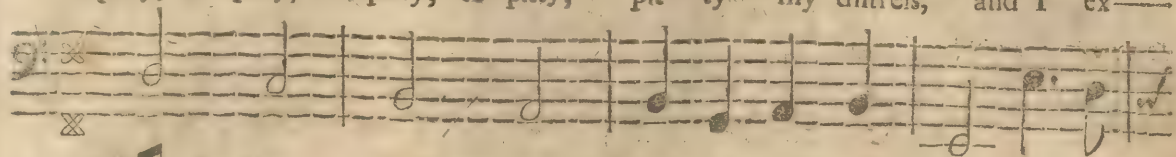
ft en-gaging Air not of-ten apt to cause dis-pair, declar'd, de-

clar'd she gave, she gave at-ten-tion to my Pray'r; She seem'd to

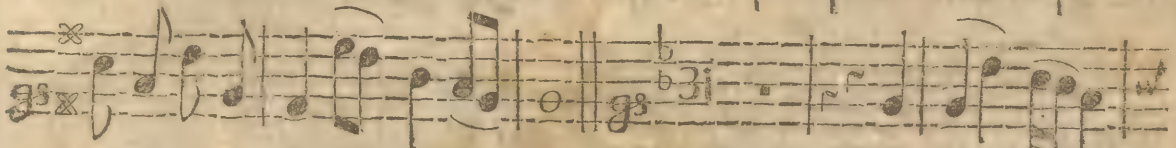
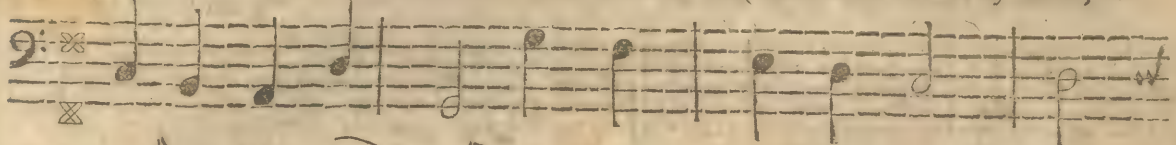




pitty, to pitty, pitty, to pitty, pit—ty my distress, and I ex—

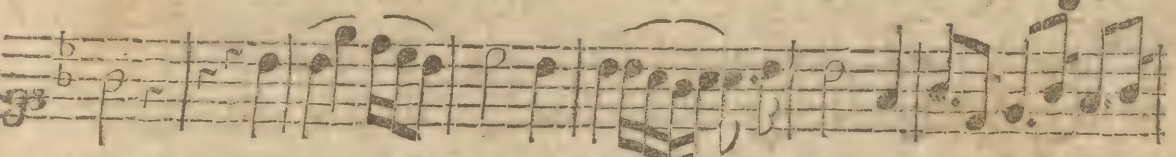
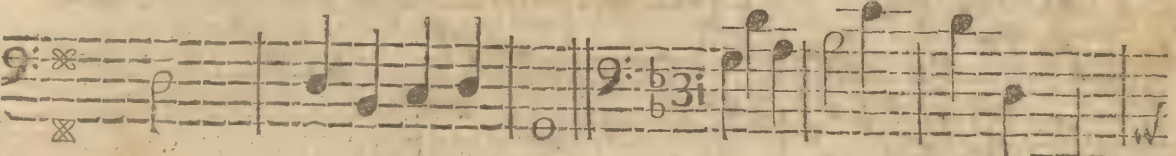


pect—ed nothing less, no, nothing, nothing less, than what her ev'ry Look, her

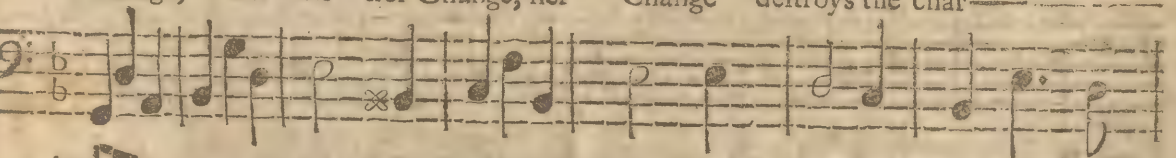


ev'ry, ev'ry Look did then con-fess:

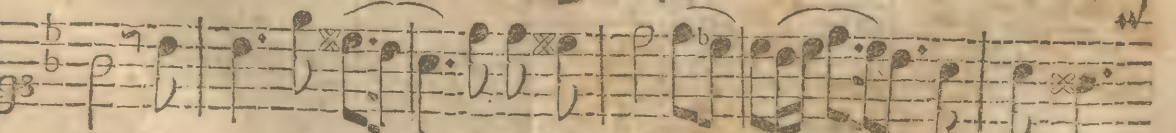
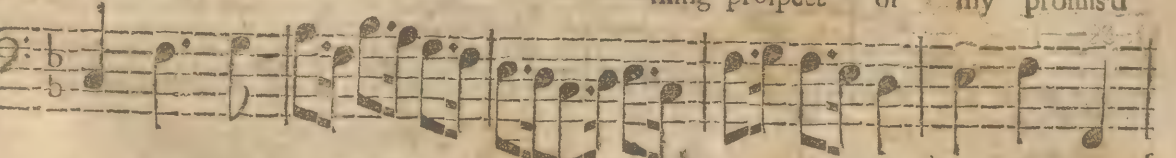
But oh her



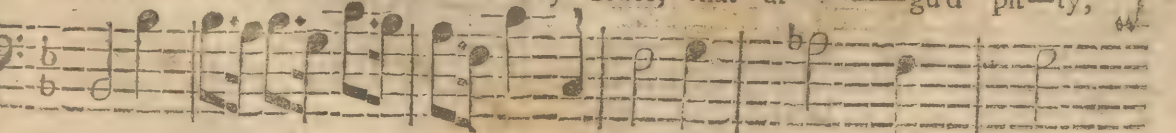
Change, but oh her Change, her Change destroys the char—



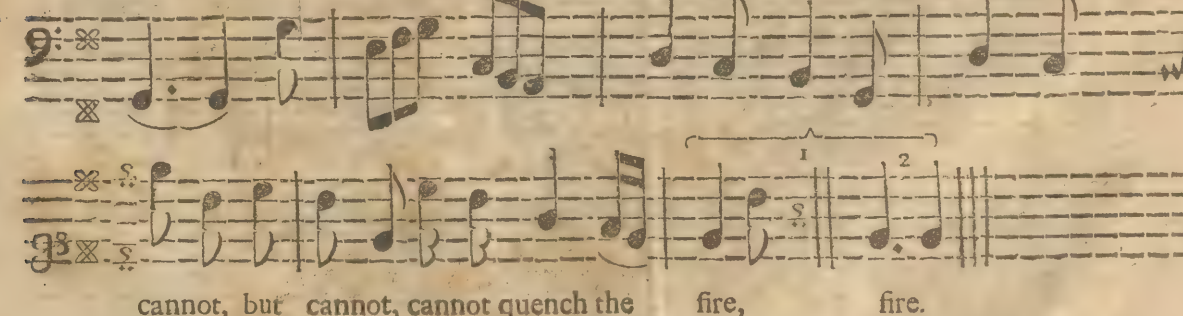
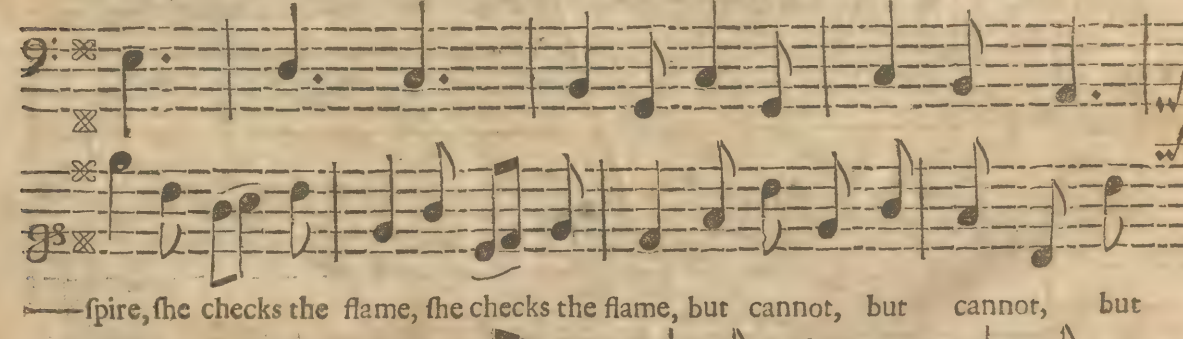
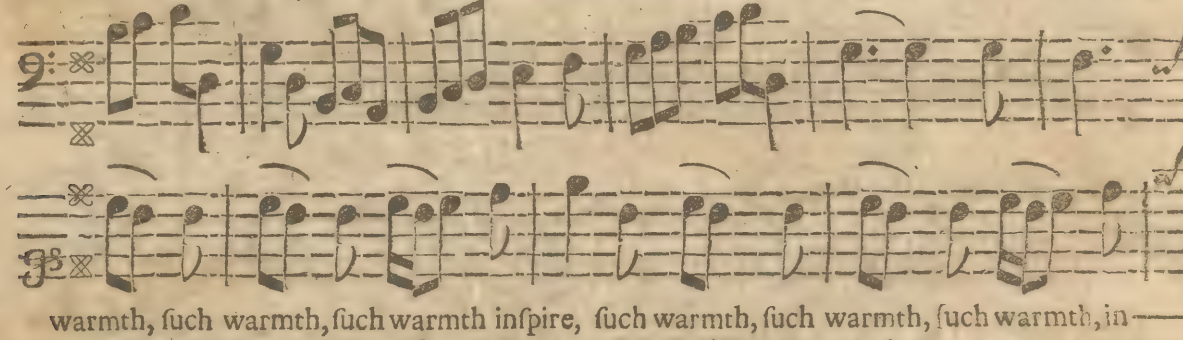
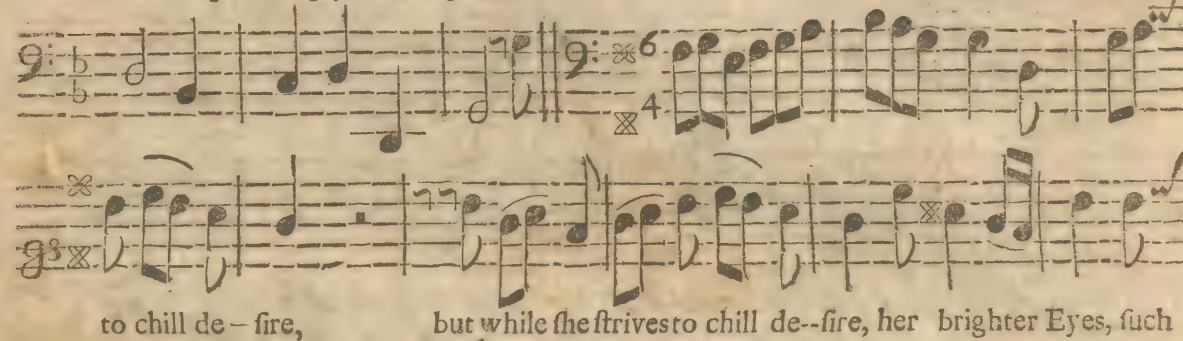
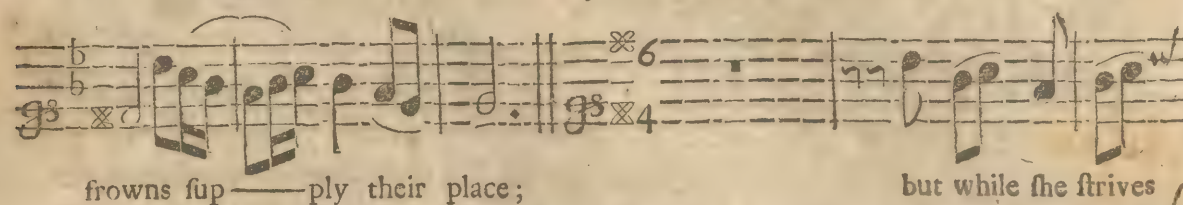
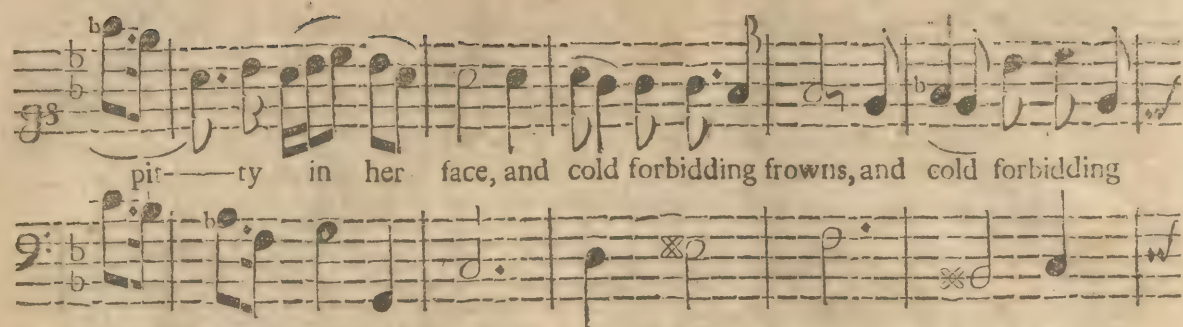
—ming prospect of my promis'd



Joys; she's rob'd, she's rob'd of ev'ry Grace, that ar—gu'd pit—ty,

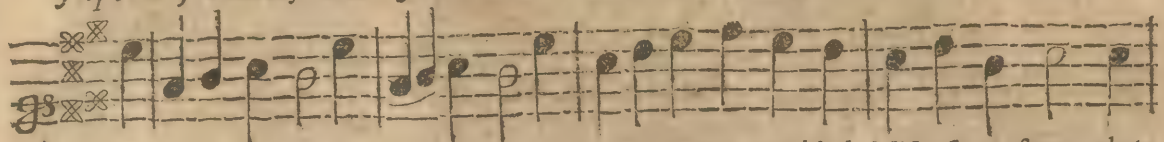








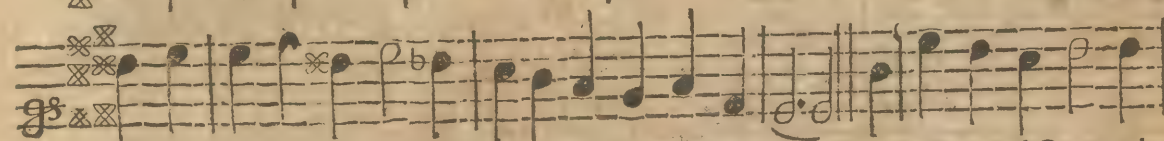
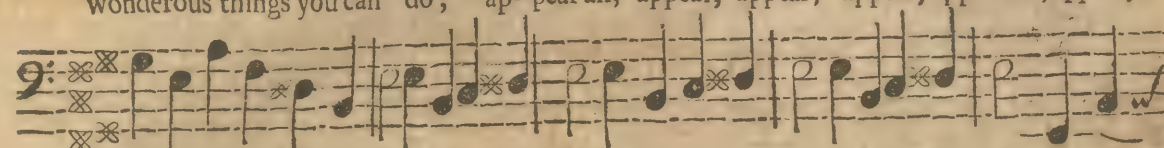
Songs in the New *Masque* call'd, the Rape of *Europa* by  
*Jupiter*; Set by Mr. *J. Eccles*. The first Song S. by Mrs. *Hudson*.



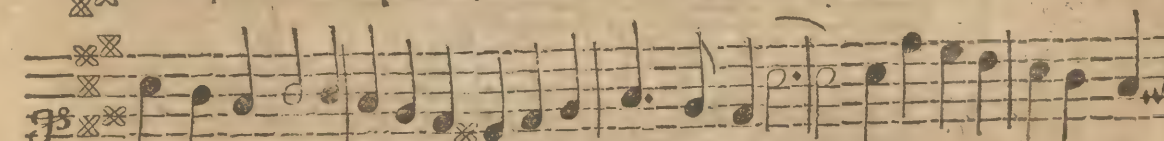
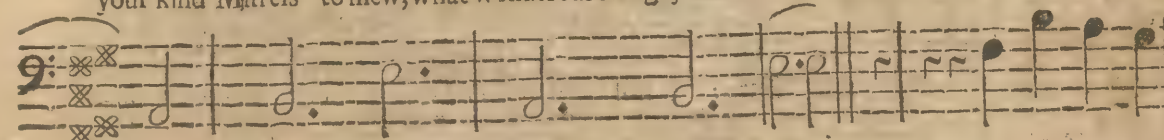
**A** Ppear all, appear, ap-pear, appear, ap-pear, all, appear your kind Mistress to shew, what



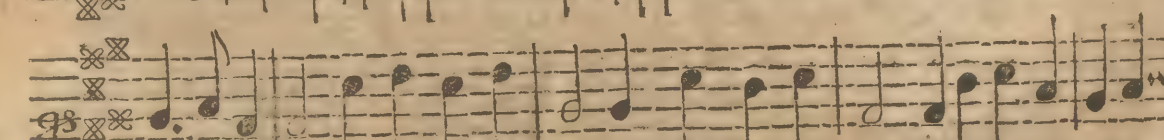
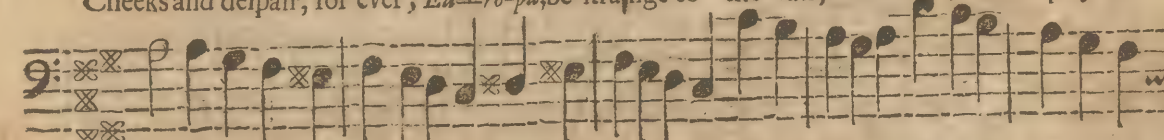
wonderous things you can do; ap-pear all, appear, appear, appear, appear all, appear;



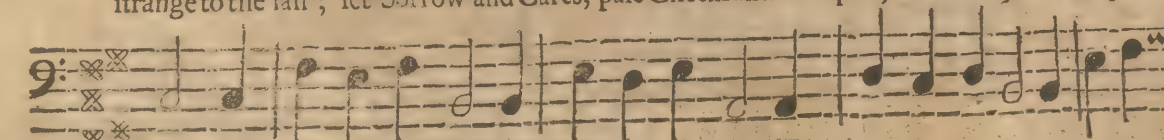
your kind Mistress to shew, what wonderous things you can do: Let Sorrow and Cares, pale



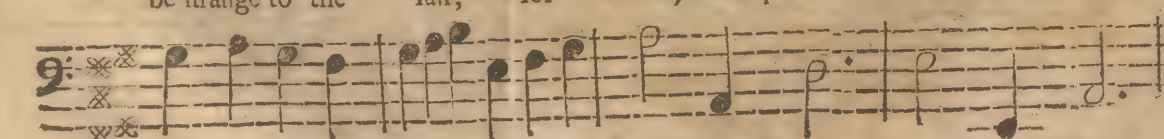
Cheeks and despair, for ever, *Eu-ro-pa*, be strange to the fair, for ever, *Eu-ro-pa*, be



strange to the fair; let Sorrow and Cares, pale Cheeks and de-spair, for ever, *Eu-ro-pa*,



be strange to the fair, for e-ver, *Euro-pa*, be strange to the fair;





# The second Song, Sung by Mrs. Bracegirdle.

The musical score is written for a single voice in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of two systems of staves, each with a treble and bass line. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words hyphenated across lines. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and ornaments (marked with an 'X').

Till, still, still I'm grieving, still la—men—ting; still,

still la—menting; Still, still, still com—plaining, still com—

plaining of my Fate; still the cru—el Gods con—sent—ing,

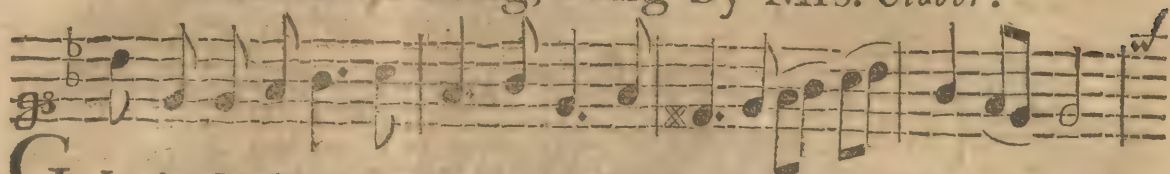
add new trou—bles to my State, add new trou—bles

to my State.

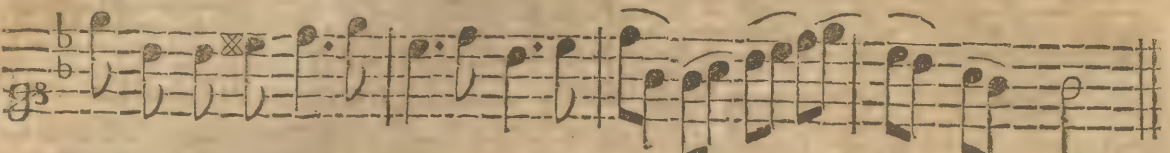
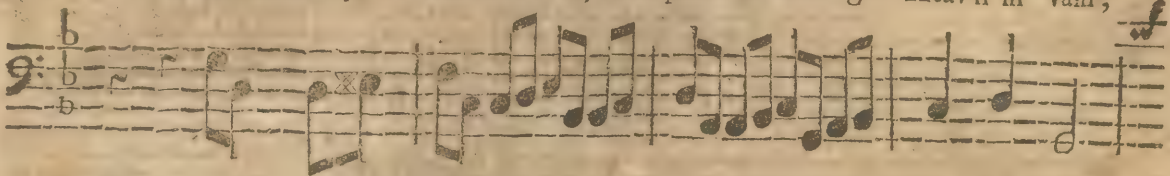
Mr. John Eccles.



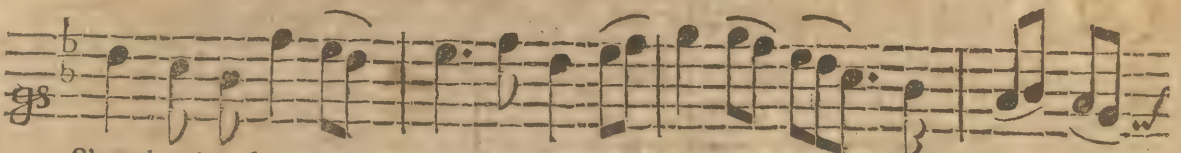
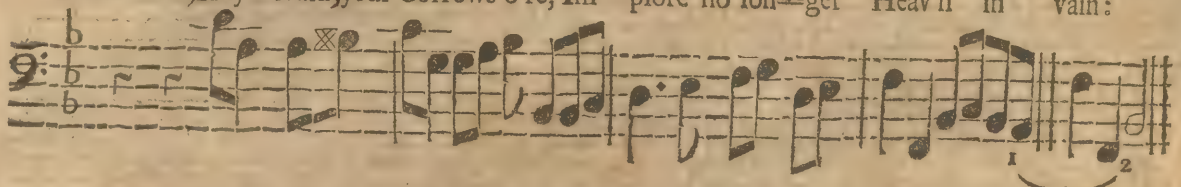
# The third Song, Sung by Mrs. Cibber.



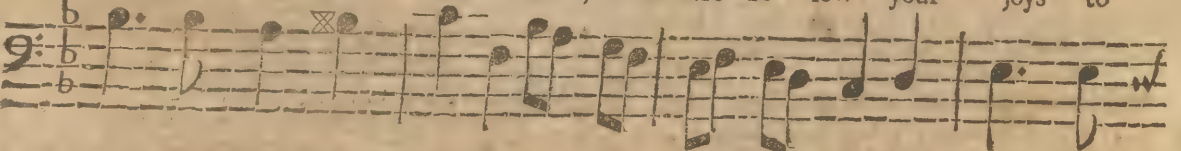
**G**ive then, Royal Maid, your Sorrows o're; Im—plore no lon—ger Heav'n in vain;



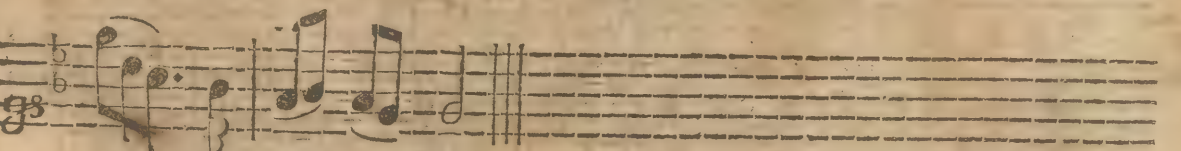
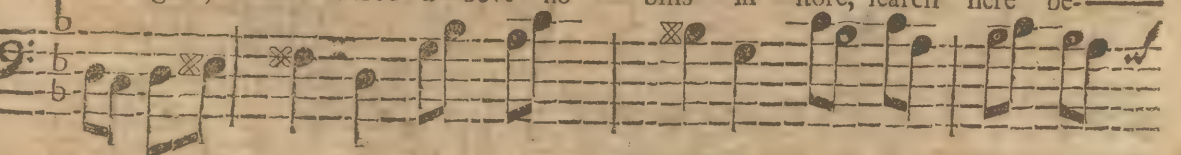
Give then, Royal Maid, your Sorrows o're, Im—plore no lon—ger Heav'n in vain:



Since there's a—bove no Blifs in store, search here be—low your joys to

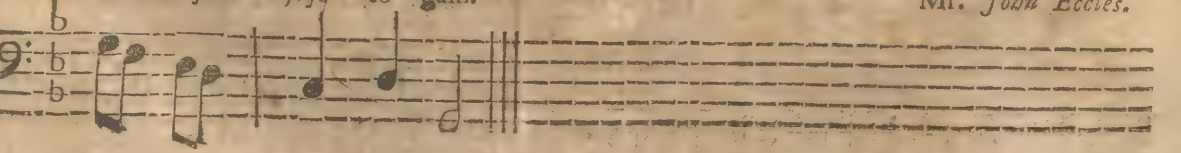


gain; since there's a—bove no blifs in store, search here be—



low your joys to gain.

Mr. John Eccles.





# A Dialogue, between Mr. Dogget and Mrs. Hudson.

[Man.]

A T London che've bin, at London che've bin, and che've seen the King and the  
Queen a; che've seen Lords, and Earles, and rearing fine Girles, that  
turn'd up their Tailles at five—teen a.

II.

Che've seen the Lord Mayor,  
And Bartoldom-Fair;  
And there che met with the Dragon a,  
That St. George that bold Knight,  
Fought and killed out-right.  
Whilst a Man cou'd tofs off a Flaggon.

III.

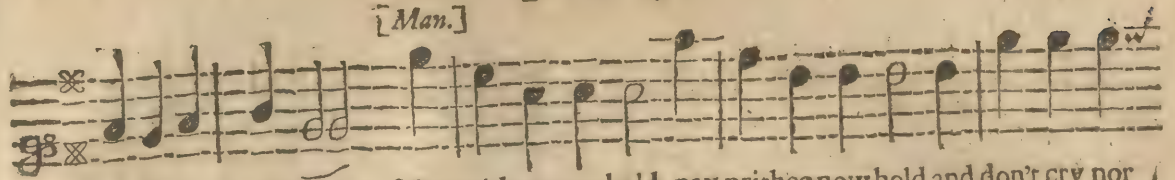
From thence as I went,  
To seeth' Monument;  
I met with a Girl in Cheapside a,  
That for half a Crown,  
Pluck'd up her Silk Gown,  
And shew'd me how far she cou'd Stride a.

[Wom.]

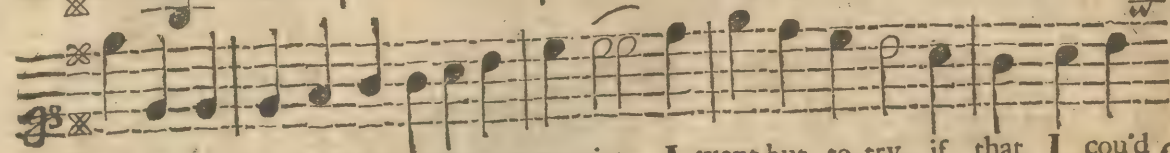
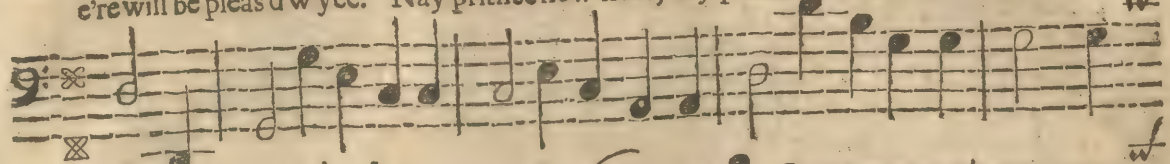
What else I did see, Is nothing to me, is nothing to me, for if she had  
such tricks as these be, I'm sure she's a Whore, therefore say no more, nor think that I



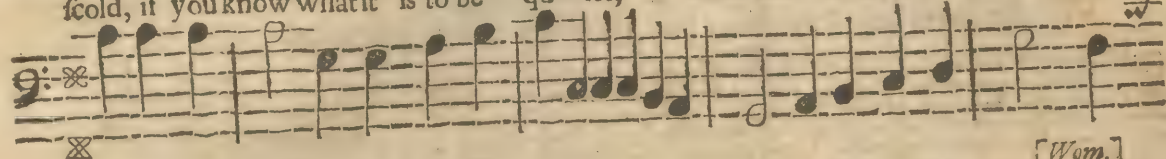
[Man.]



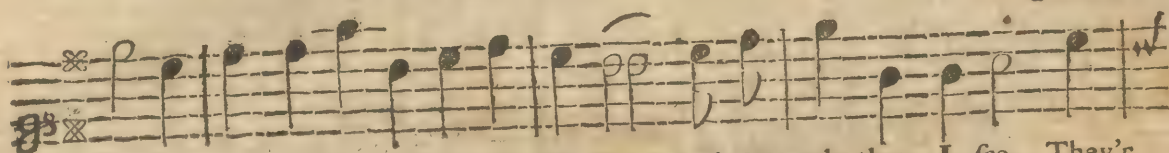
e're will be pleas'd w'yee. Nay prithee now hold, nay prithee now hold and don't cry nor



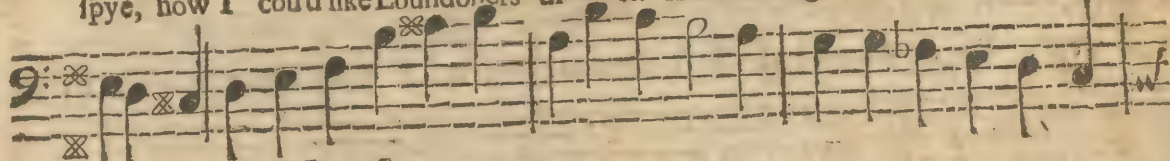
scold, if you know what it is to be qu-iet, I went but to try, if that I cou'd



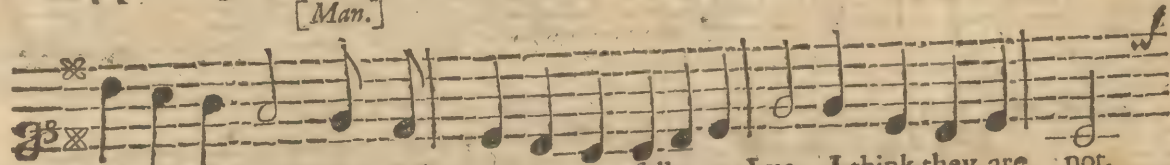
[Wom.]



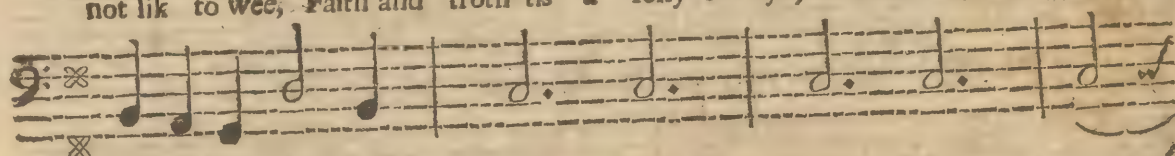
spye, how I cou'd like Loundoners di-et. And for ought that I see, They'r



[Man.]

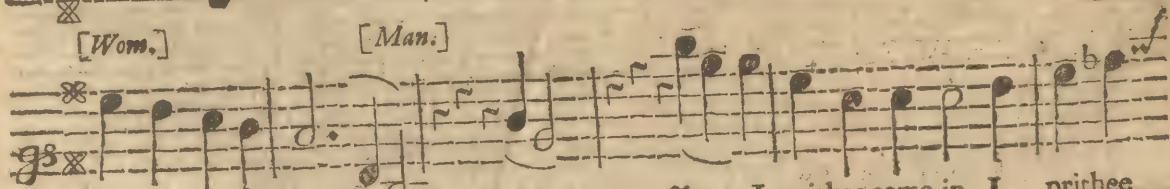


not lik to wee, Faith and troth 'tis a folly to Lye, I think they are not.

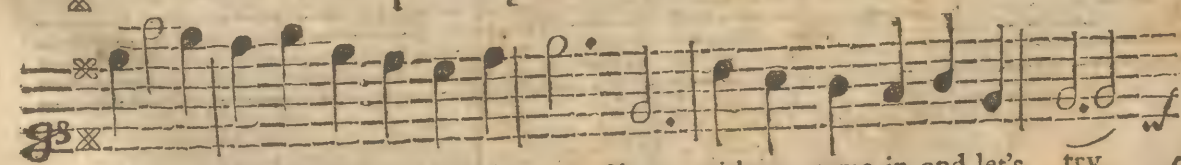
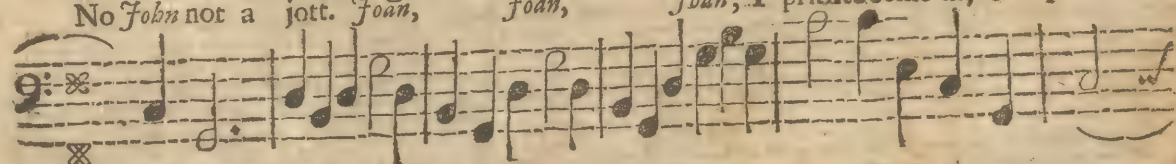


[Wom.]

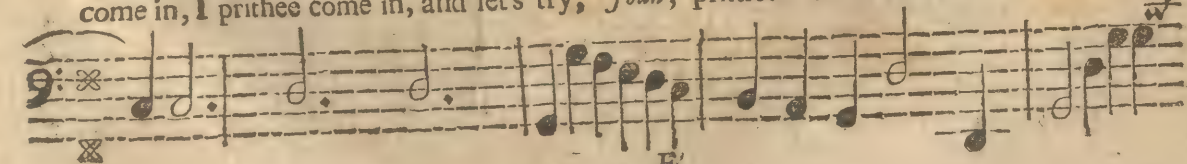
[Man.]



No John not a jott. Joan, Joan, Joan, I prithee come in, I prithee



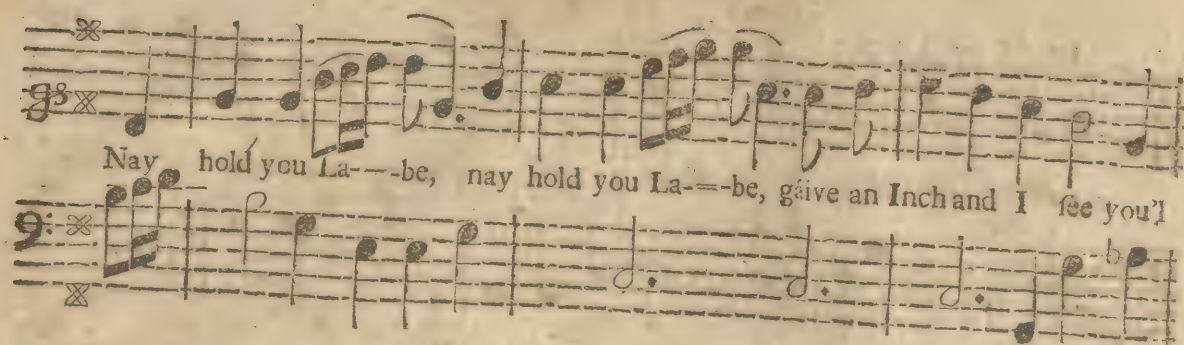
come in, I prithee come in, and let's try, Joan; prithee come in and let's try.



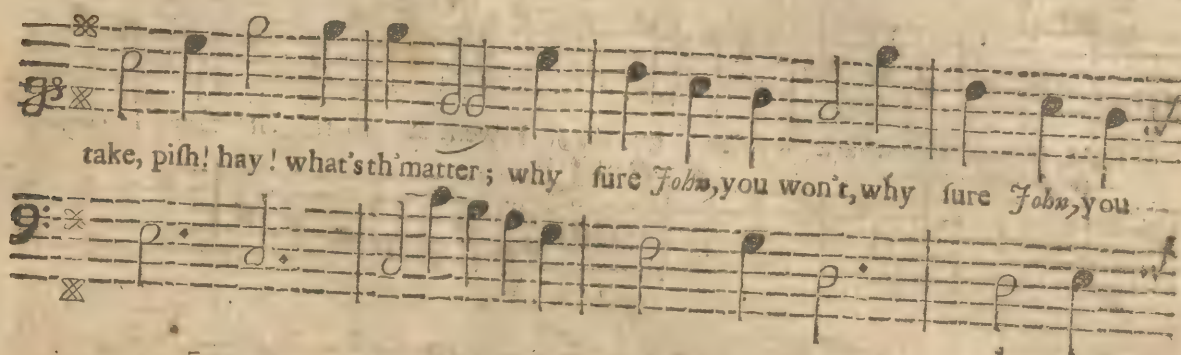


[Wom.]

[ 14 ]

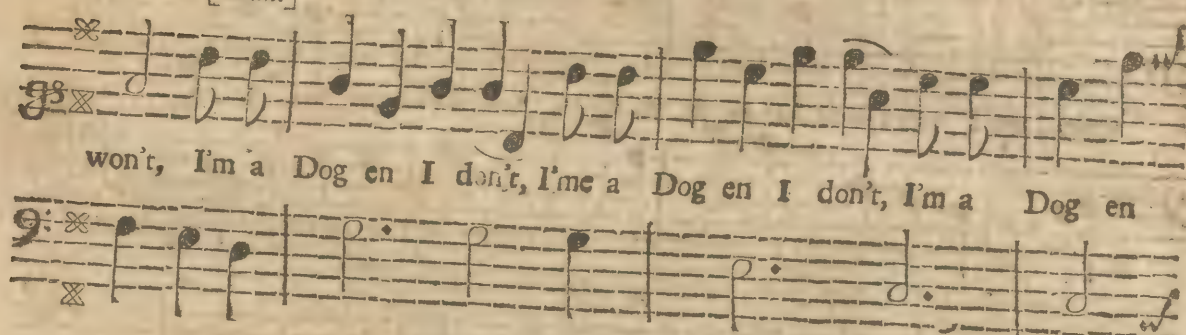


Nay hold you La--be, nay hold you La--be, gáve an Inch and I see you!

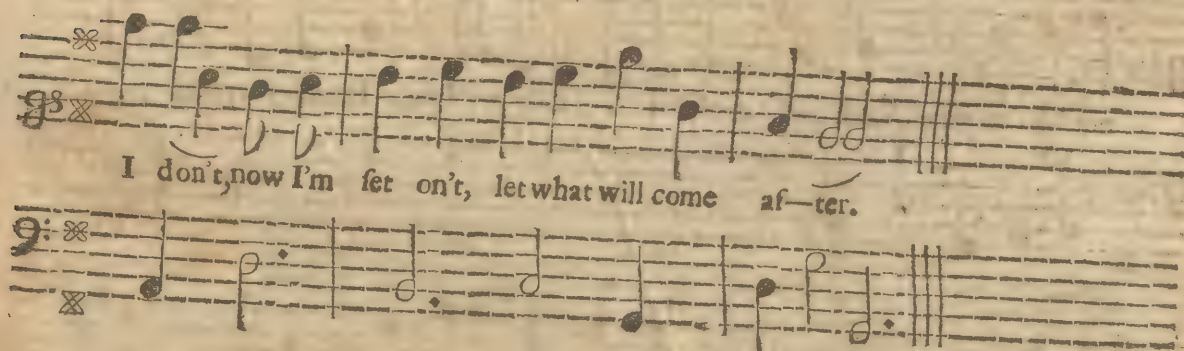


take, pish! hay! what's th'matter; why sure John, you won't, why sure John, you

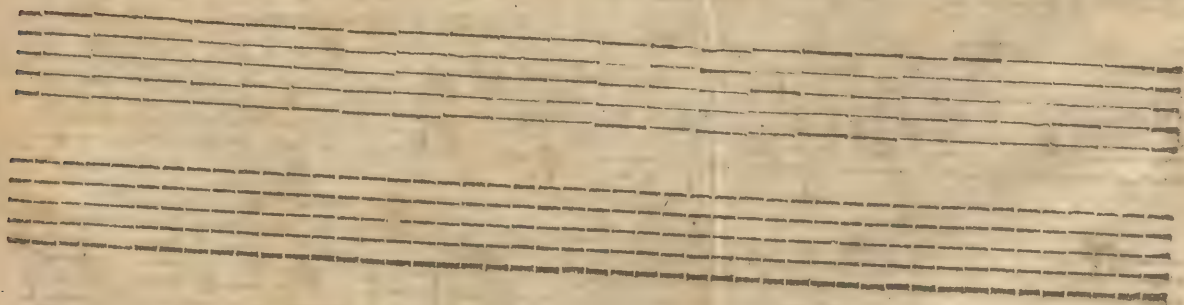
[Man.]



won't, I'm a Dog en I don't, I'm a Dog en I don't, I'm a Dog en



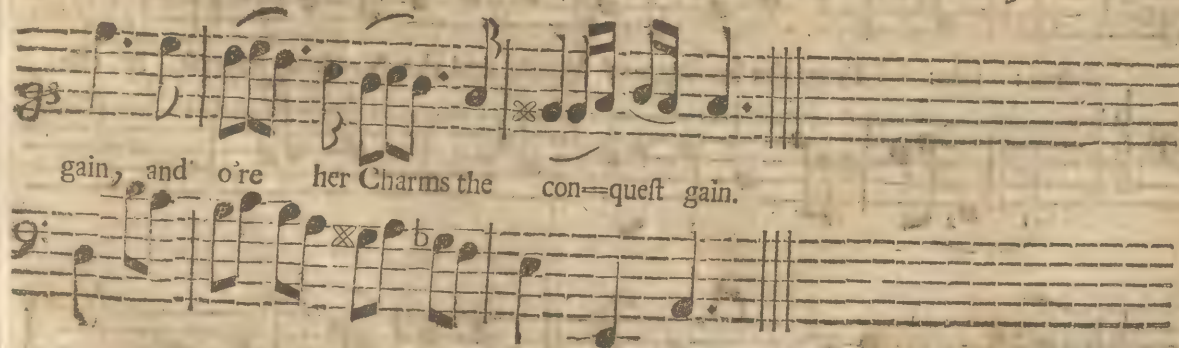
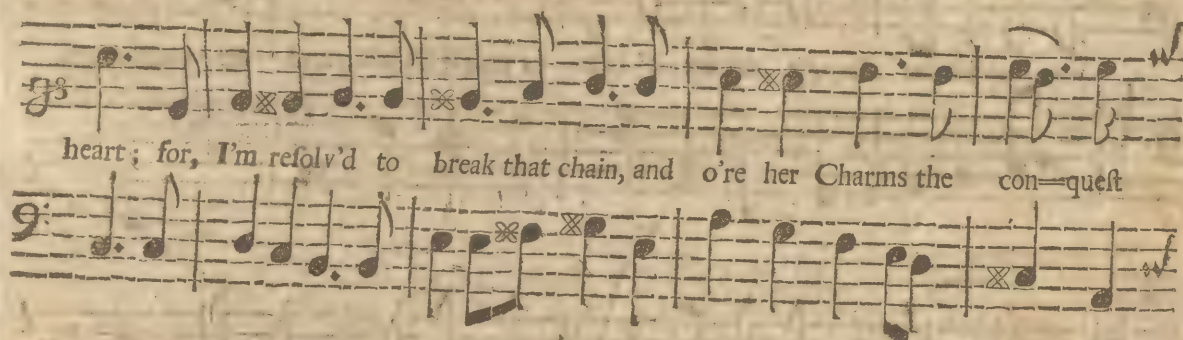
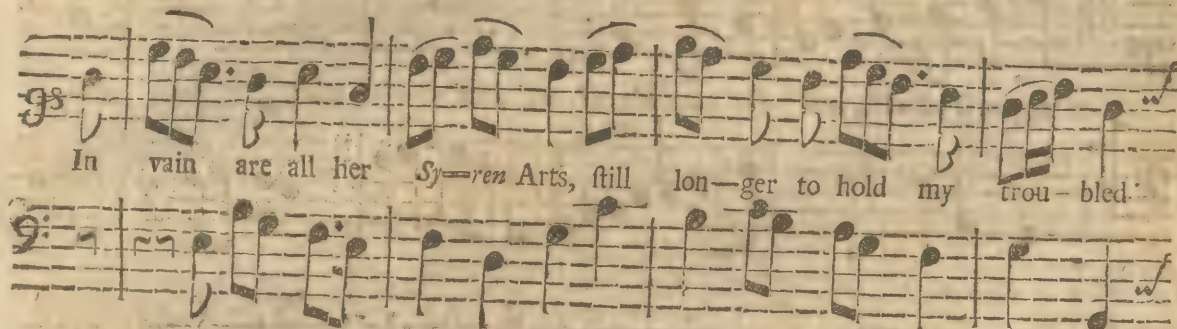
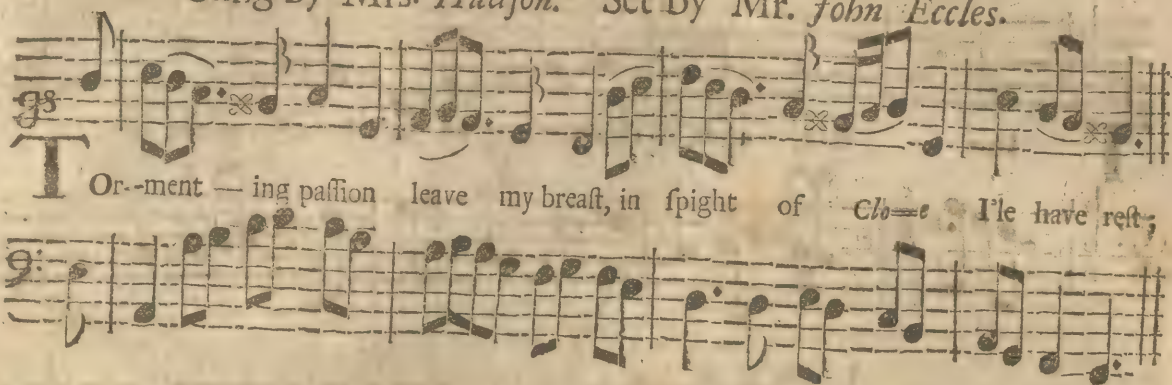
I don't, now I'm fet on't, let what will come af-ter.





[ 15 ]

A Song in the 4th. Act of the *Lancashire-Witches*,  
Sung by Mrs. Hudson. Set by Mr. John Eccles.



II.

Insulting Beauty, I have born  
Too long your female pride and scorn;  
Too long have been your publick jest,  
Your common Theme at ev'ry Feast,  
Let others the vain fair pursue,  
Whilst I for ever bid adieu.



[ 16 ]

A Song in the 5th. Act of the *Lancashire-Witches*,  
Sung by Mrs. Burr. Set by Mr. John Eccles.

**T** Hus, thus, thus, thus, you may be as happy as we, if like

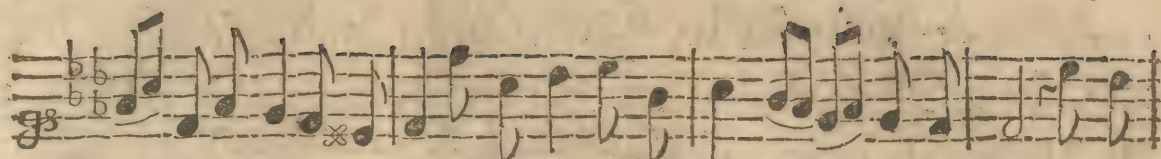
us you'll be wife, and set your selves free; thus, thus, thus, thus,

you may be as happy as we, if like us you'll be wife, and set your selves

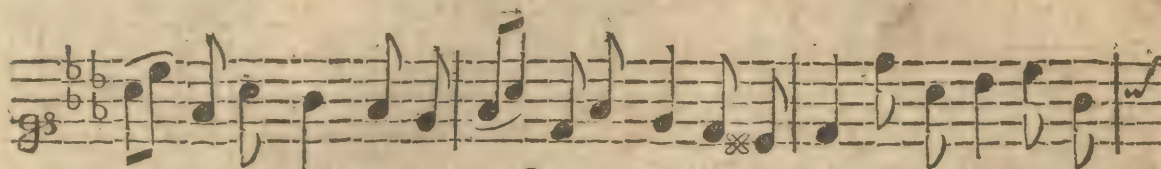
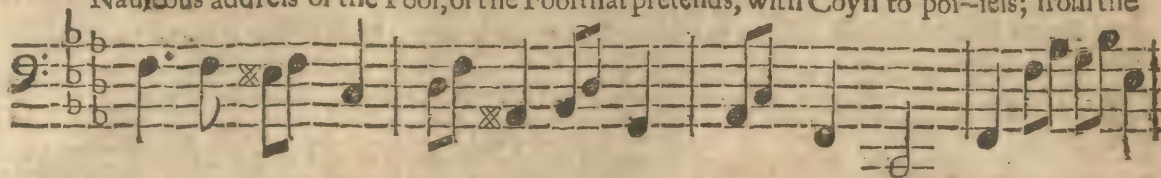
free: free: From the bondage of friends, and the Nauseous address of the

fool that pretends with coyn to pos-sess, from the bondage of friends, and the

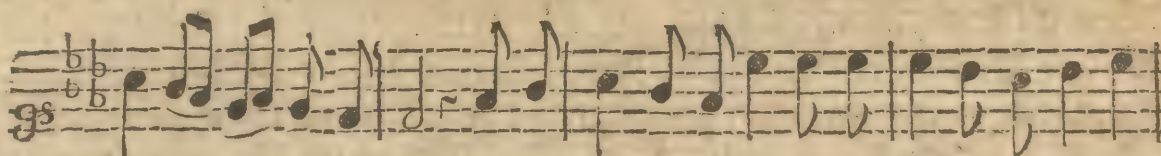
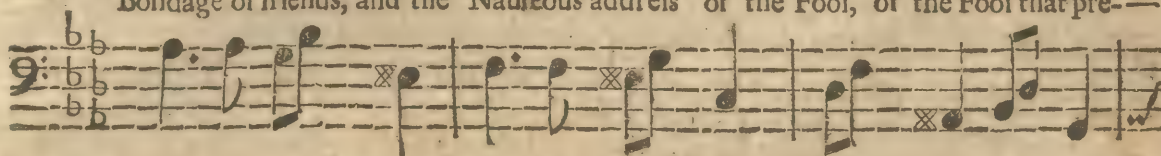




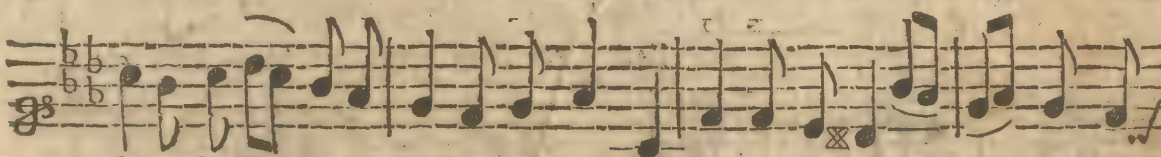
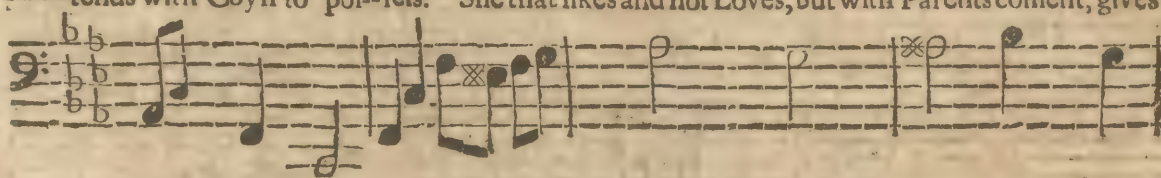
Nauseous address of the Fool, of the Fool that pretends, with Coyn to pos-sess; from the



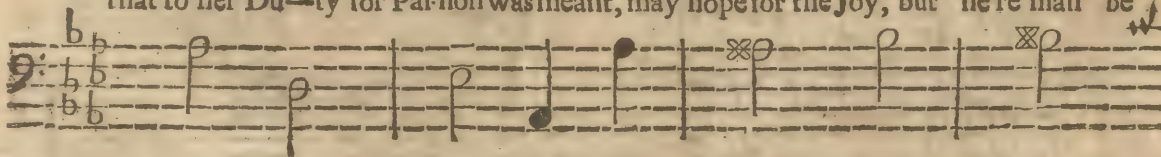
Bondage of friends, and the Nauseous address of the Fool, of the Fool that pre—



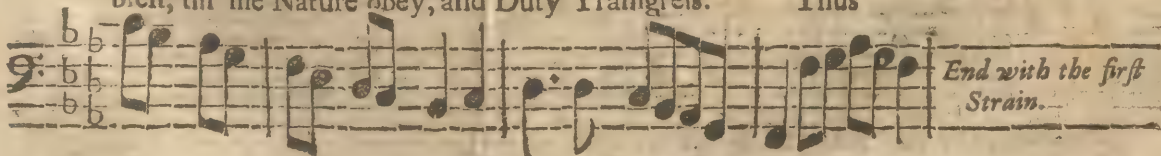
tends with Coyn to pos-sess. She that likes and not Loves, but with Parents consent, gives



that to her Du—ty for Pas-sion was meant, may hope for the Joy, but ne're shall be



blest, till the Nature obey, and Duty Transgress. Thus





## A Song set by Mr. Ralph Courtivill.

From En-vy and Am-bi-tion free, with-in these Groves, with-in these

Groves, these Groves we live in-joy — ing all, all, all, all, all, all,

all, all, all, all, all, all, a — ll the li-ber-ty that In-nocence can

give: Each Swain does here his Mi-stress chuse,

if she proves kind, if she proves kind, kind, kind, he's blest, and tho' she

frowning, and tho' she frow-ning, frow-ning,



shoud re—fuse, it never, it never, it never, it never, it  
ne—ver, never, never, never breaks his rest.

A Song in the *Married Beau*, set by Mr. H. Purcell.  
Sung by Mrs. Ayliff.

S E E, see, see, see where re—pen—ting, where re—pen—ting Ce—lia  
lies, with blush—ing Cheeks, with blush—ing Cheeks, and mel—  
ting Eyes be—moaning, be—moaning, in a  
mourn—full, mourn—full Shade, the ruins, the ruins in her Heart and



Fame, which sin—full, sin—full Love has made: Oh! oh! oh!

let thy Tears, fair, fair Ce—lia, flo—

—w, let thy Tears, fair Ce—lia, flow, for that Ce—les—tial wond—

—rous wond'rous, wond'rous dew, more gra—ces

on thee will be—flow, than all, all, than all, all, than all, all, thy

Dresses, and thy Ar—ts cou'd doe.



A Song in the *Ambitious Slave*, set by Mr. John Eccles.  
Sung by Mrs. Hudson.

W H Y, Oh! why, why, oh! why shou'd the World mi-stake,

why shou'd the I-dle World mistake, and Lo ————— ve a God-head

make; why, oh! why, oh! why shou'd the World mi--stake, oh!

why, oh! why shou'd the I-dle World mistake, and Lo —————

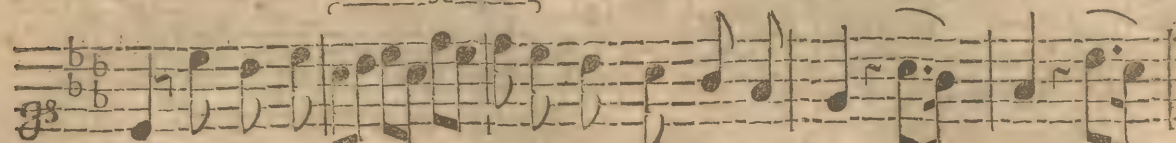
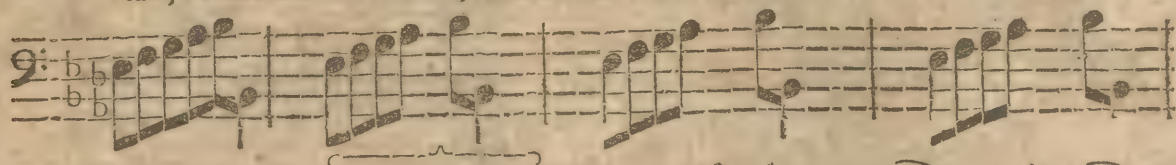
————— ve, a God-head make, and Love, and Lo ————— ve

a God-head make: make: If Love were Heav'n, like Heav'n shou'd





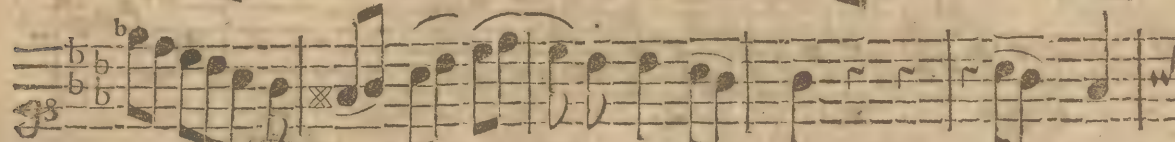
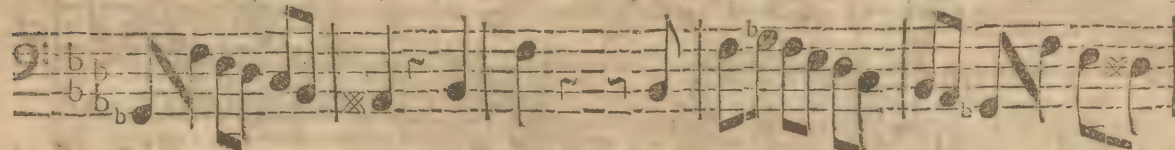
last, twou'd last like Heav'n, twou'd last like Heav'n, twou'd last like Heav'n, twou'd



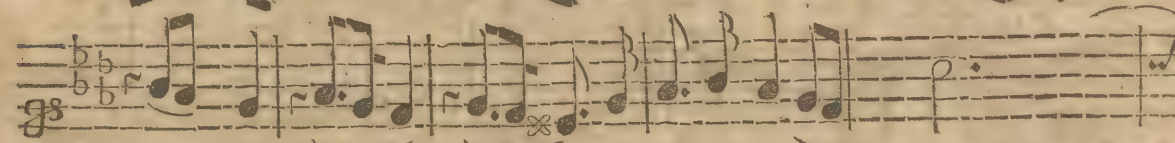
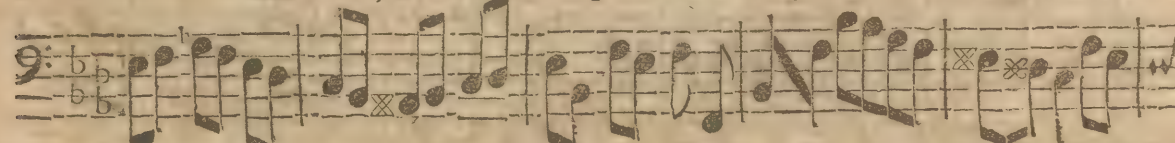
last, and the im-mor-tal joys wou'd never dye; ah! no, ah!



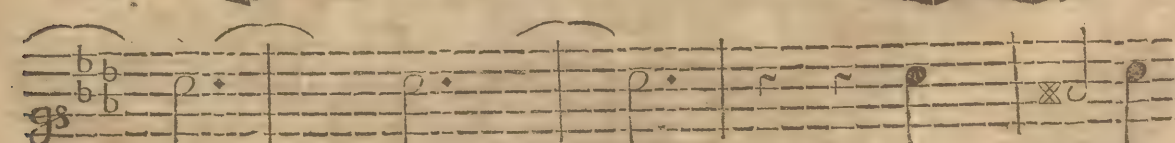
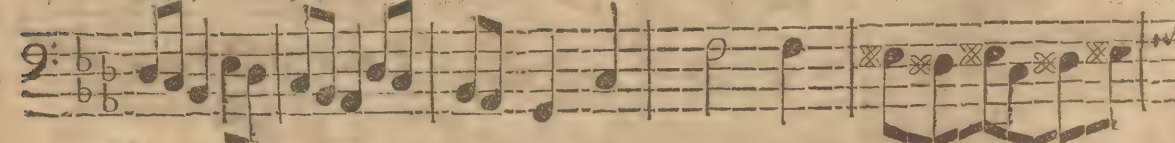
no, ah! no, false Man, false Man, at ev'ry blast, in bro--



ken Vows, Love's fleet-ing shadows fly, down, down,



down, down, down, down, let all his glo-ries fa--



ll, his Temples,





Al-tars, Empires, all to dirt and A-shes trod; for  
 oh! for oh! there fools, for oh! there fools that make blind Love a God. God for God.

A Song set by Mr. Ralph Courtivill.

U N-der how hard a Fate are Women born, Priz'd to their ru—  
 —in, else ex-pos'd to scorn: If they want Beau—ty they  
 of Love De-pair, and are be-seig'd like Fron—tier  
 Towns, when fair.



## A Song for two Voices, set by Mr. R. Courtville.

*Hil--lis*, we're not griev'd, that Nature for--ming you has done her part ;

*Phil--lis*, we're not griev'd, that Nature for--ming you has done her part ;

and in ev--ry fin--gle Feature, and in ev--ry fin--gle Feature shewn the

and in ev--ry fin--gle Feature, and in ev--ry fin--gle Feature shewn the

utmost, shewn the ut--most of her art:

utmost, shewn the ut--most of her art:

But in this it is pretended, the too migh--ty, mighty greivance lyes,

But in this it is pretended, the too migh--ty, mighty greivance lyes,



[ 25 ]

25

A handwritten musical score on aged paper. The score is written on a five-line staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. There are several accidentals, including flats and a double sharp. The lyrics are written below the staff, with some words underlined. The paper shows signs of age, including discoloration and some wear.

that your heart shoud be de=fended; whilst you wound, whilst you wound us,

that your heart shou'd be de-fended : whilst you wound, whilst you wound us,

that your heart should be de-tened

whilst you wound us, whilst you woun—d us with your Eyes.

whilst you wound us, whilst you wound us with your Eyes.

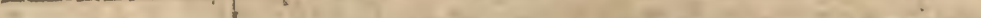
whilst you wound us, whilst you wound us with your bay

2

Love is a fence — — — — — less in- cli- na- tion,

Love is a fence ————— left in- cli- na- tion,

Love is a fence



A single staff of handwritten musical notation in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The time signature is 3/4. The melody consists of several measures of music, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests.

where no mer-cy's to be found; but it's

where no mer-cy's to be found;  
where no mer-cy's to be found; but it's just, it's just,



just, it's just, but it's just, it's just, where kind Com-  
passion, but it's just, it's just, it's just, where kind Compassion,  
gives us Balm, gives us Balm; gives us Balm to heal,  
where kind com-  
pas-sion gives us Bal-m to heal;  
gives us Balm to heal the wound. *Per-sians*  
gives us Balm to heal the wound.  
who in fo--lemn, who in fo--  
*Per-sians* who in fo--lemn, who in fo--



---lemn du-ty to the ri-sing, to the ri-sing, to the ri-

---sing Sun inclin'd; never, never, never, never, never, a---

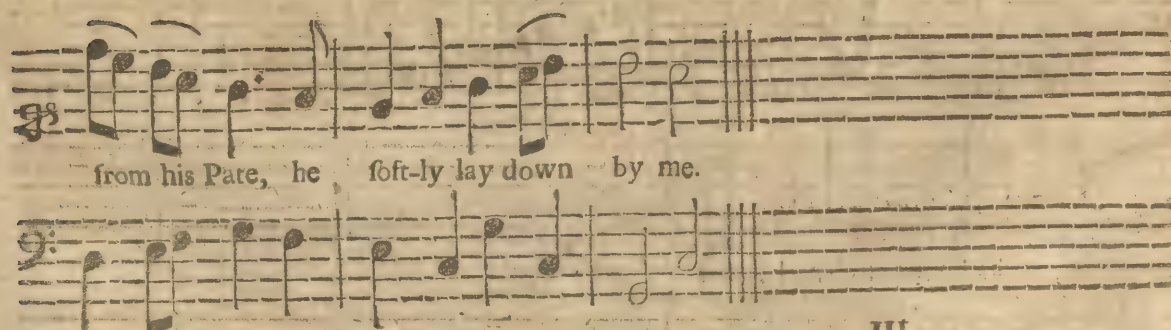
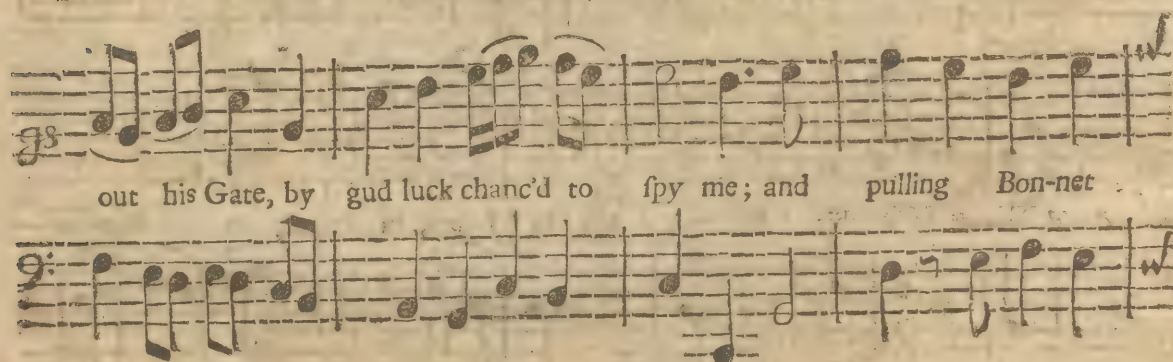
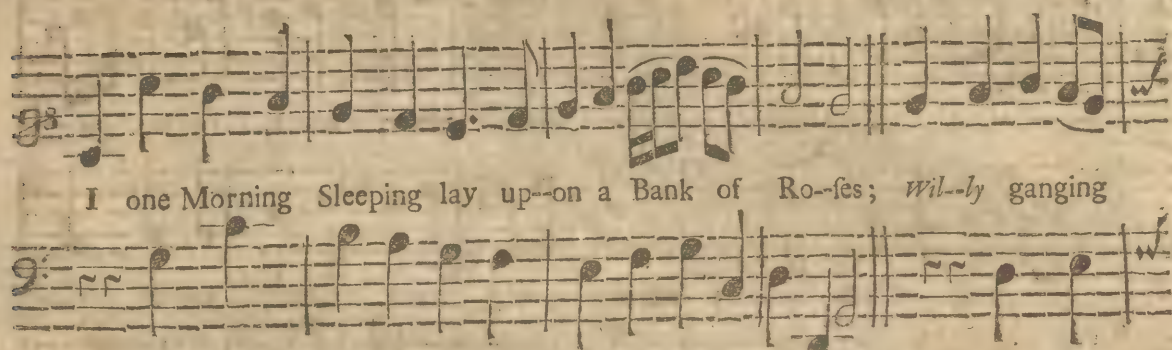
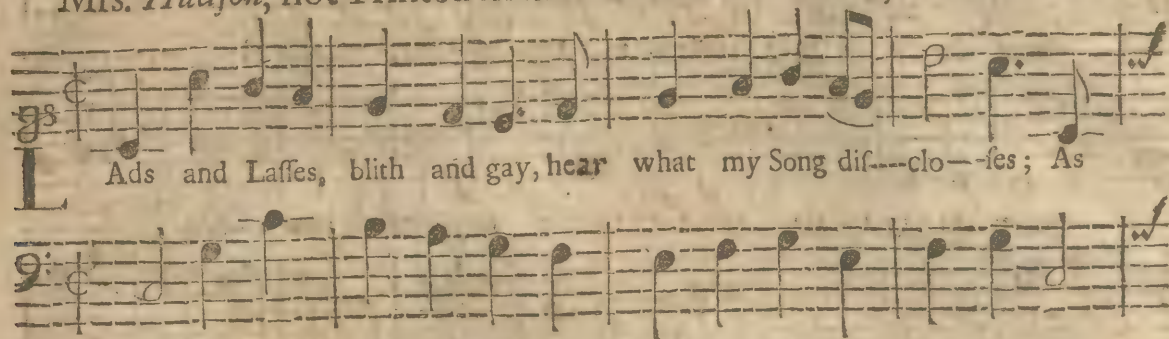
---dor'd, a---dor'd his Beauty; but in hopes, in hopes, in hop---

---cs, in hopes to make him kind.

hopes, in hopes to make him kind.



A Song in the 2<sup>d</sup>. Part of *Don Quixote*. Sung by  
Mrs. *Hudson*, not Printed in that Collection. Set by Mr. *Purcell*.



## II.

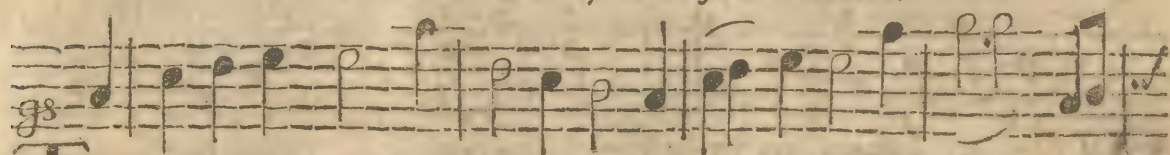
Willy tho' I muckle priz'd,  
Yét now I wa'd no know him,  
But made a frown, my face disguis'd  
And from me strove to throw him;  
Fondly he still nearer prest,  
Upon my Bosom lying,  
His beating Heart too thump'd so fast,  
I thought the Loon was dying.

## III.

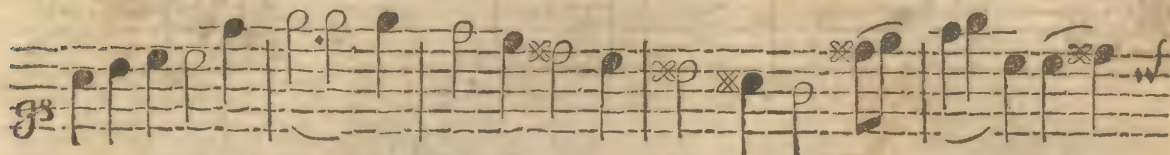
But resolving to deny,  
An angry passion faining,  
I often roughly push'd him by,  
With Words full of disdain;  
Willy balk'd no faver wins,  
But went off discontented;  
But I gud faith for all my Sins  
Ne'er half so much Repented.



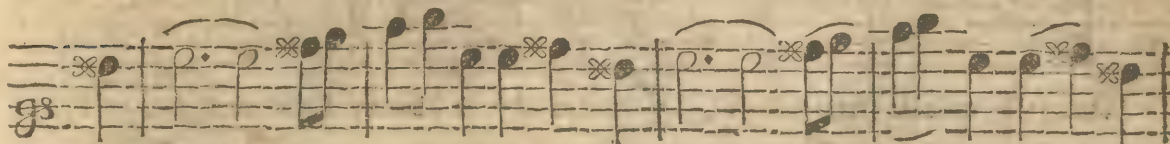
Mr. Dogget's Serenade in the 5th. Act of the *Lancashire-  
Witches.* Set by Mr. John Eccles.



**I** Hen Beautious Nymph, look from above, and see me here be—low;

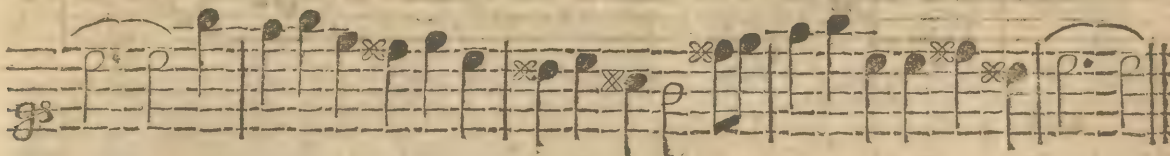


see how the mighty Tyrant Love draggs me to your

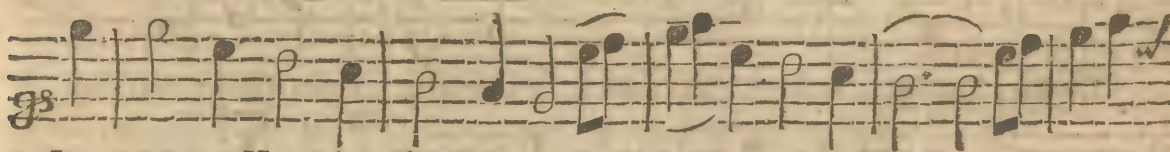


win—dow,

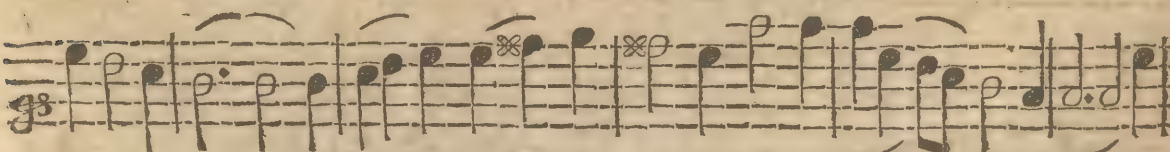
draggs me to your win—



—dow:



Let not your Heart then hardned be, since you my Love have got;



for I'm a Knight of high degree, and dye up-on the spot.



II.

To morrow then let us be Wedd,

At hours Canonically;

That I may say when I have spedd,

My heart is free from thrall:

Oh think then what thy Joy will be,

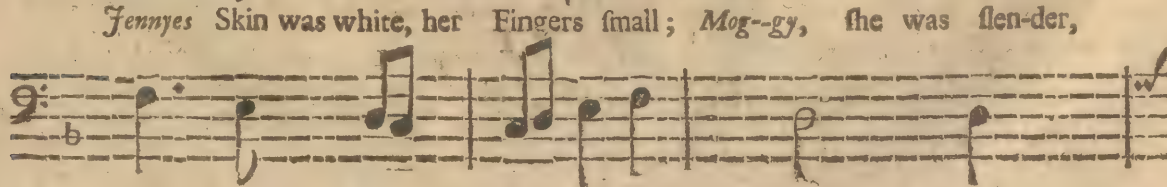
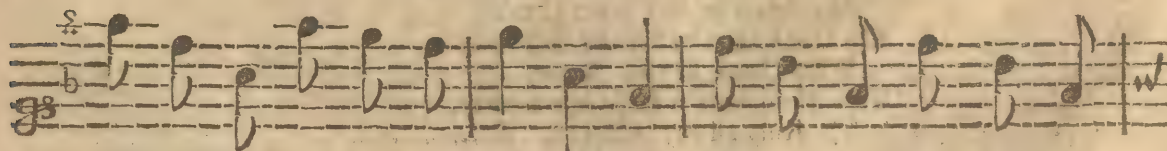
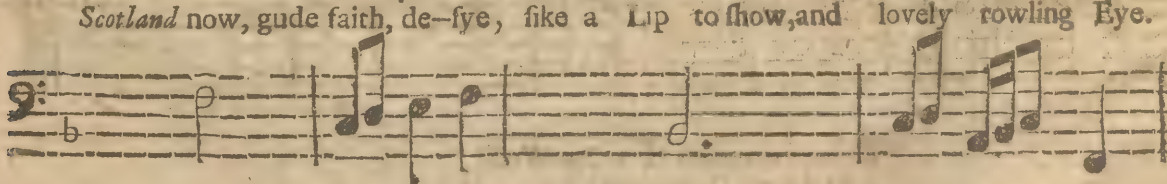
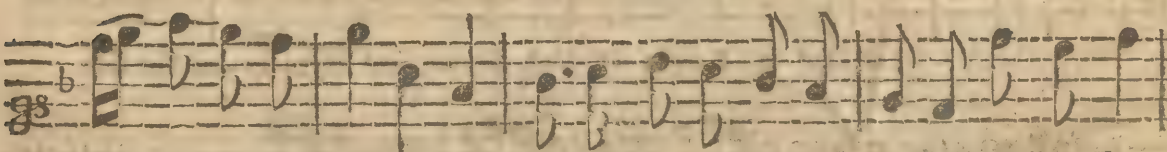
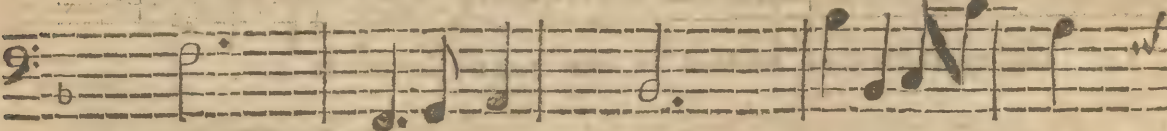
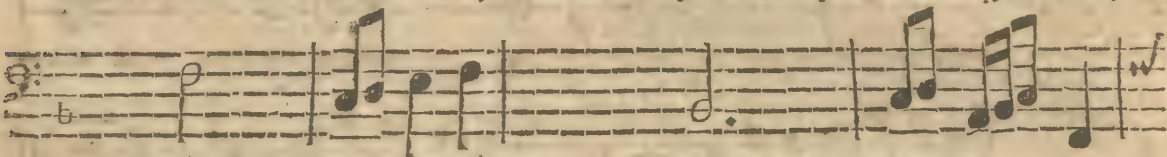
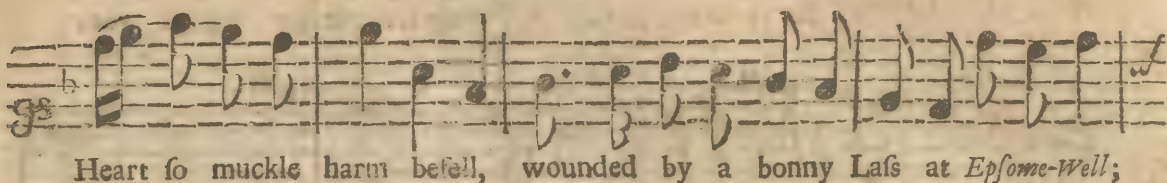
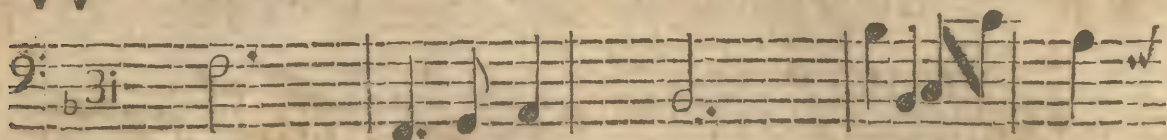
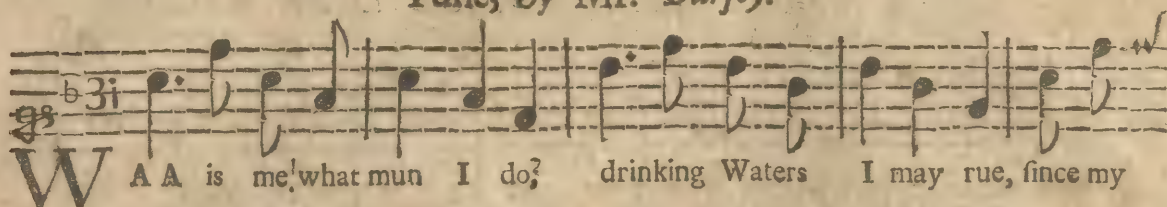
When I am in thy Arms;

That thou may'st have the liberty,

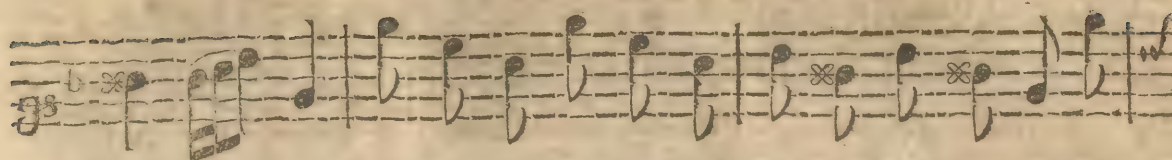
To Rife all my Charms,



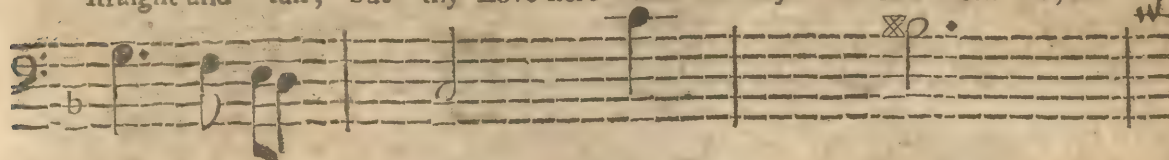
A *Scotch* Song, the Words made and fitted to the  
Tune, by Mr. *Durfey*.



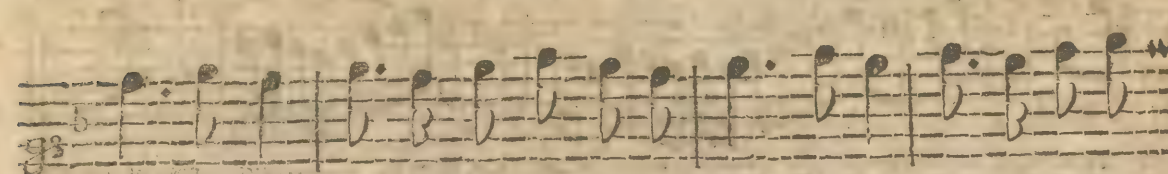




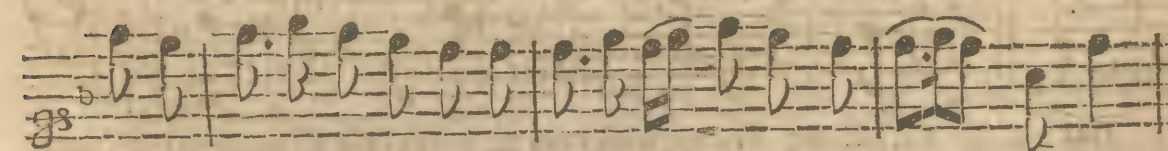
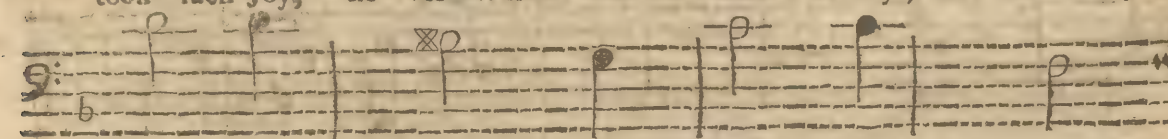
straight and tall; but my Love here bears a-way the Bell from all; for



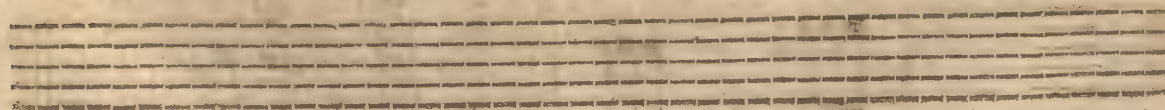
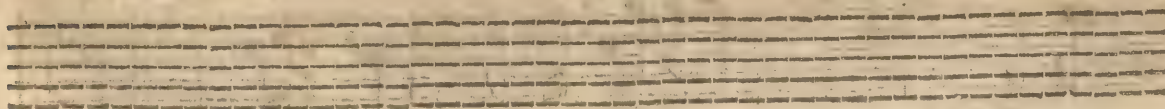
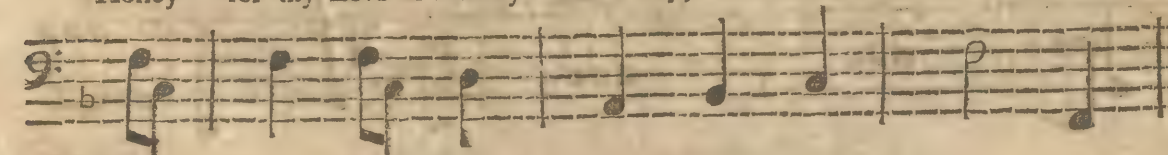
her I sigh, for her I dye in a wild despair; never Man in Woman



took such Joy, ne-ver Woman was to Man so coy; she'l not be my



Honey for my Love or Money: well-a-day, what torments I mun bear.





S E E, fee, fee, fee, oh! fee Co-rinna's Tears, in si-lent, si-lent Furrows

glide, and no kind Swain ap-pears to stop the rowling Tide, to stop the

row ling Tide, the row ling, rowling Tide.

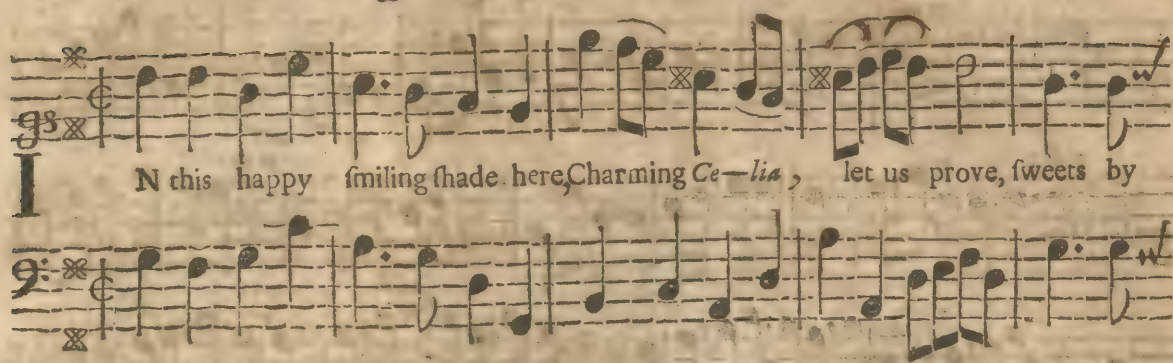
Tide. See, fee, oh! fee, oh! fee, what sums she pays to buy a moments Ease; while

their unkind delays a-las! a-las! a-las! her paines in-crease.

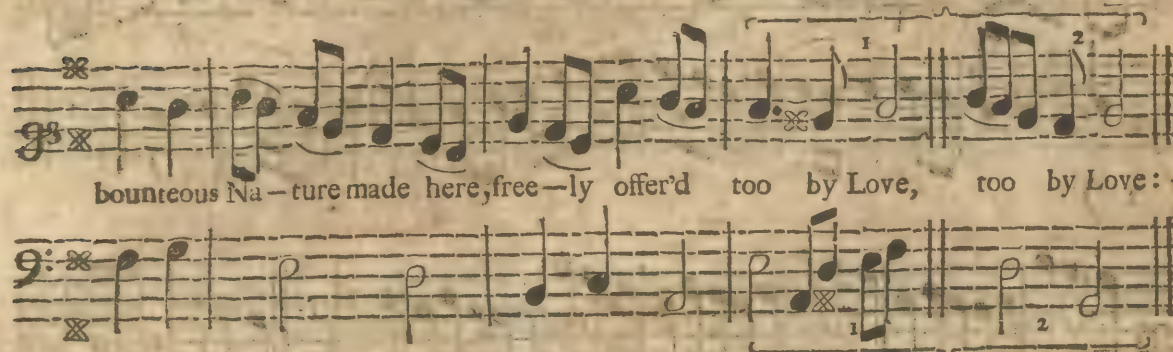
their unkind delays a-las! a-las! a-las! her paines in-crease.



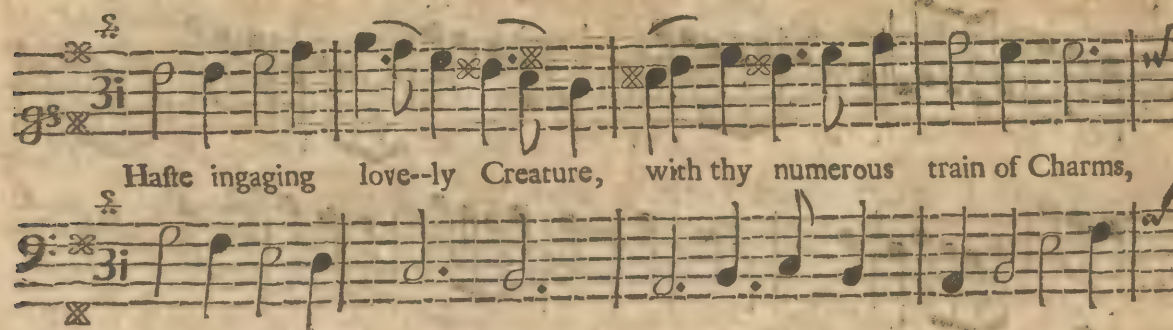
## A Song set by Mr. James Hart.



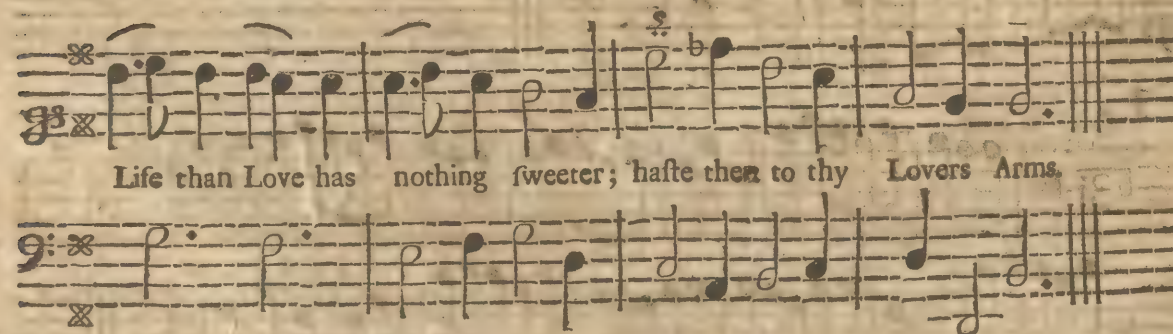
I N this happy smiling shade here, Charming Ce-lia, let us prove, sweets by



bounteous Na-ture made here, free-ly offer'd too by Love, too by Love:



Haste ingaging love-ly Creature, with thy numerous train of Charms,



Life than Love has nothing sweeter; haste then to thy Lovers Arms.

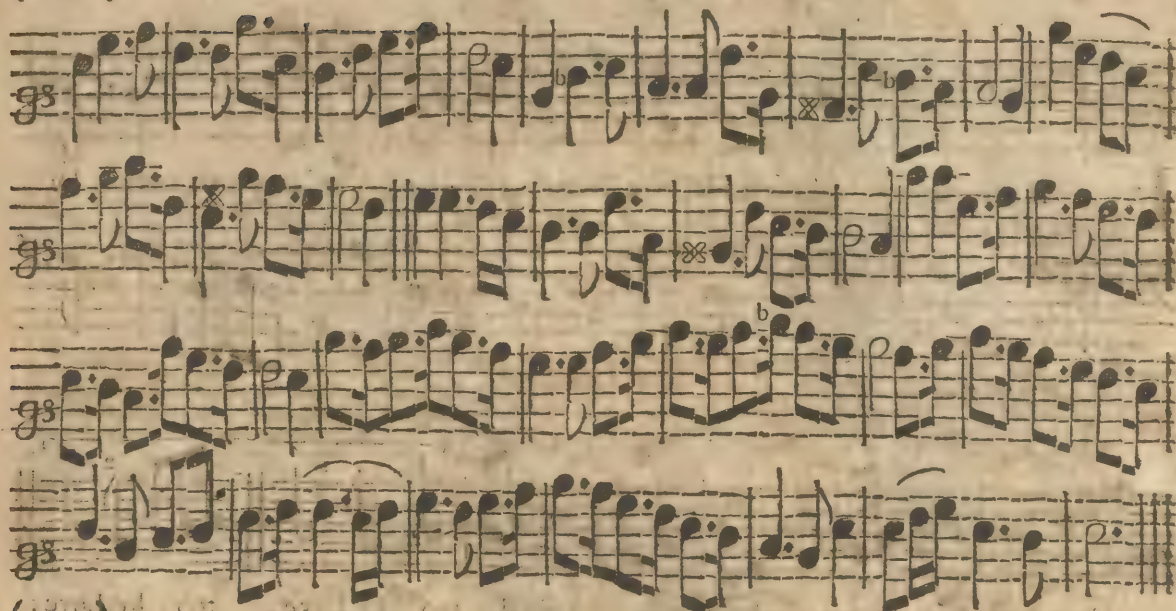
## II.

Nothing can disturb those blisses,  
 Where two faithfull Hearts unite;  
 Love and pleasure warm their Kisses,  
 Ever giving new delight:  
 Life affords no equal blessing,  
 To a rightly temper'd brain;  
 Always wishing or Caressing,  
 Still in every point the same.

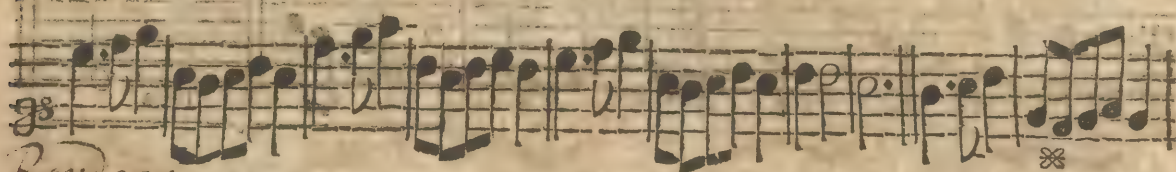
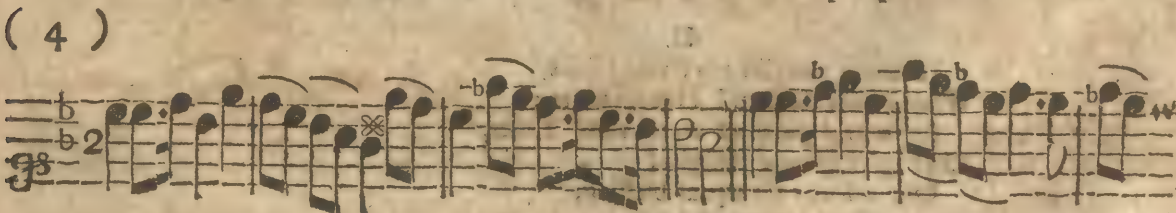
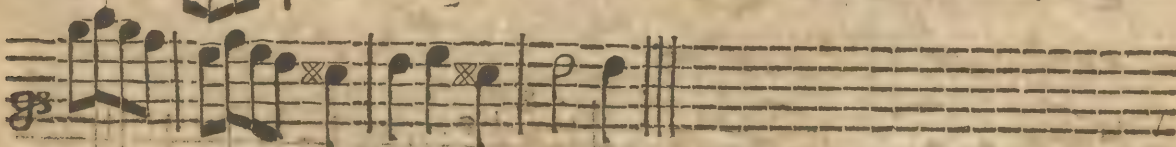
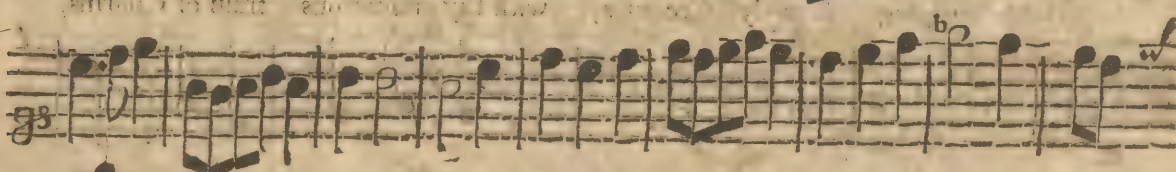
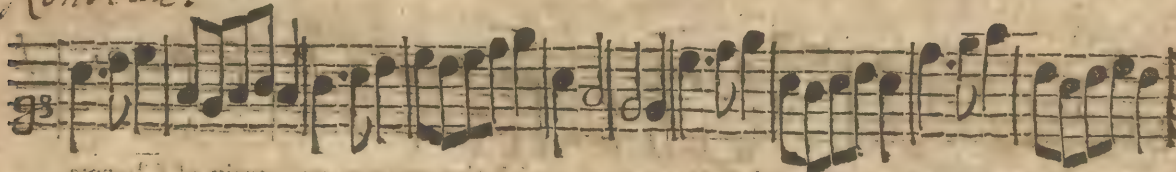


( 1 )

## First Treble.



( 2 )

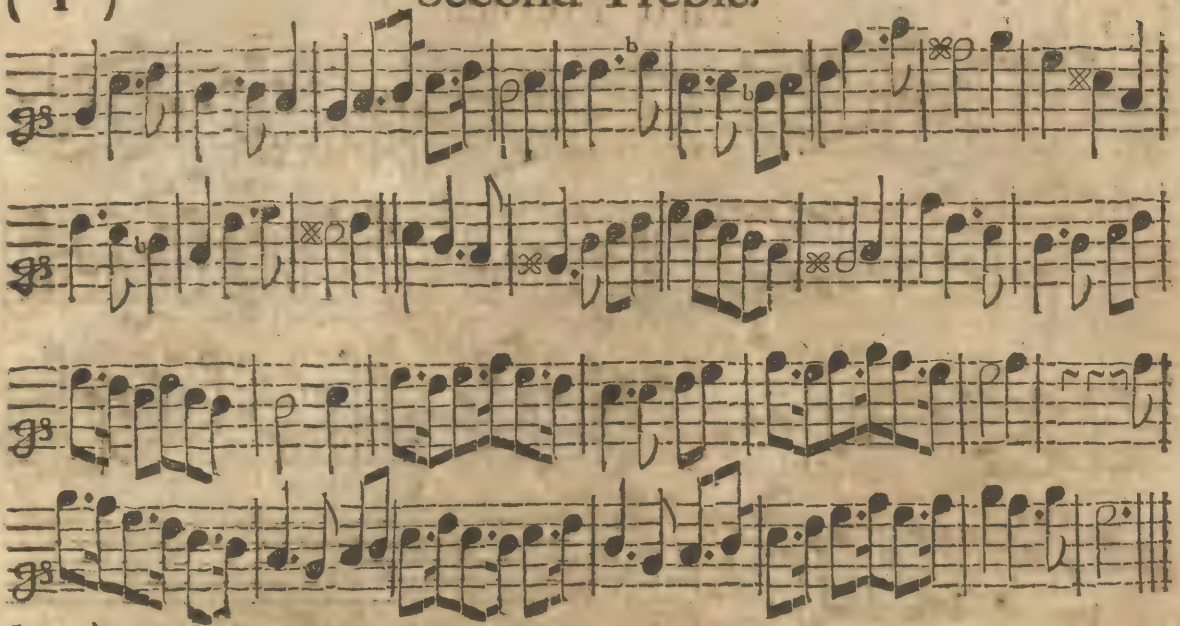
*Rondeau.*First Strain  
again.

End with the first Strain.

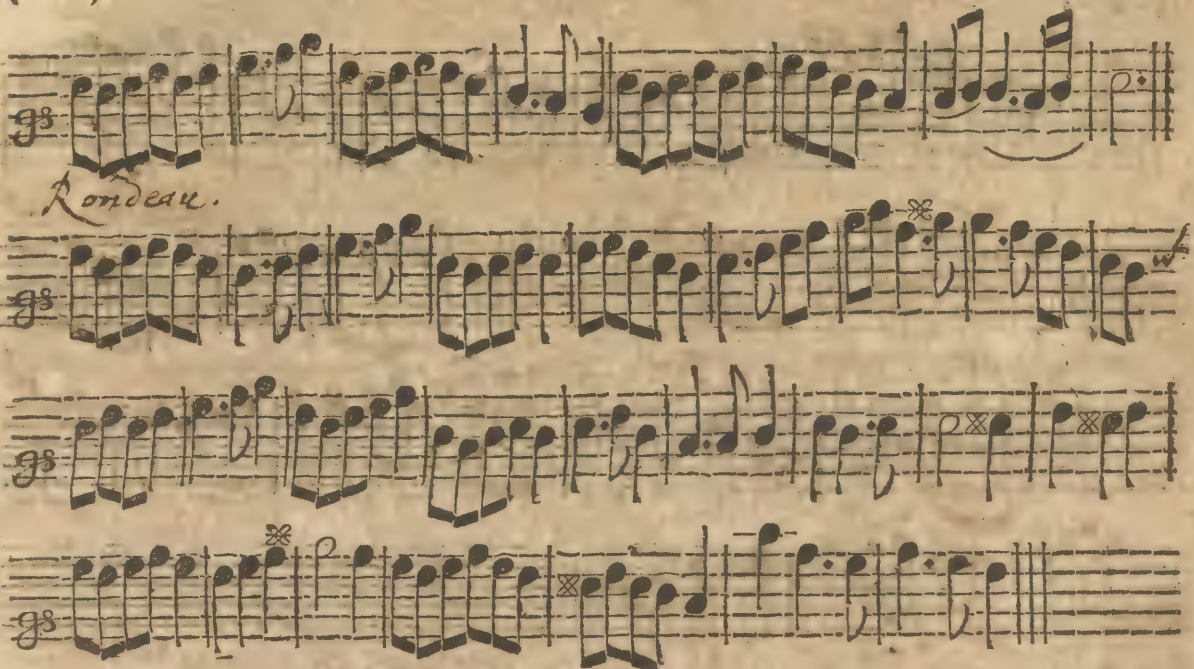


( 1 )

Second Treble.



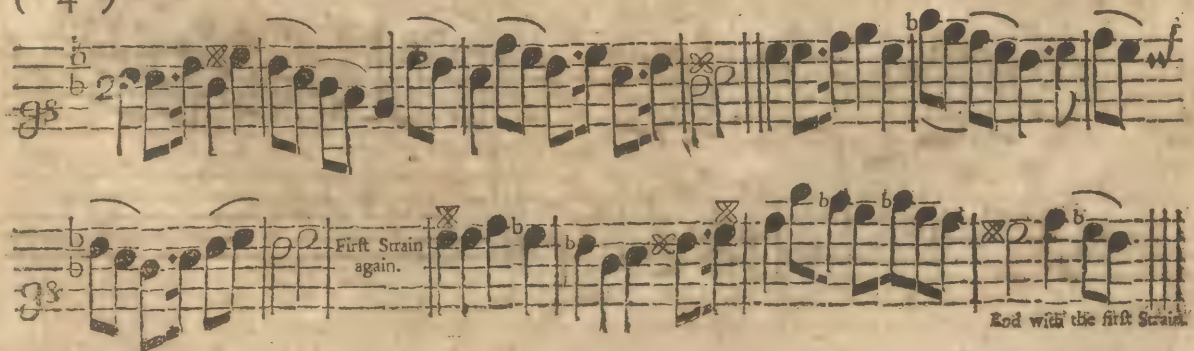
( 2 )



( 3 )



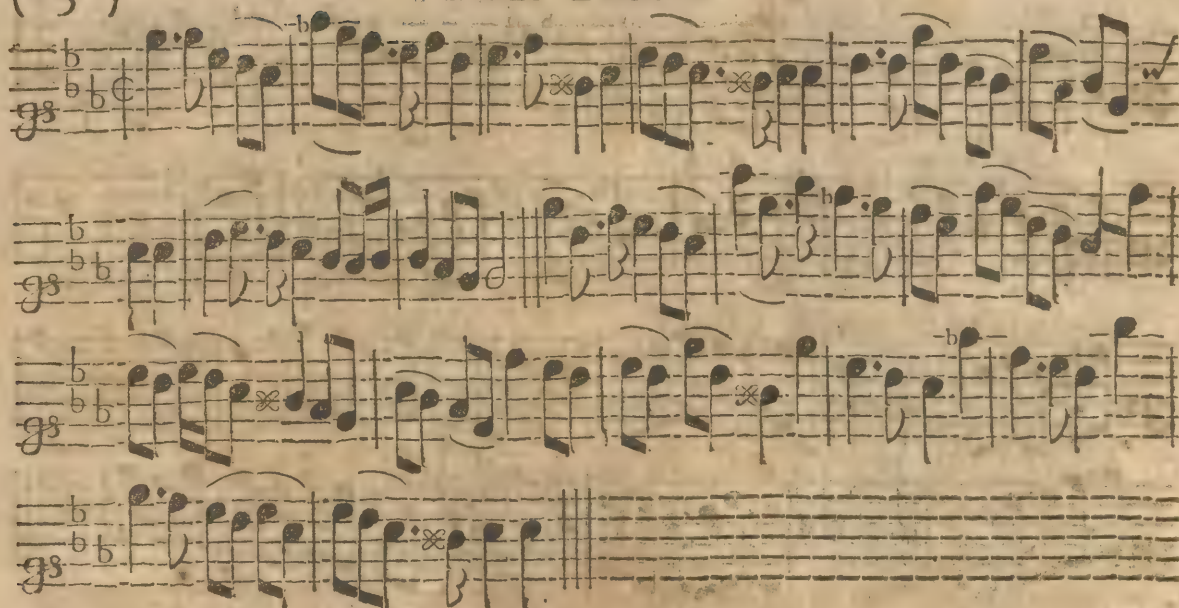
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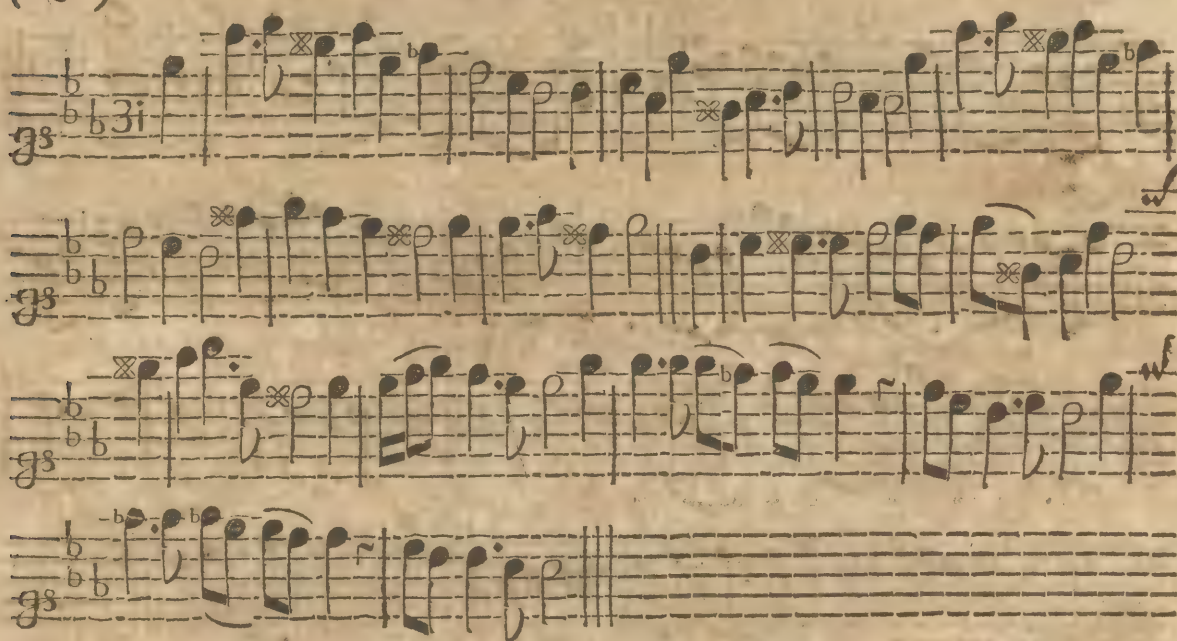


( 5 )

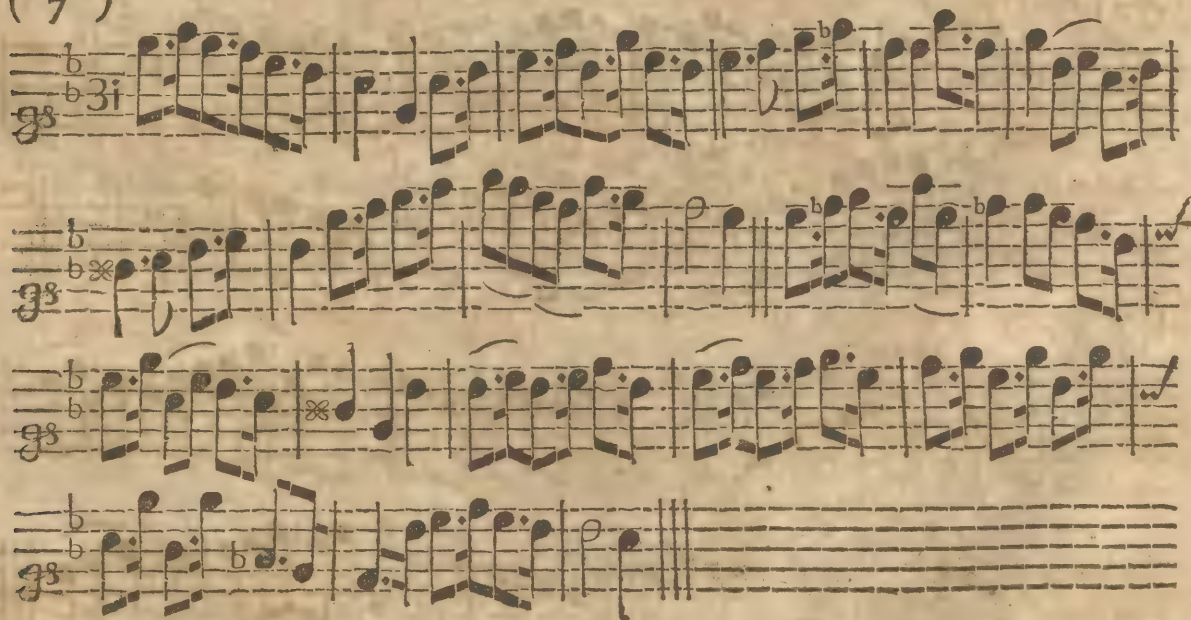
First Treble.



( 6 )



( 7 )

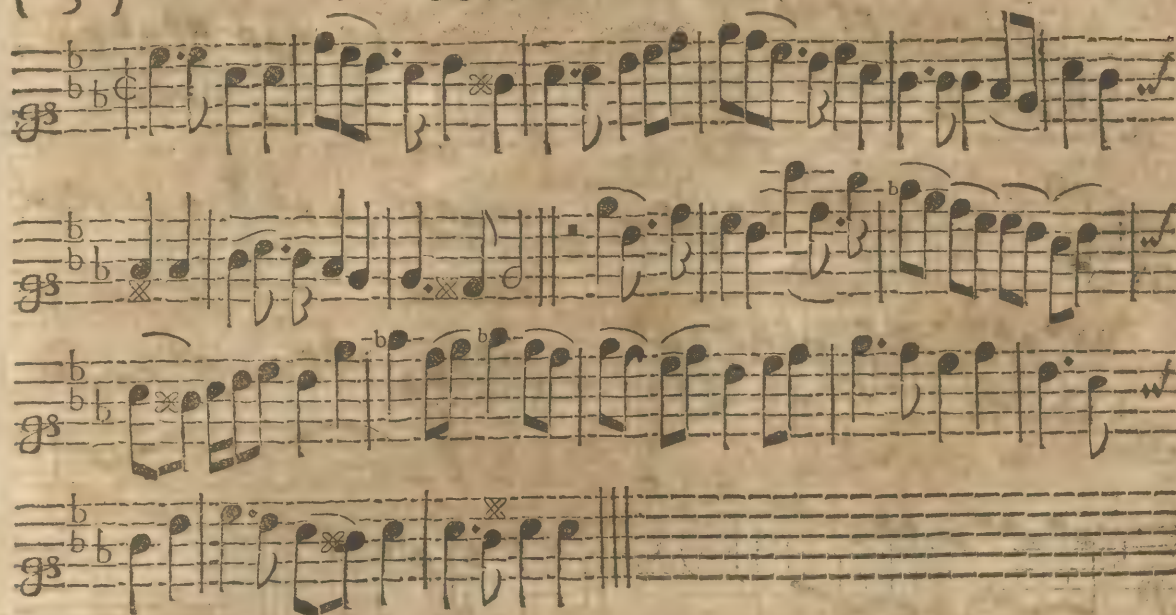




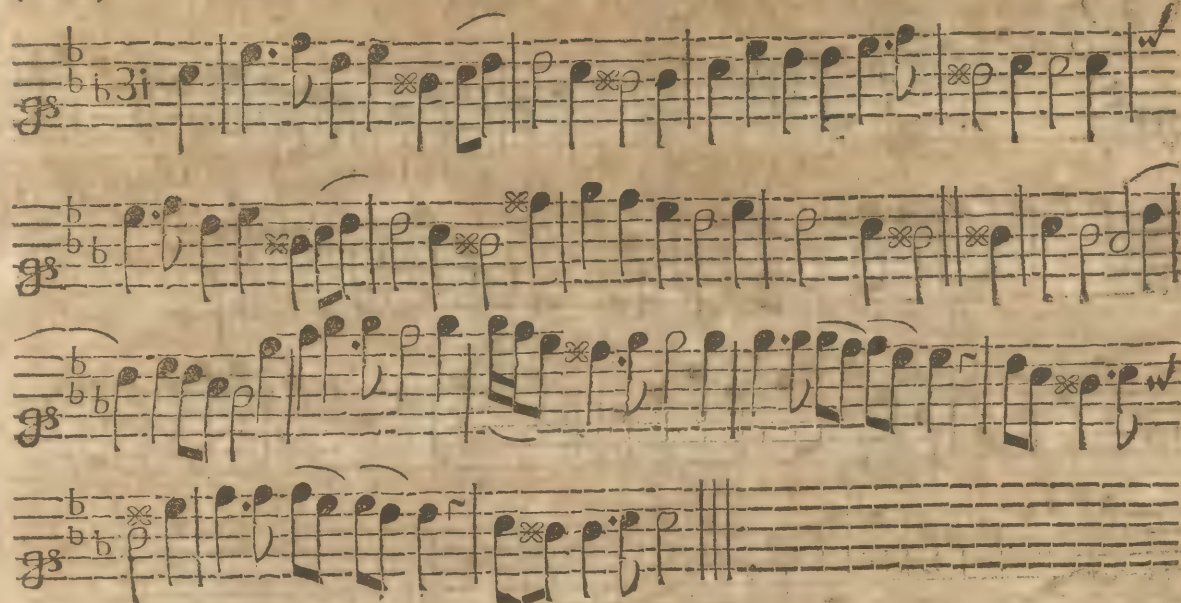
[ 37 ]

( 5 )

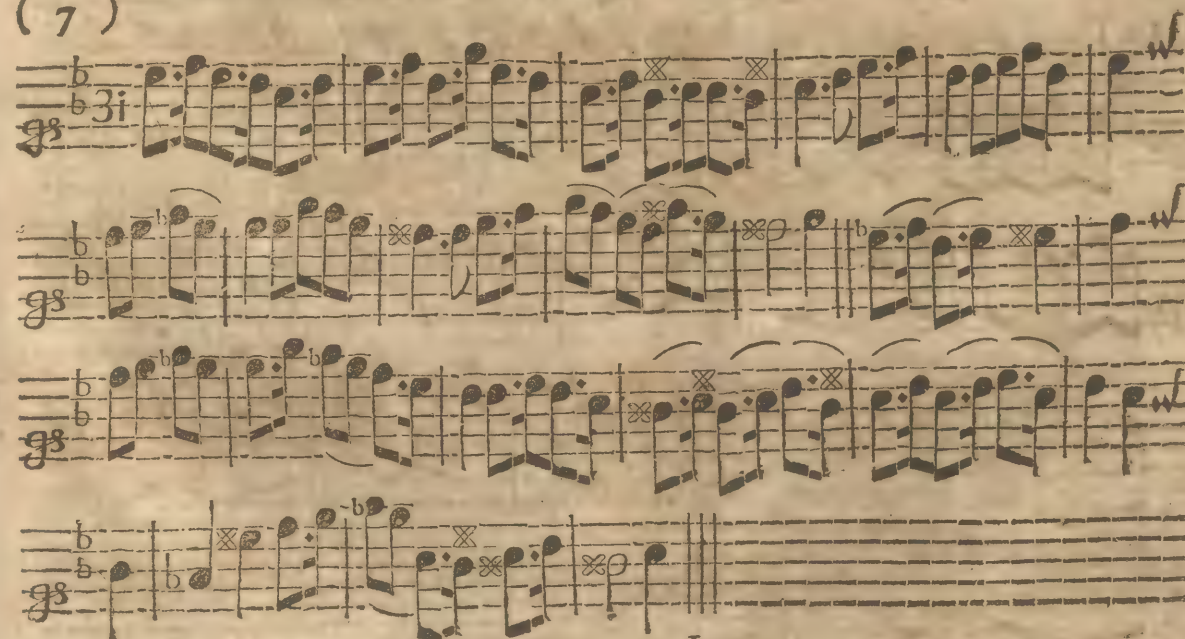
## Second Treble.



( 6 )



( 7 )



L

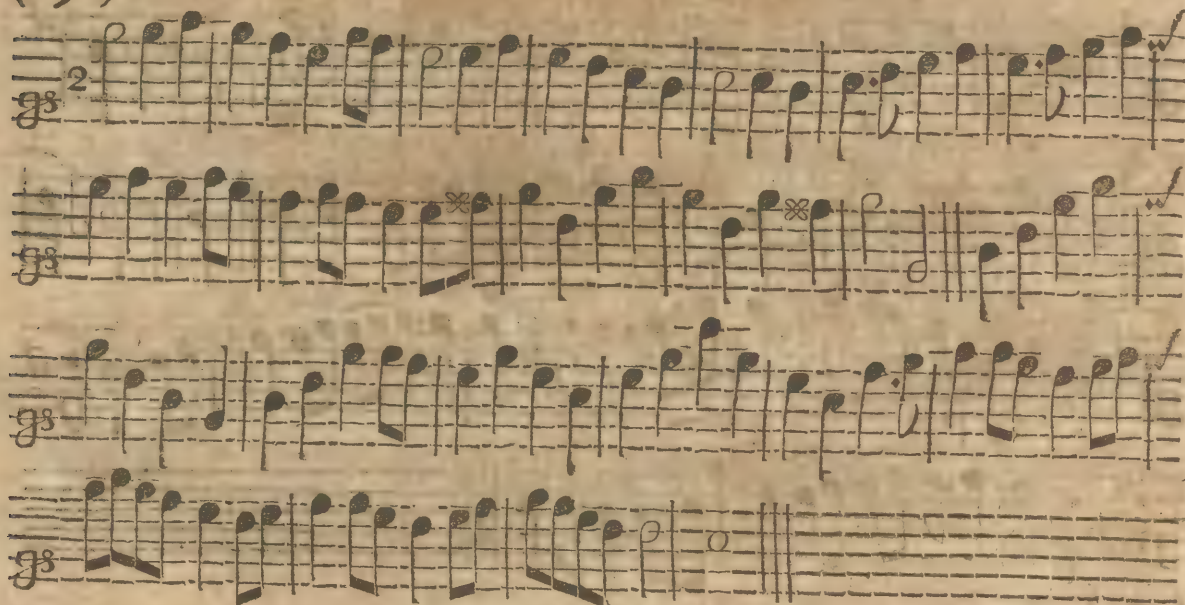


( 8 )

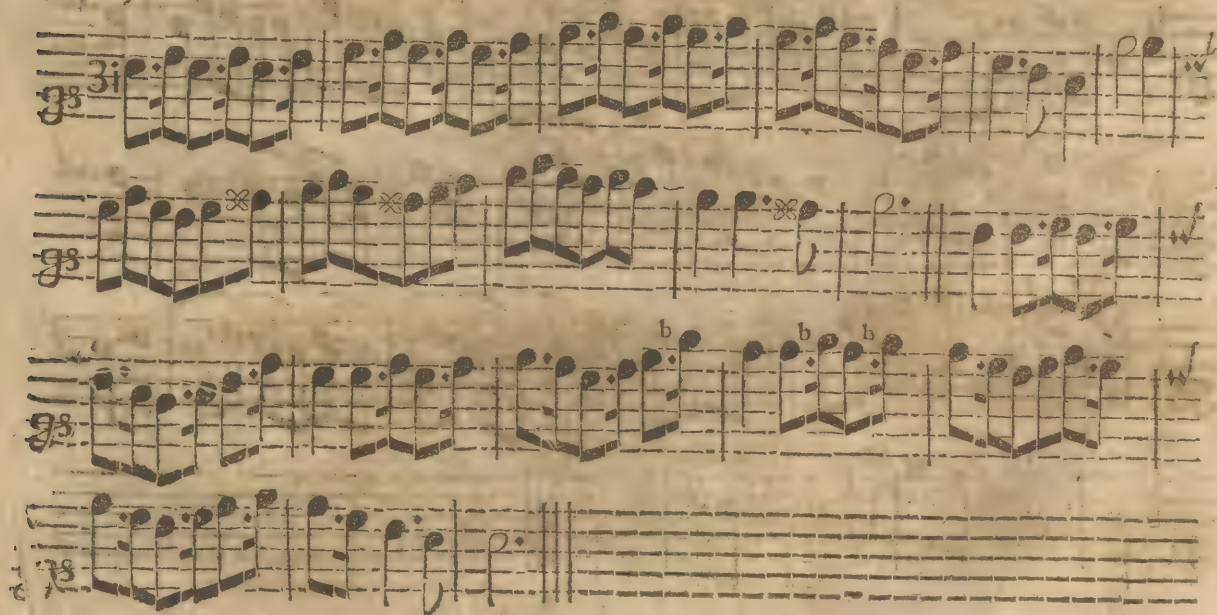
First Treble.



( 9 )



( 10 )





( 8 )

Second Treble.

Musical notation for system (8) consisting of four staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a time signature of 3/4. The notation includes various note values, rests, and bar lines. The third staff contains the text "First Strain again." written above the staff.

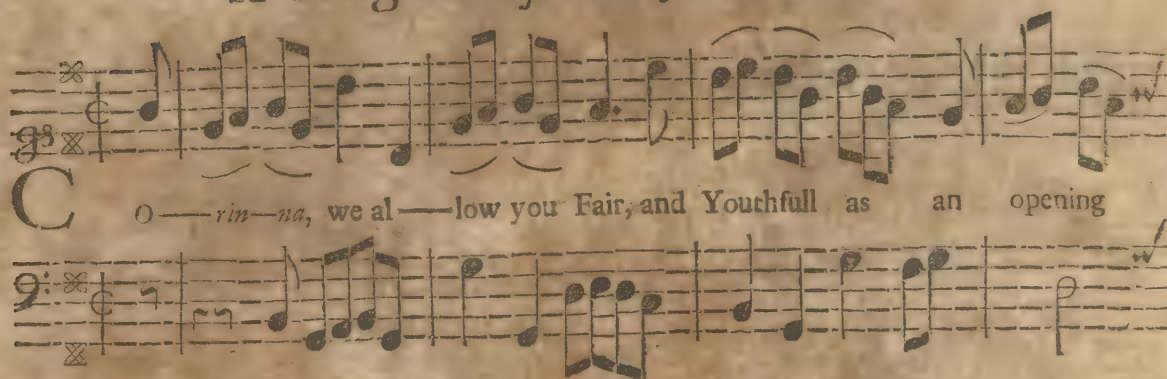
( 9 )

Musical notation for system (9) consisting of four staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a time signature of 2/4. The notation includes various note values, rests, and bar lines.

( 10 )

Musical notation for system (10) consisting of four staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a time signature of 3/4. The notation includes various note values, rests, and bar lines.

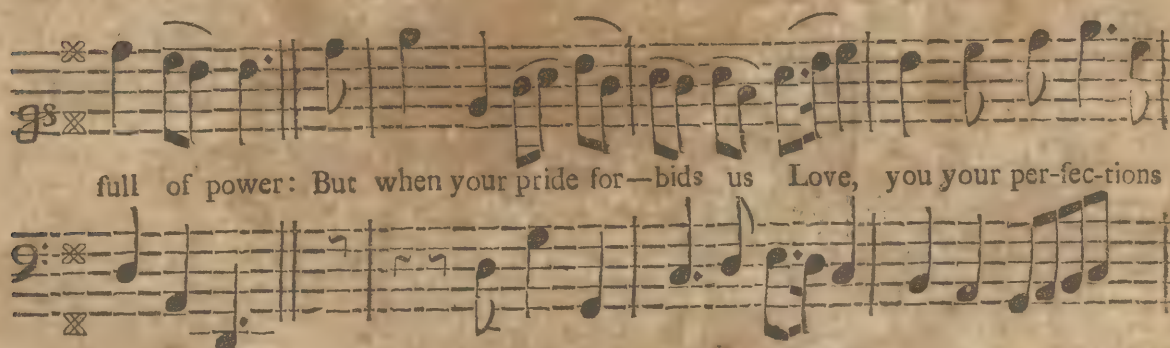


A Song fet by Mr. *James Hart*.


C O — rin — na, we al — low you Fair, and Youthfull as an opening



Flour; your shape is ea — sy, free your Aire, sprightly your Wit, and



full of power: But when your pride for — bids us Love, you your per — fec — tions



mis — im — ploy; your Eyes 'like fa — tal light — ning prove, that



warms us not, but does de — stroy.

F I N I S.



# THESAURUS MUSICUS:

BEING, A

## COLLECTION of the Newest SONGS

PERFORMED

At His Majesties Theatres; and at the Conforts in Viller-street in York-buildings, and in Charles-street Covent-Garden. Most of the Songs being within the Compass of the Flute.

WITH A

Thorow-Bass to each SONG, for the Harpsicord, Theorbo, or Bass-Viol.

Composed by most of the Ingenious Masters of the Town.

### THE FOURTH BOOK.



L O N D O N,

Printed by J. Heptinstall for John Hudgebutt. And are to be sold by John Carr, at his Shop near the Middle-Temple-Gate in Fleetstreet, and Daniel Dring at the Harrow and Crown at the corner of Cliffords-Inn-Lane in Fleetstreet, where Masters and Shopkeepers may have them. And at most Musick-Shops in Town. Price one Shilling Sixpence. 1695.



## A Table of the SONGS contain'd in this Book.

A	Page.	N	Page.
<i>Ask me not to Sing, dear creature,</i>	8	<i>None wou'd roughly keep the Field,</i>	20
<i>Ab! cruel Youth why hast thou took,</i>	23	<i>No more, no more I'll seek relief,</i>	22
<i>A Nymph and a Swain to Apollo once pray'd,</i>	25	O	
<i>A Soldier and a Saylour,</i>	27	<i>Our Hearts are touch'd with sacred Fires,</i>	21
C		P	
<i>Cease, cease fond Amintas,</i>	4	<i>Pious Celinda goes to Prayers,</i>	2
<i>Celia, whose Charms the enny move,</i>	10	S	
H		<i>Sawney, let us gang away,</i>	13
<i>How happy are we Nymphs and Swains,</i>	9	<i>Strike up, drawse Gut-Scrapers,</i>	3
<i>Had Melanissa gently sway'd,</i>	11	<i>Strephon why wou'd you deceive me,</i>	14
<i>Hopeless I languish out my days,</i>	24	T	
I		<i>Tell me why so long you try me,</i>	1
<i>Insulting Beauty you mispend,</i>	34	<i>The lazy Sun withdraws at last,</i>	15
L		<i>Two Daughters of this Aged stream are we,</i>	28
<i>Lucinda is bewitching fair,</i>	6	<i>The Consort of the sprinkling Lute,</i>	30
<i>Let the Women be gon,</i>	18	W	
		<i>Whilst I with grief did on you look,</i>	5
		<i>Whilst on Melanissa gazing,</i>	18

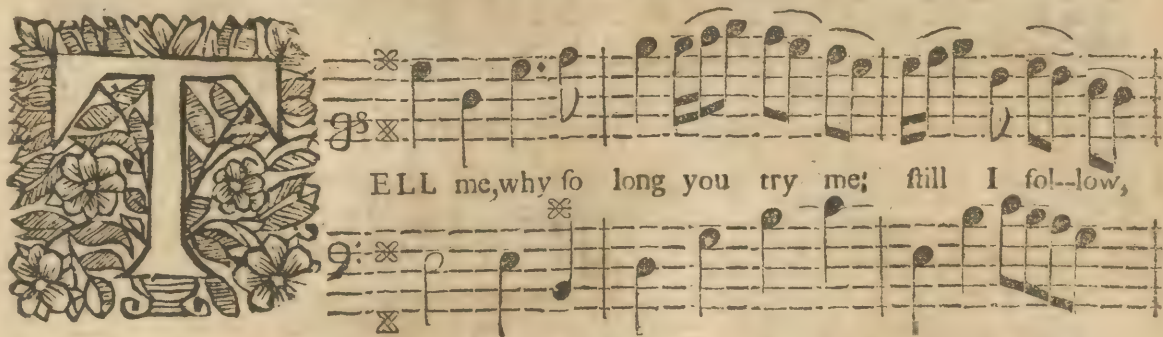
BOOKS Printed for, and Sold by John Hudgeburt.

*Thesaurus Musicus* the 1st. 2d. 3d. and 4th. Books.

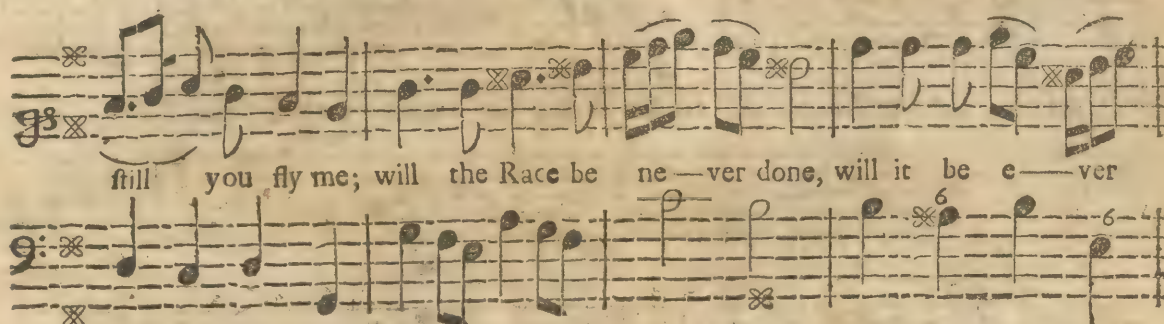
A Collection of New *AIR S*, Composed for Two *Flutes* with *Sonatas*, by several of the most Ingenious Masters of this Age. Price One Shilling Sixpence.



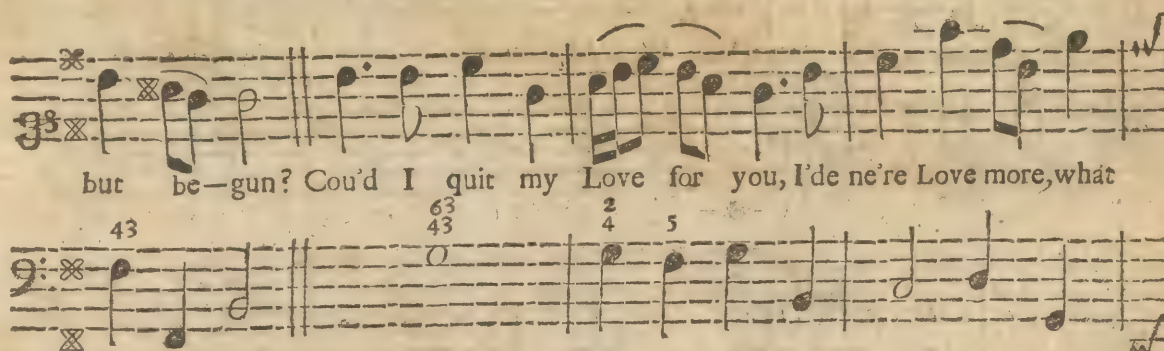
A new Song Sung at the Confort at York-  
Buildings. Set by Mr. Robert King.



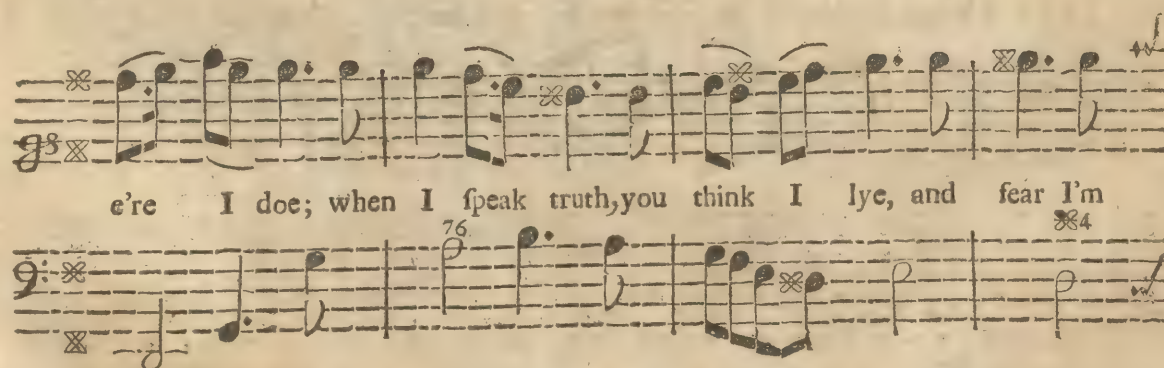
ELL me, why so long you try me; still I fol-low,



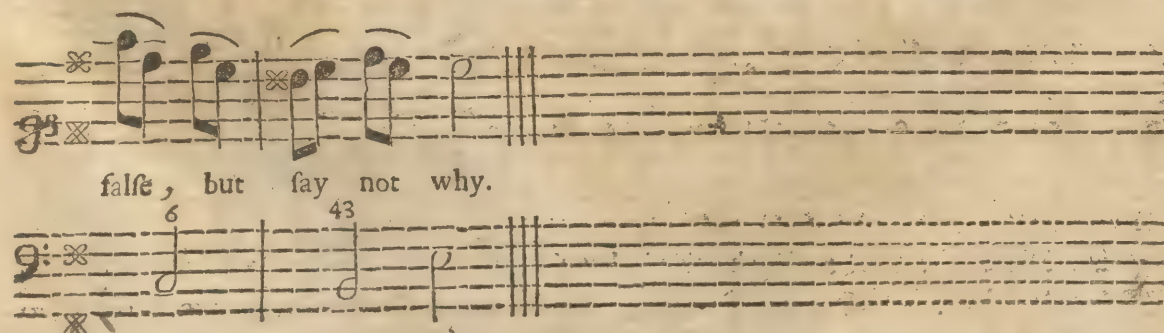
still you fly me; will the Race be ne-ver done, will it be e-ver



but be-gun? Cou'd I quit my Love for you, I'de ne're Love more, what



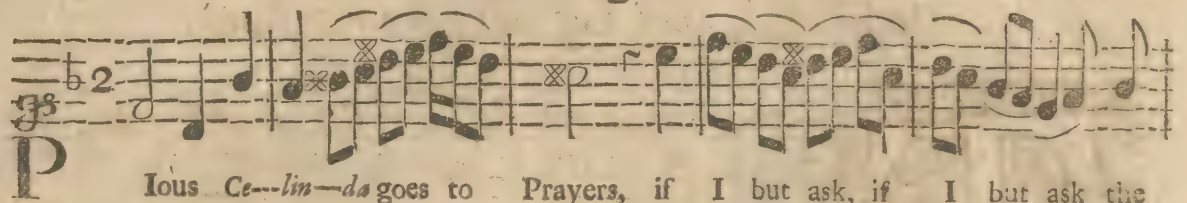
e're I doe; when I speak truth, you think I lye, and fear I'm



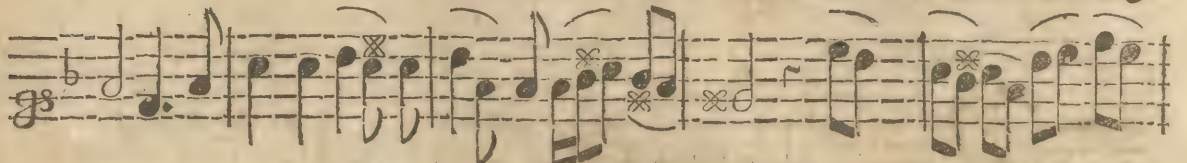
false, but say not why.



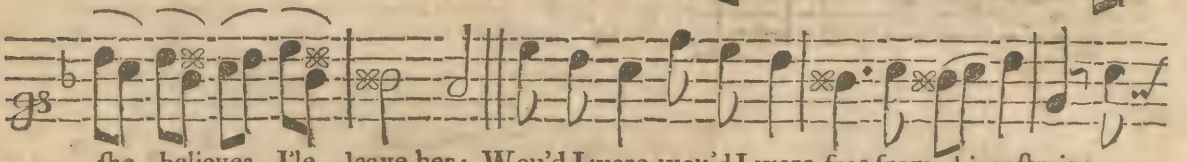
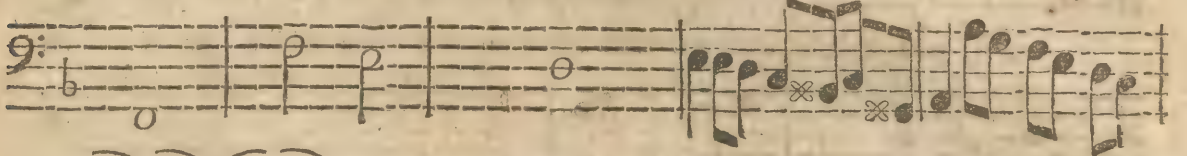
A Song set by Mr. Henry Purcell. The Words by  
Mr. Congreve.



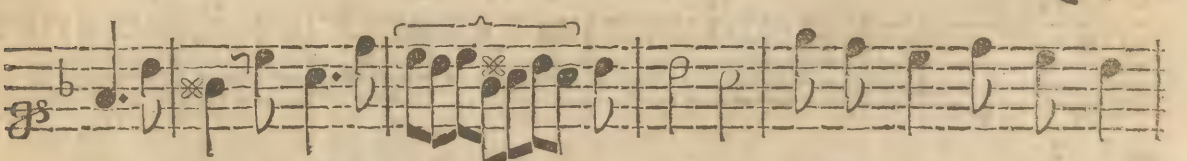
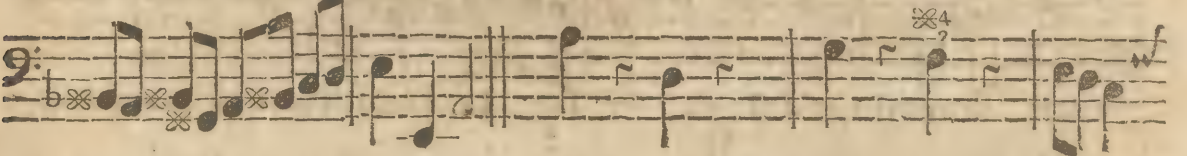
Ious Ce---lin---da goes to Prayers, if I but ask, if I but ask the



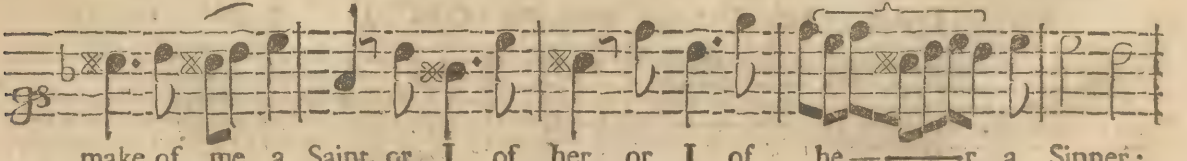
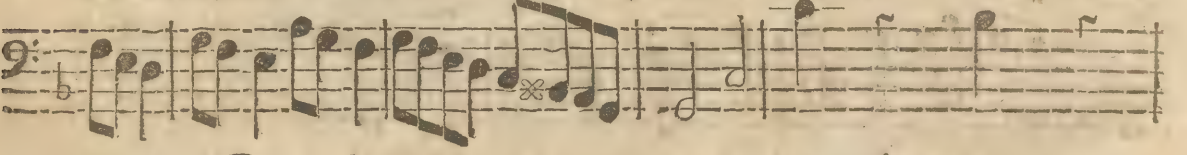
favour; and yet the tender, tender Fool's in tears when she believes, when



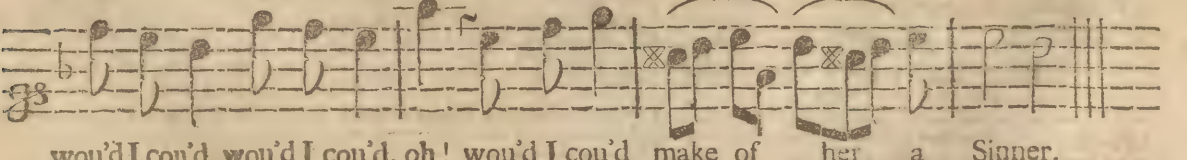
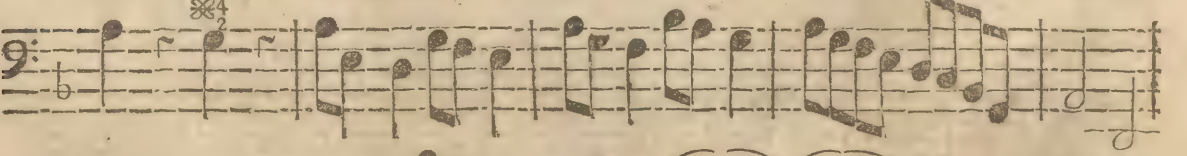
she believes I'll leave her: Wou'd I were, wou'd I were free from this restraint, or



else had hopes, or else had hopes to win her; wou'd she cou'd, wou'd she cou'd



make of me a Saint, or I of her, or I of he---r a Sinner;



wou'd I cou'd, wou'd I cou'd, oh! wou'd I cou'd make of her a Sinner.



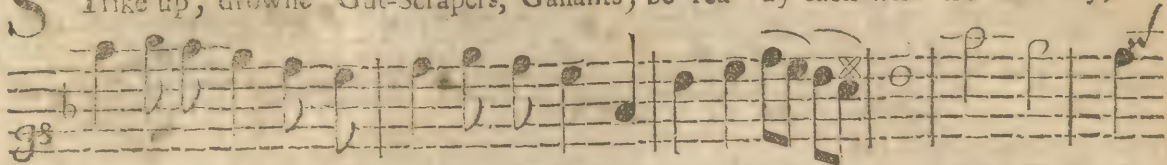


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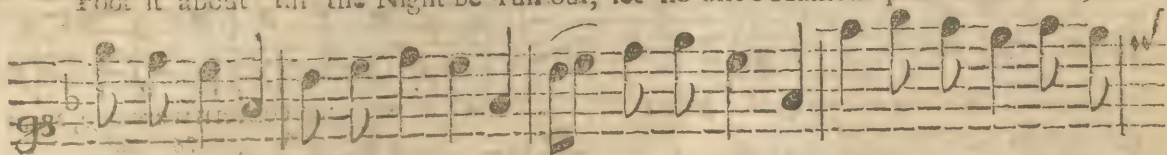
A Song made by Mr. D'urfey upon a new Country  
Dance, called, Mr. Lane's Magget.



S Trike up, drowsie Gut-Scrapers; Gallants, be ready each with his La—dy,



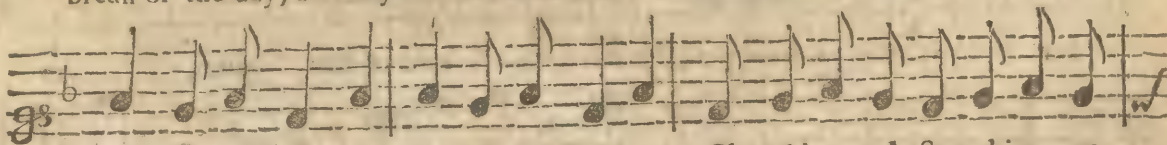
Foot it about till the Night be run out, let no one's Humour pall: Brisk Lads, now



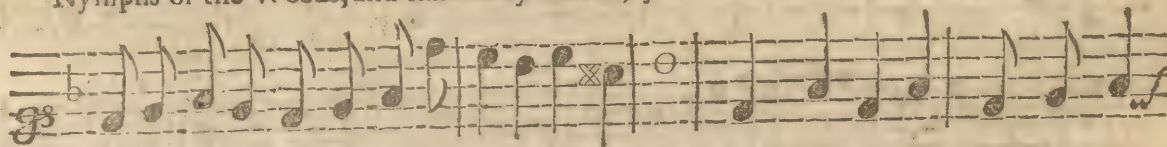
cut your Capers, put your Legs to't, and shew you can do't; frisk, frisk it away till the



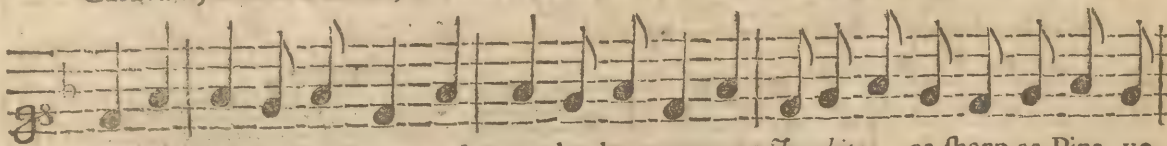
break of the day, and hey for Richmond Ball. Fortune-biters, Hags, Bum-fighters,



Nymphs of the Woods, and stale Ci—ty-Goods; ye Cherubins, and Seraphins, ye



Caravans, and Haradans, in order all advance; Twittenham-Loobies, Thistleworth-



Boobies, Wits of the Town, and Beaus that have none, ye Jacobites as sharp as Pins, ye



Monfieurs, and ye Sooterkins, I'll show you all this Dance.

## II.

Cast off, *Tom*, behind *Johnny*,  
Do the same Nanny,  
Eyes are upon you;  
Trip it between  
Little *Dicky* and *Fane*,  
And set in the second Row:  
Then, then cast back you must too,  
And up the first Row,  
Nimbly thrust through;  
Then, turn her about,  
To the left, or you're out,  
And meet with your Love below.

Pass, then cross,  
Then *Jack's* pretty Lass,  
Then turn her about, about and about;  
And, *Jacky* if you can do so too  
With *Betty*, while the Time is true,  
We'll all your Ear commend:  
Still there's more  
To lead all four;  
Two by *Nancy* stand,  
And give her your Hand,  
Then cast her quickly down below,  
And meet her in the second Row:  
The DANCE is at an End.



## A Song set by Mr. Robert King.

Cease, cease, cease, cease, fond *Amintas*; cease, cease, cease, *Amin-tas*, to complain, thy *Rhil-*  
*-lis* feels not e-qual pain; As if the same concern were due, from  
 her in ab-sence as from you, she has suf-ficiency of her own, to  
 make her happy, hap-py tho' a-lone; she has suf-ficiency of her own,  
 to ma-ke her happy tho' a-lone,  
 to ma-ke her happy tho' a-lone.



A Song upon Mrs. Brace-girdle's Acting Marcella,  
in *Don-Quixote*. Set by Mr. Godfrey Finger.

W Hile I with wounding grief did look, when Love had turn'd your brain; from

you the dire Dis-ease I took, and bore my self your pain: Mar-cel-la

then your Lover prize, and be not too fe-ver; use well the

conquests of your Eyes, for Pride has lost your Deare.

## II.

*Ambrosio* treats your flames with scorn,  
And racks your tender mind;  
Withdraw your ~~Flames~~ Smiles return,  
And pay him in his kind.

Yet Smile again where Smiles are due,  
And my true Love esteem:  
For I much more doe rage for you  
Than you can burn for him.



A new Song fet by Mr. *Henry Purcell*, in the Play ca'lld  
*Abdelazar*. Sung by the Boy.

U-cin-da is be-witch-ing fair, Lu-cin-da is be-witch-ing fair,

all o're, all o're in-ga-ging is her

Air; all o're, all o're, all o're in-ga-ging is her Air;

all o're, all o're in-gaging is her Air: In ev'ry Song Lu-

cin-da, Lu-cinda, Lu-cinda's fam'd, She is the Queen of Love pro-



—claim'd, To all, to all, She does, She does, a Flame im—part; ex—pir—ing Victims,

ex—pir—ing, ex—piring Vic—tims feel her Dart; Lu- &c. Strephon for

her has Love ex—prest, Philan—der fighs, fighs, fighs too with the rest;

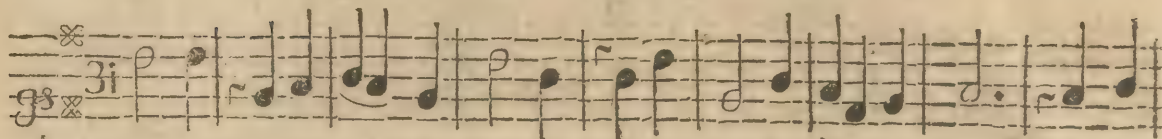
rack't, rack't with despair each one complains; un—

—mov'd, un—touch't, She all, She all, She all, dis—dains. Lu—

End with the first Strain from this mark. :S:



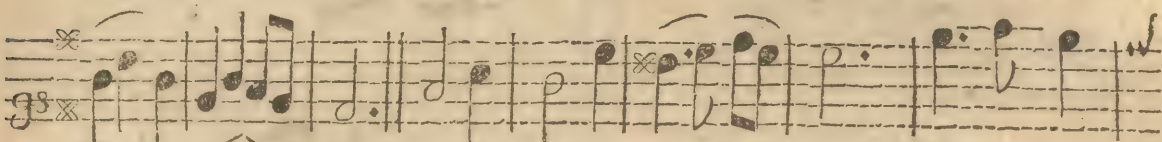
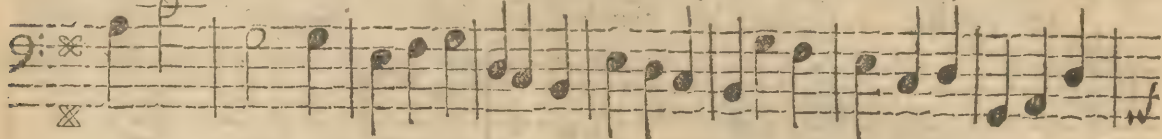
## A Song set by Captain Pack.



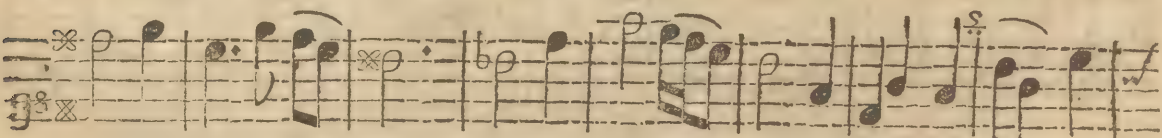
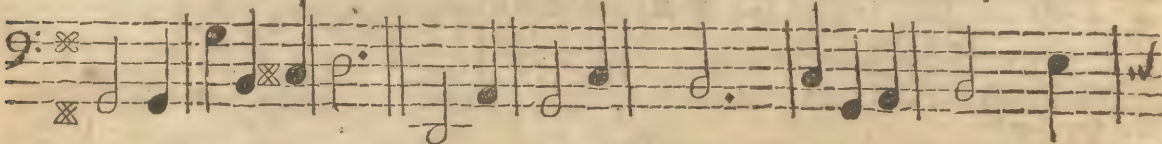
A S K me not to Sing, dear creature, nor so much my Face be—hold; since you



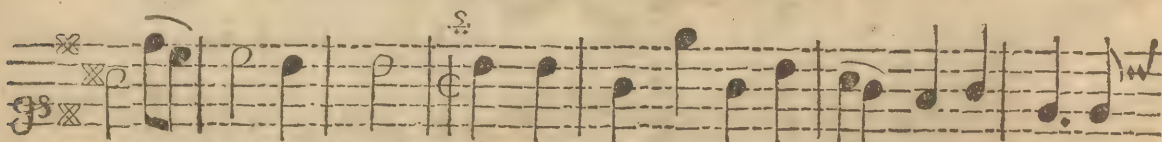
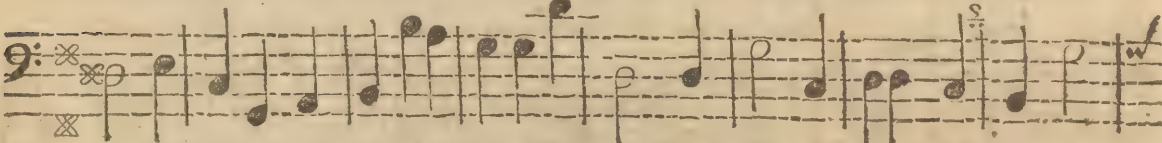
know both Voice and Feature, Voice and Feature, so dis—order'd, so dis—



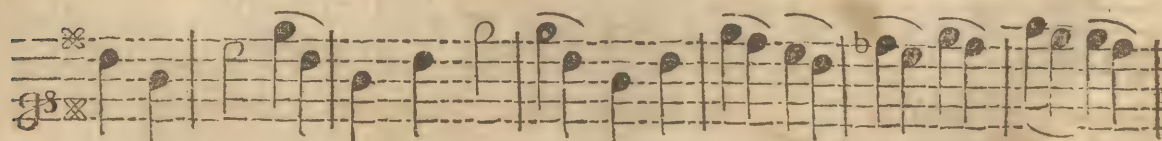
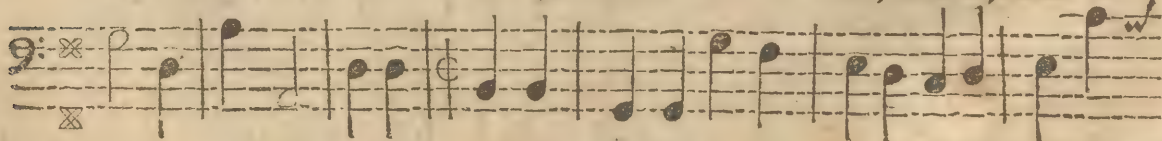
—order'd by a Cold: Must I Sing with—out a Voice, will you then



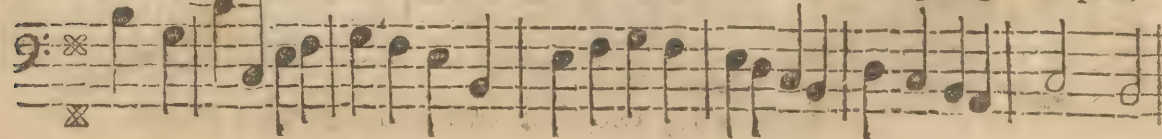
not, then not be con—tent? pray Sir play, nay be not nice, no mat—ter



for an In—strument. Why these Reasons all in vain, must I, what I

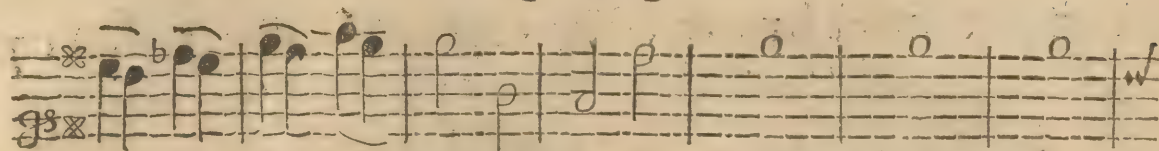


cannot, doe? fair Cinthia, fair, fair Cinthia, oh I. Sing, Sing in pain,

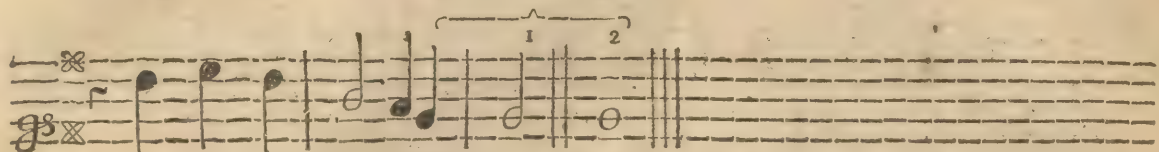
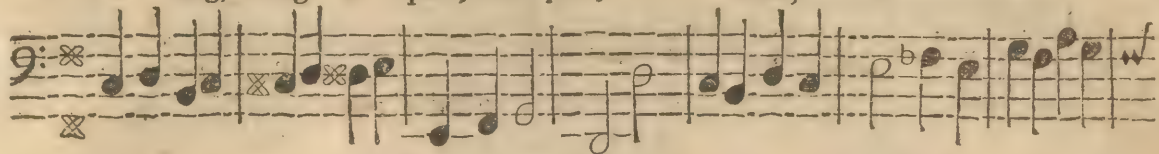




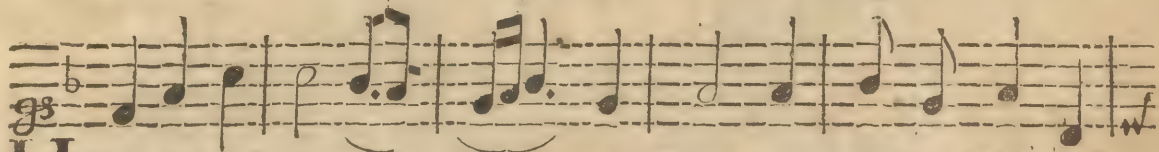
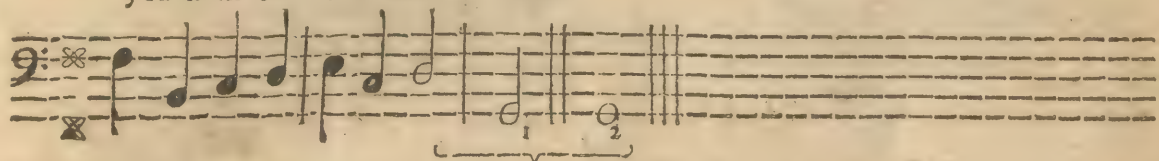
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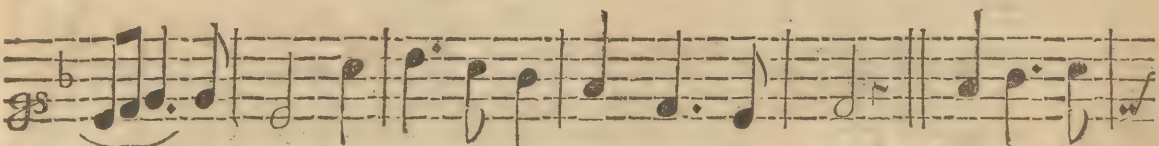
I Sing, Sing in pain, in pain, I vow,



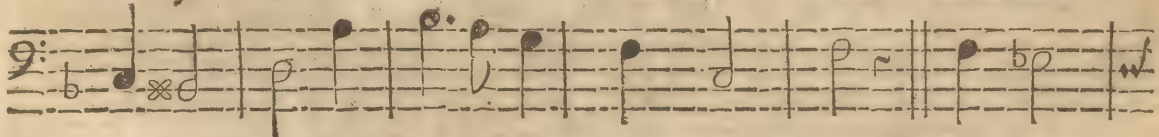
you must ex—cuse me now.



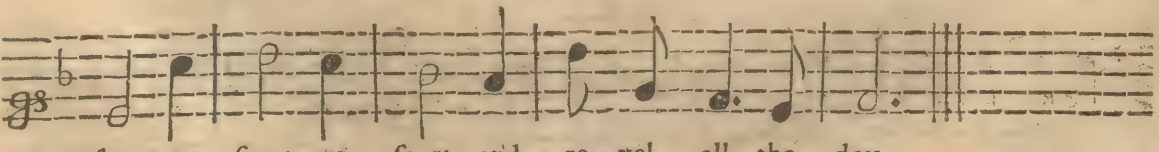
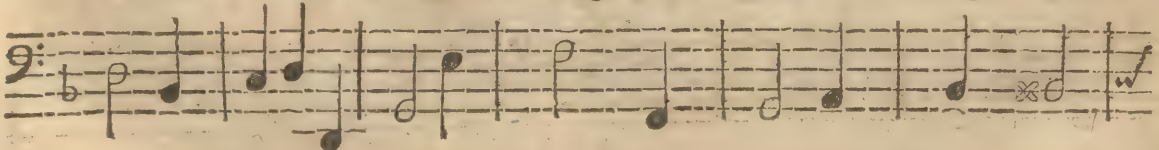
**H**ow happy are we Nymphs and Swains, here neither Pride nor



En—vy reigns; no vain am—bi-tious thought mo—lests The qui-et



calmness of our breasts; We Sing, we dance, we laugh and

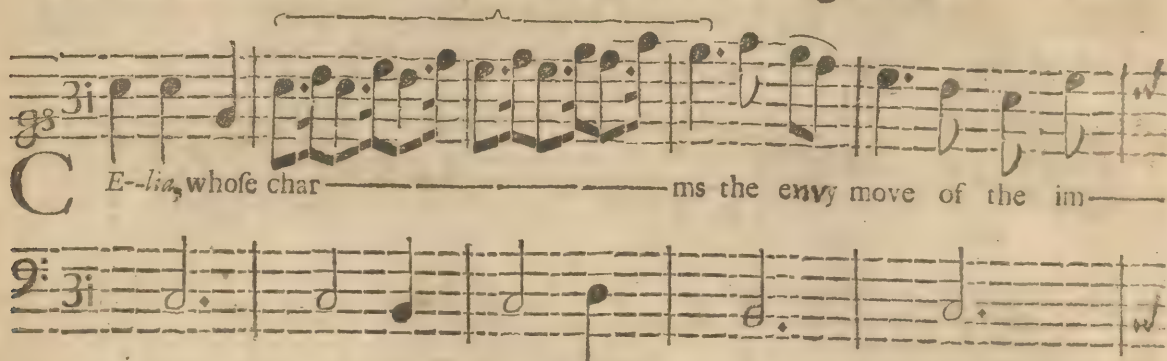


play, we sport, we sport, and re—vel all the day.

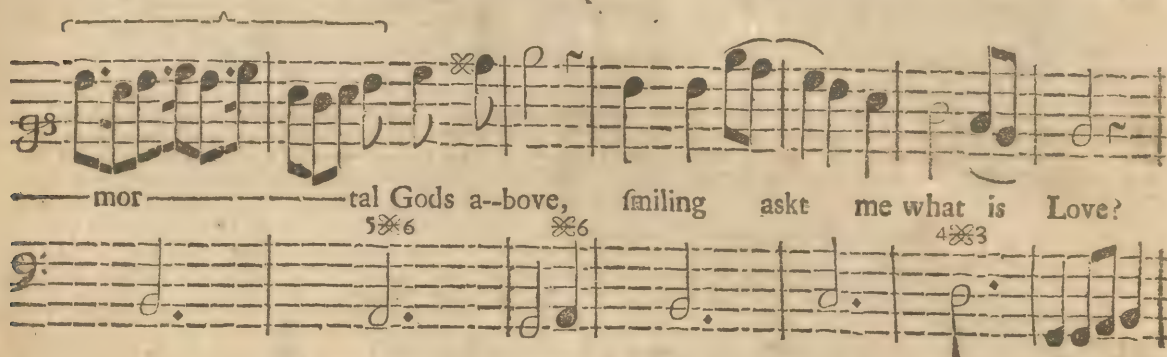




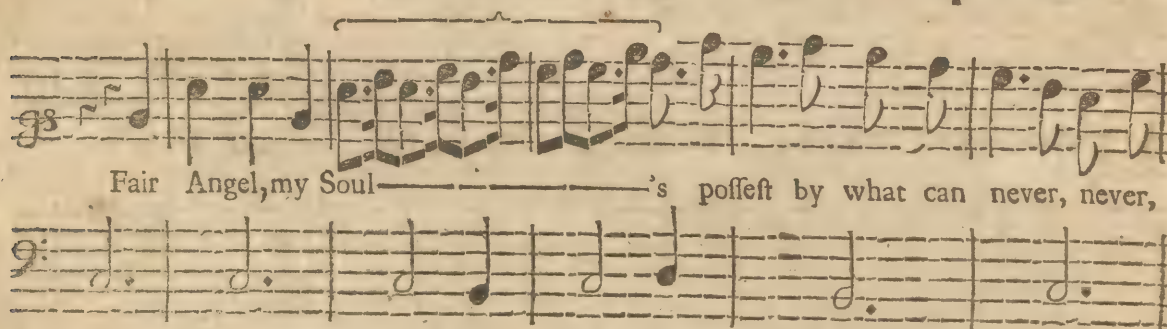
A new Song set by Mr. Godfrey Finger, Sung by the Boy  
at the Confort in Dukestreet Coventgarden.



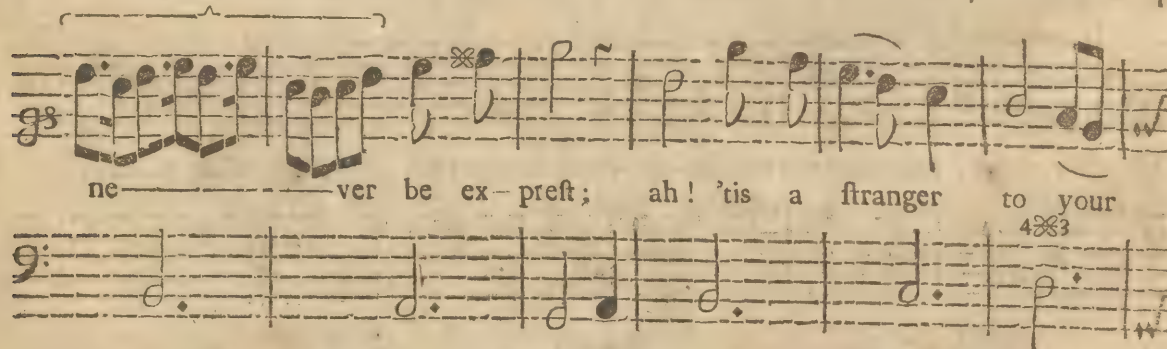
*E-lia*, whose char ————— ms the envy move of the im —



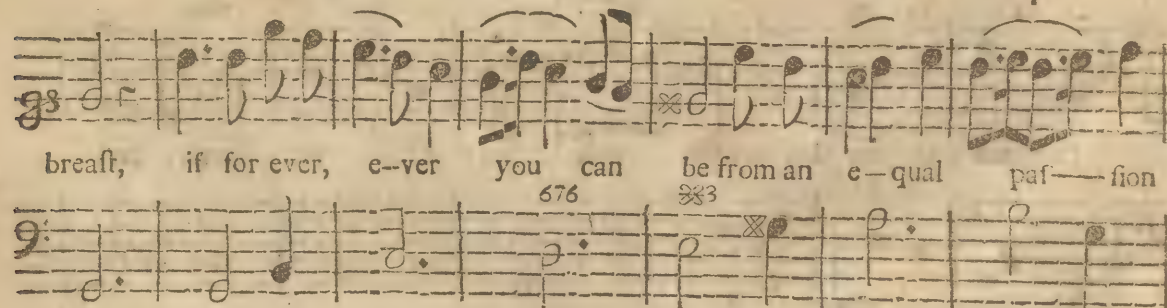
mor ————— tal Gods a-bove, smiling askt me what is Love?  
5\*6 6 4\*3



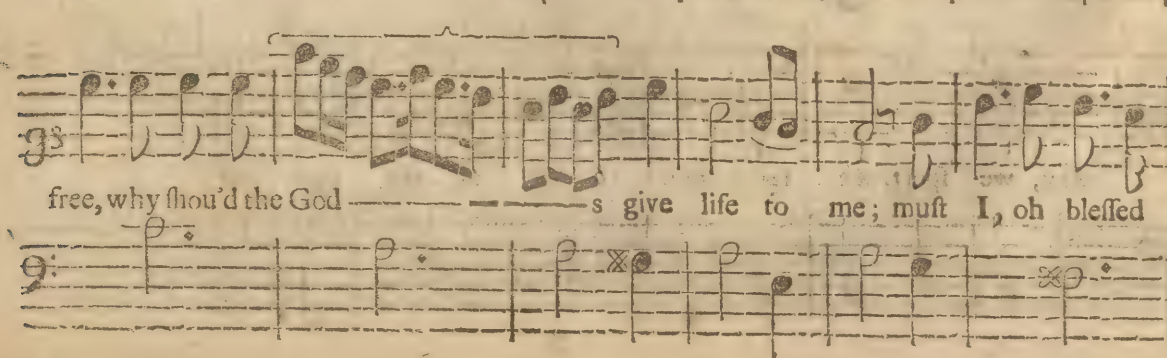
Fair Angel, my Soul —————'s posselt by what can never, never,



ne ————— ver be ex-prest; ah! 'tis a firanger to your  
4\*3



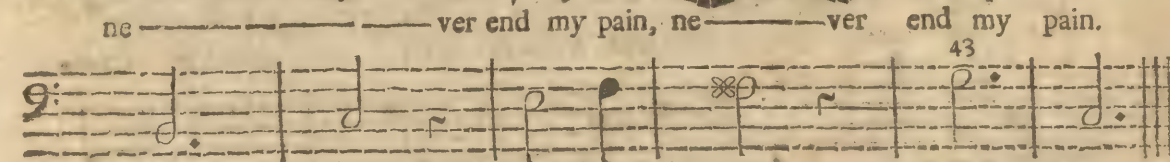
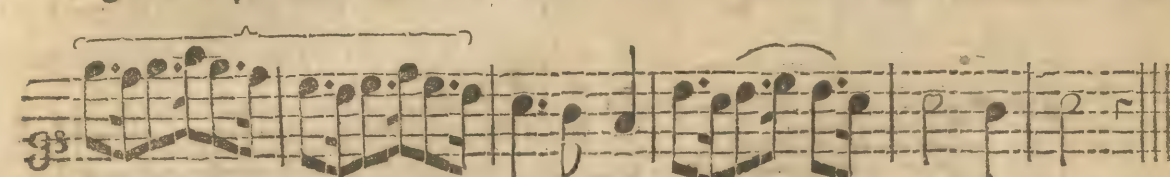
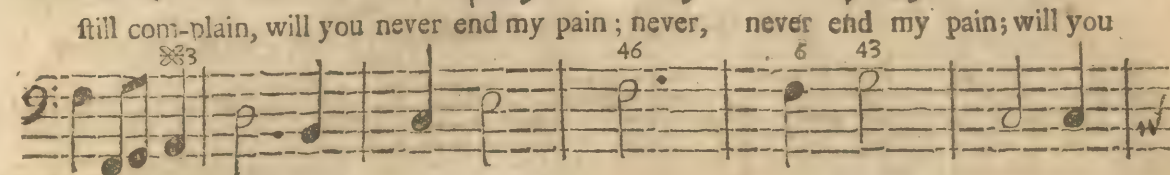
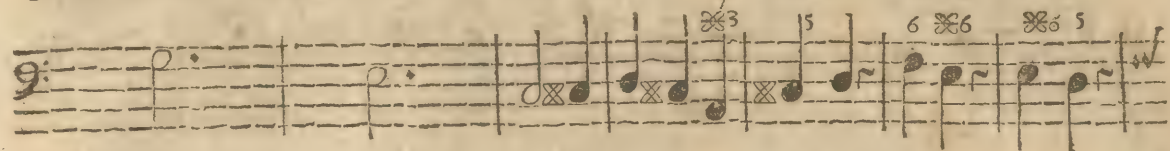
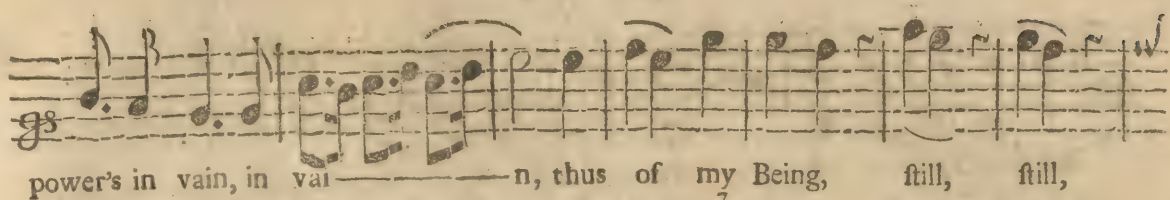
breast, if for ever, e-ver you can be from an e-qual pas-sion  
676 3



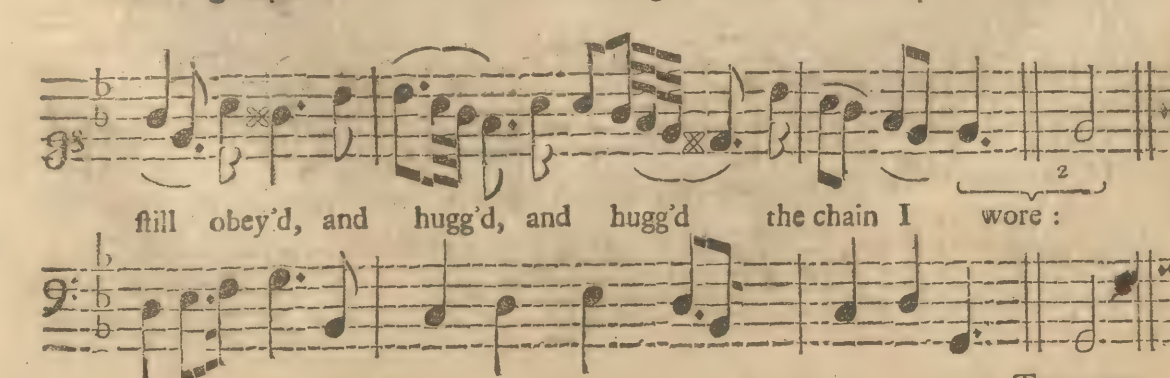
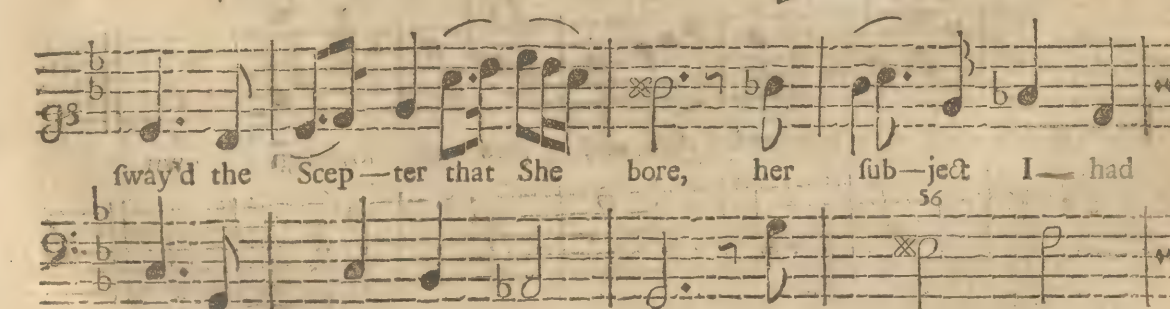
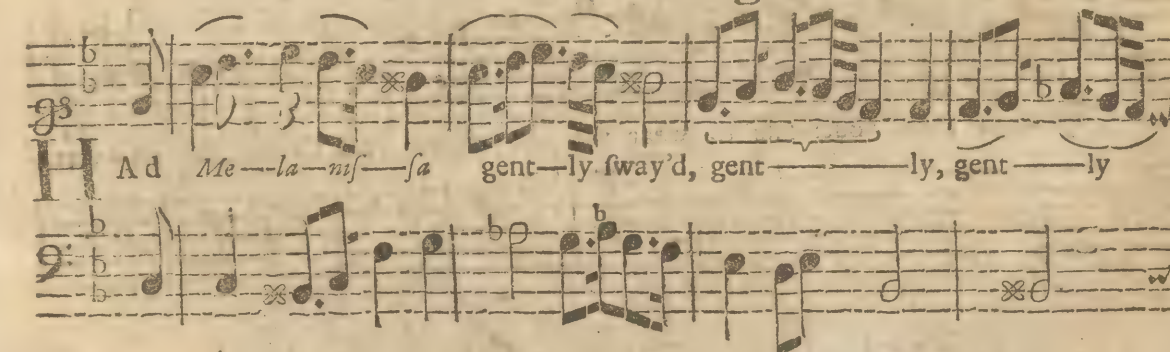
free, why shou'd the God —————s give life to me; must I, oh blessed



## [ II ]



## A New Song.



Turn over.



But since by boundless ty-ran-ny she for— fit—ted her

right, the throne now vacant, I'm left free, the throne now va-cant

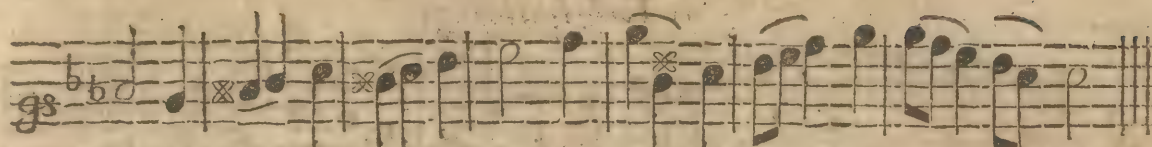
I'm left free, I'm left free, a—no—ther to in-vite: Come

Syl-via then vouch-safe to wear the ab-di-ca-ted Crown, thy go-vern-

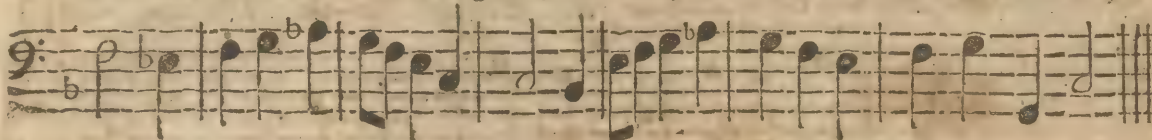
—ment I'll free-ly bear, and thee, and thee my sov'reign own.

Ill u-sage there, did to dis-card al--le-giance me com-pell; But





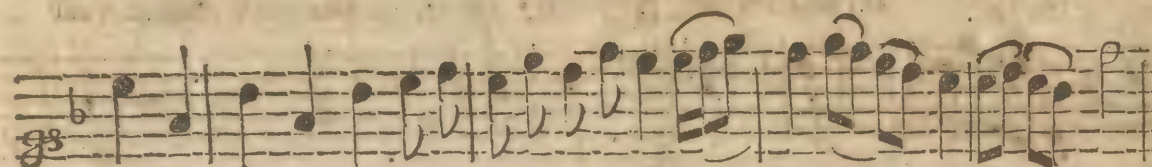
here such Goodness stands as guard, no fear, no fear I shou'd re-bell.



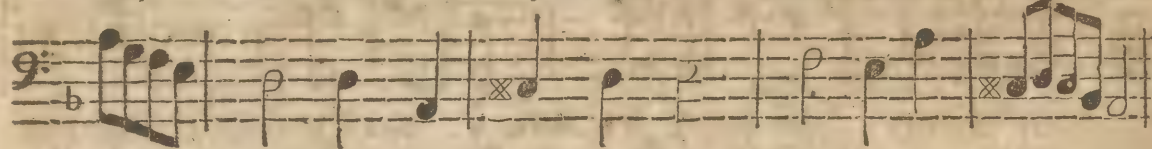
### A New Scotch Song.



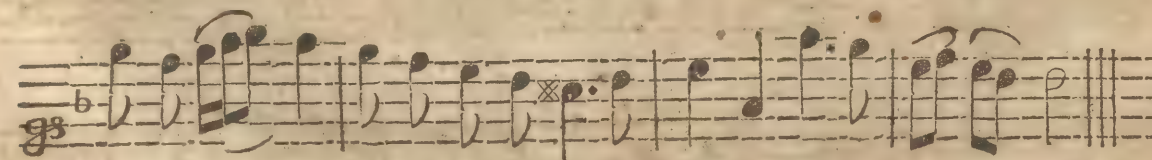
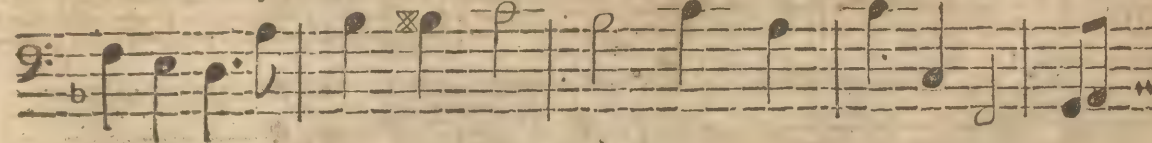
Aw-ney, let us gang a-way to Kirk with all the beau Valk, and our bift Cloathes



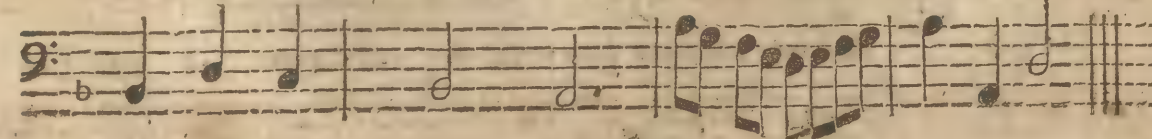
on, in troth I'll make of a bonny, bonny Lass, as blith a Mate as a-ny one:



I'll can tarry now no longer, wilt thou wed me, yea or no? if yee



wou not ha me, do not say yee Love, it boots not me to dal-ly fo.





A Song set by Mr. Robert King, Sung at the Confort  
in *Tork-Buildings*.

*Tre-phon*, why wou'd you deceive me, all your lit-tle Arts are lost;

you shall, if you can be-lieve me, never, nev-er in my ru-ine

boast: If you'd see my pas-sion raging, you must change your

rambling Scene; con-stant-cy is more, is more in-gaging, than your

Wit, or Fan-ty Mien. But oh! constan-cy's a stranger, to your

Modish fic-kle mind; while you shew your self a Ranger, I must shew



my self un-kind; while you shew your self a Ranger, I must

shew my self un-kind.

*An Epithalamium, set by Mr. Robert King.*

He la-zy Sun withdraws at last his too of-ficious light,

The la-zy Sun withdraws at last his too officious light, and leaves the

and leaves the Lovers now to tast the Pleasures of the Night;

Lovers, and leaves the Lovers now to tast the Pleasures of the Night;

Turn over.



Had *Thetis*, Mistress of the Sun, half *Me-li-*

Had *Thetis*, Mistress, had *Thetis*, Mistress of the Sun, half *Me-li-*

—o—ra's Charms, the God his Course had swif—ter run, had

—o—ra's Charms, the God his Course had swif—ter

swif—ter run, and rush't in—to her Arms, and

run, had swif—ter run, and rush't in—to her Arms, and

rush't, and rush't in—to her Arms.

rush't, and rush't in—to her Arms.

## II.

To Bed, to Bed, ye happy Pair,  
The important NOW enjoy;  
You'll find a thousand fond Ways there,  
Each minute to employ.

Transported with too eager Bliss,  
Love's mystick ways you'll try;  
And in a wonderfull Abyss  
Of Rapturs both will dye.



Chorus.

But oh! ye am-rous pow'rs a-bove, who fill the glitt'ring Court of Jove; which of you

But oh! ye am-rous pow'rs a-bove, who fill the glitt'ring Court of Jove;

all, which of you all, which of you all, blest as you are,

which of you all, which of you all, all, all, blest as you are, wou'd not

wou'd not be the Bridgroom here, and put off I—mor—tal—li—ty,

be, wou'd not be the Bridgroom here, and put off I—mor—talli—ty,

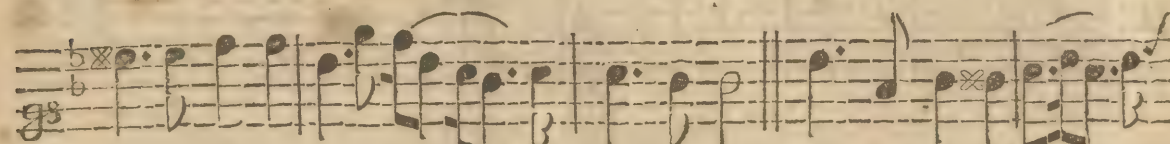
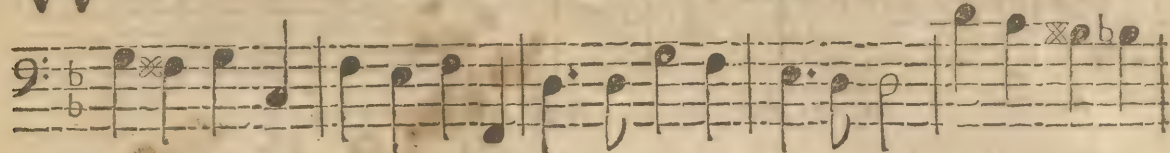
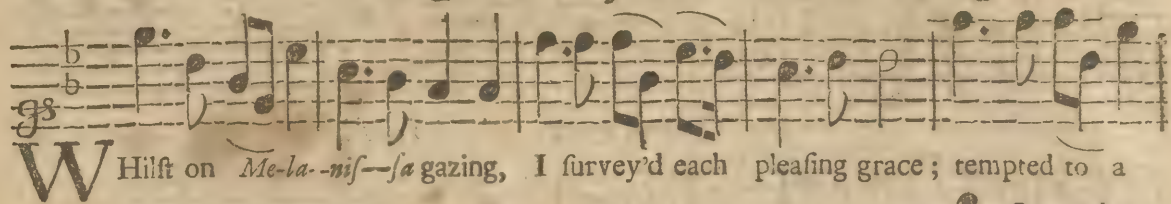
so sweet, so sweet, so sweet, so sweet, so sweet a death to die.

so sweet, so sweet, so sweet, so sweet, so sweet a death to die.

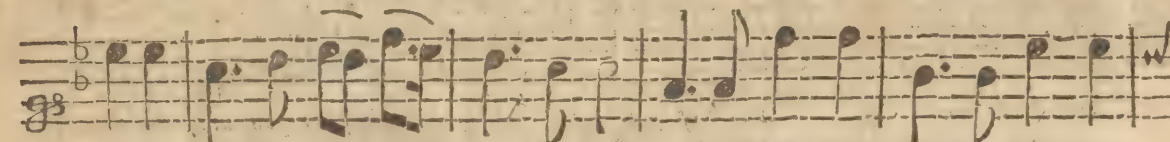
7 65 43 76 5 4 3



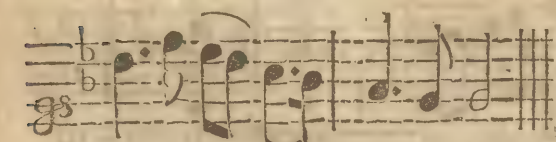
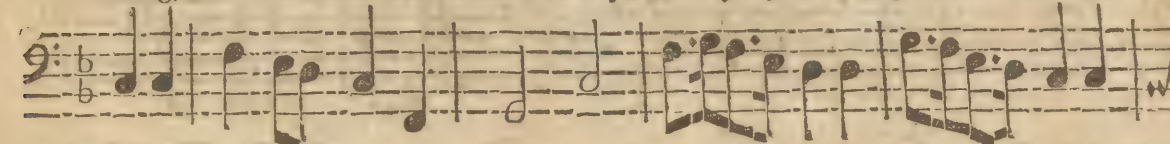
## A New Song set by Mr. Robert King.



soft embracing, I ap—proach her Beauteous Face; where with endless rap—tures



Kissing, I cou'd breath my Soul a—way; but my Eyes their pleasures missing,



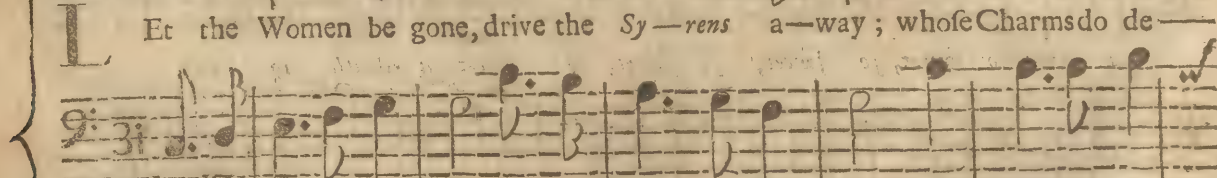
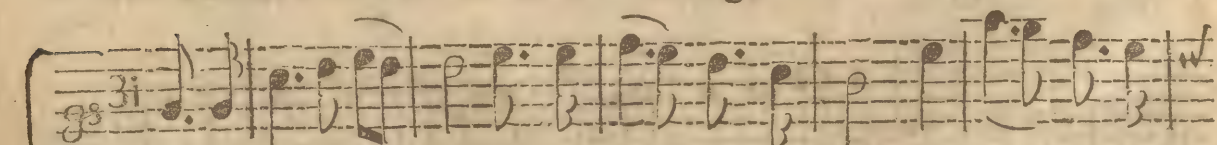
Chide my Lips too long de—lay.



## II.

Least the Eye shou'd loose its longing,  
I a while quit t'other blifs;  
Till my Lips their loss bemoaning,  
Prompt me to a second Kiss.  
Thus perpetually renewing  
Those two never fading joys;  
Kissing her by turns and Viewing,  
Pleas'd I feast both Lips and Eyes.

## A New Song.



Let the Women be gone, drive the *Sy-rens* a—way; whose Charms do de—





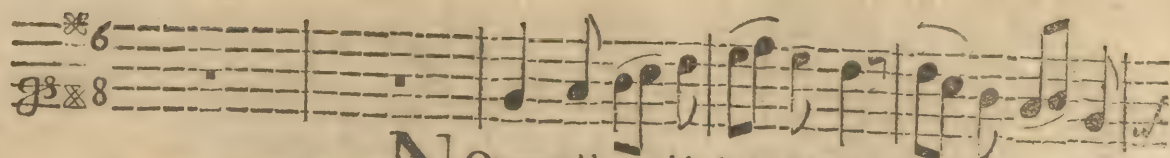
-ceive us, and Smiles but be-tray; the pleasure, the plea-sure they bring, proves

of-ten a Curse; for when once we have took 'em for Better for Worse, we

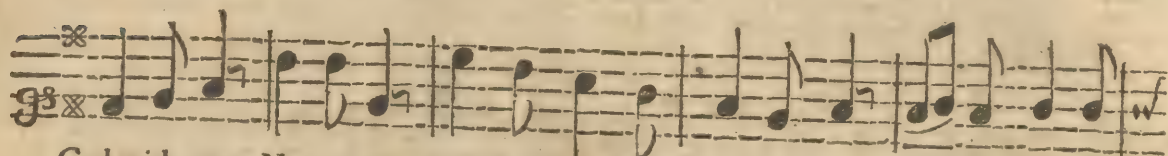
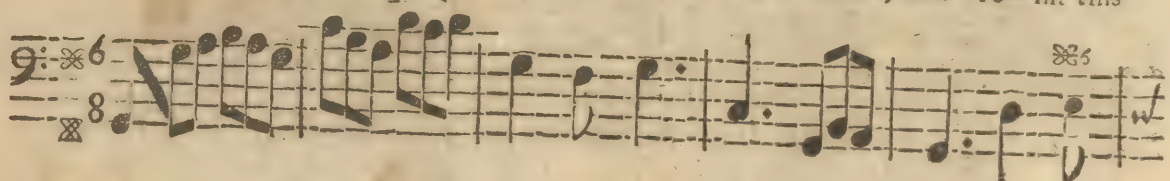
Nause'ate the Toy, we late did a-dore; and call her a

Fiend, we thought An-gel be-fore.

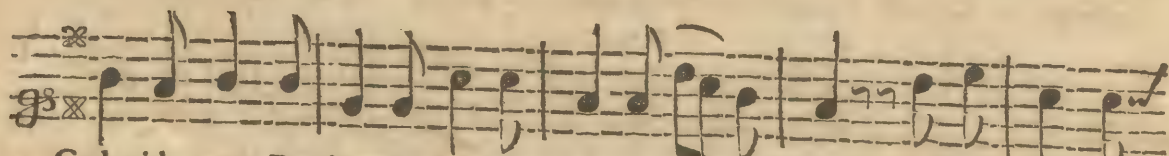
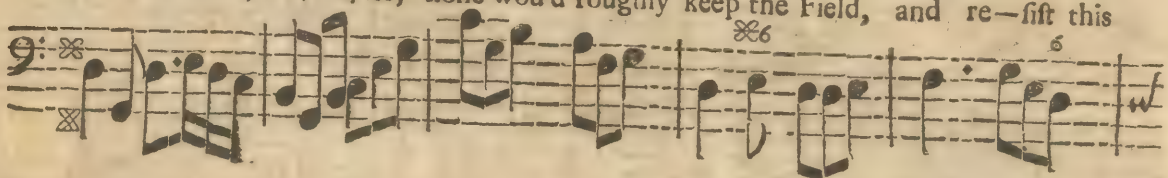




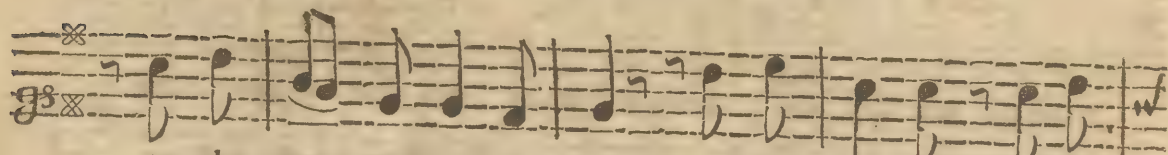
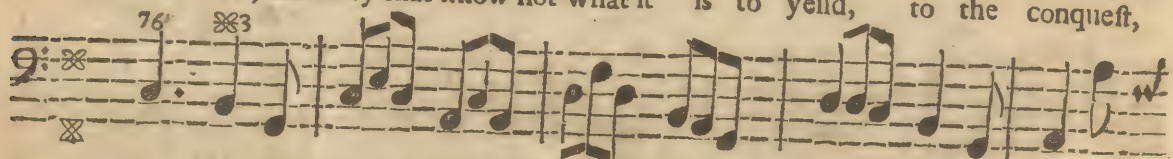
N One wou'd roughly keep the Field, and re-sist this



God with care; No, no, no, none wou'd roughly keep the Field, and re-sist this



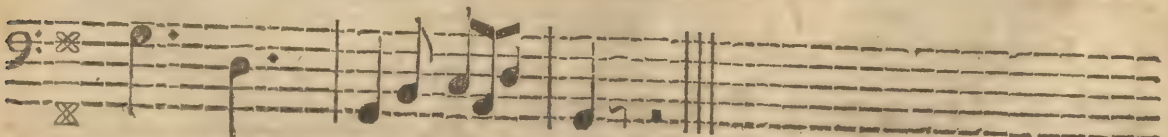
God with care; But they that know not what it is to yeild, to the conquest,



to the con-quest of the fair; to the conquest, to the



con-quest of the fair.





[ 21 ]

## A New Song set by Mr. Godfrey Finger.

O

Ur Hearts are touch't with sacred fires, with sacred

fires: our Hearts are touch'd with sacred fires, with sacred fires ;

our Hearts are touch'd with sacred fires, with sacred fires : A gen'rous

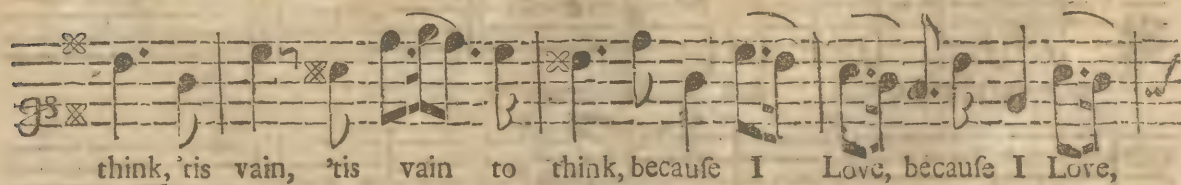
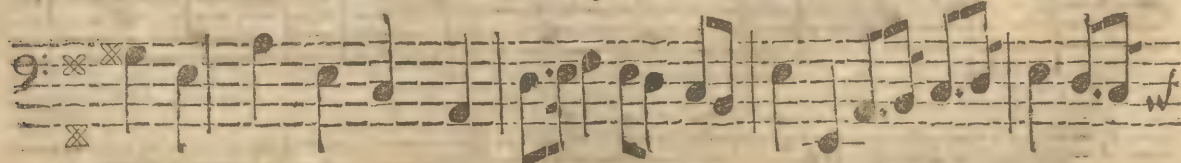
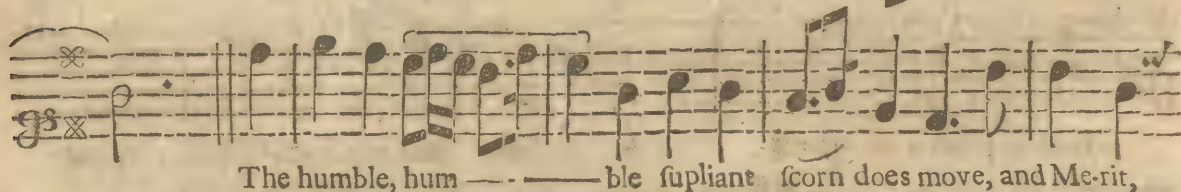
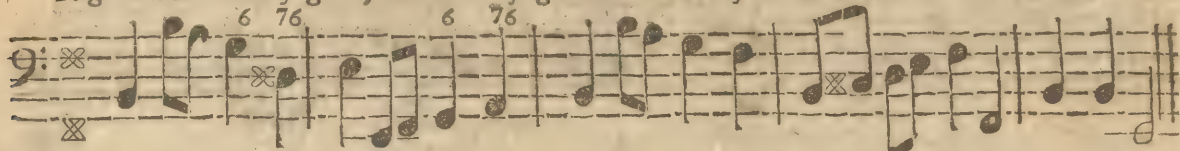
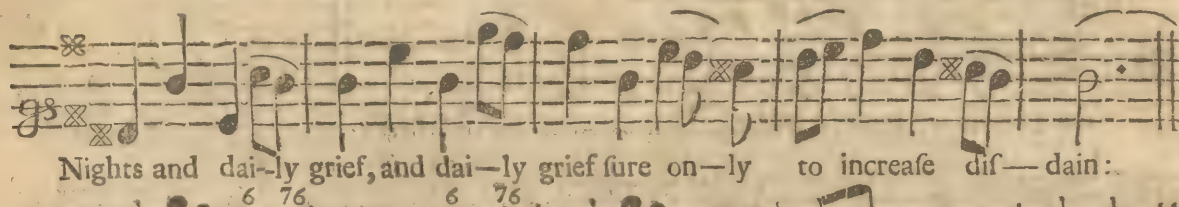
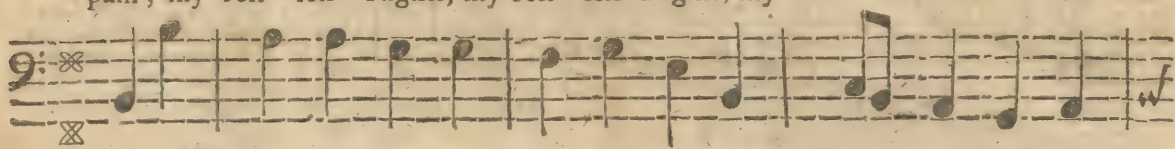
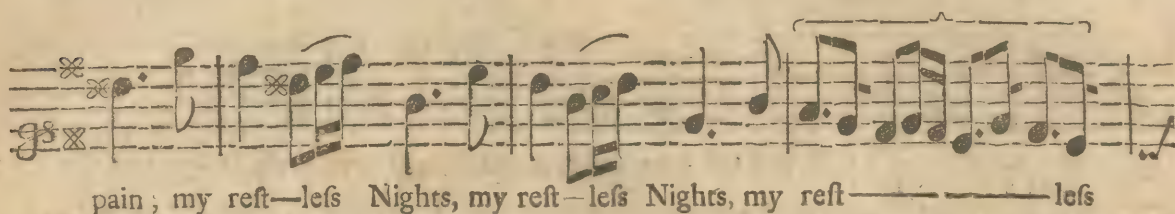
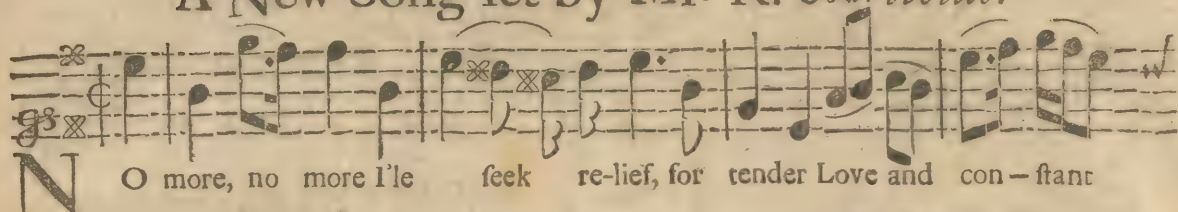
heat our Souls in—spires, A gen'rous heat our Souls in—spires

with rap—tures and with soft de—sires, with

rap—tures and with soft de—sires.



## A New Song set by Mr. R. Courtiville.





## [ 23 ]

Love, she must with e—qual, she must with e—  
qual pas—sion burn, she burn.

## A New Song set by Mr. William Turner.

A H! Cru-el Youth, why hast thou took a Heart, I with such care still kept it

as my own; loath and un-willing it was to de-part, for fear of meet-ing

no re—turn. But now 'tis gone, gone past re-trieve, has quitted his a—

—bode, and ne—ver ask'd me leave.

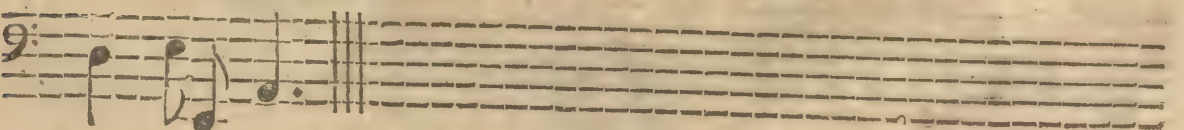
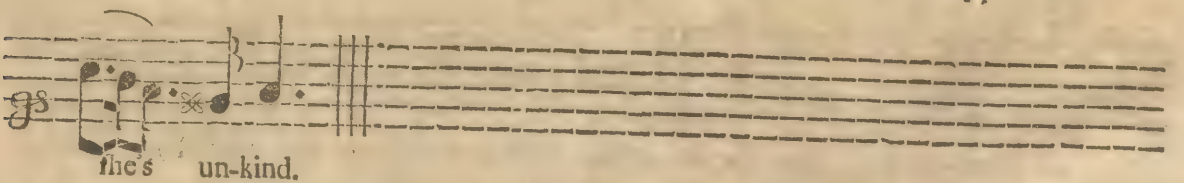
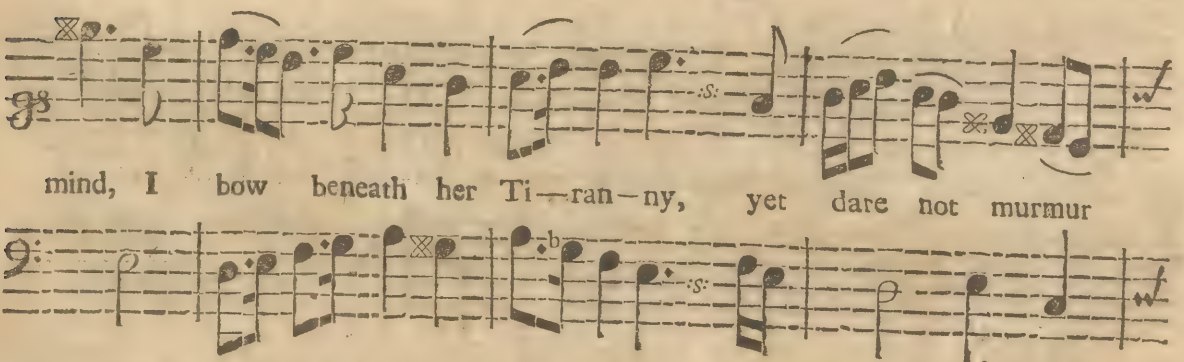
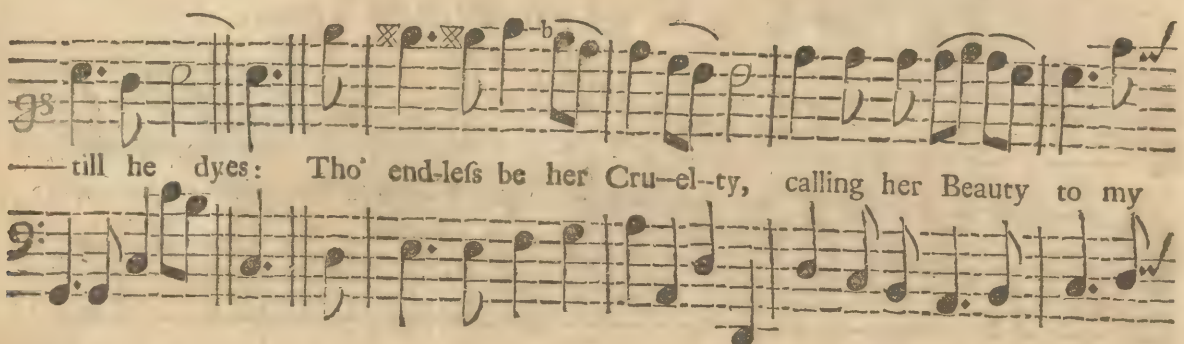
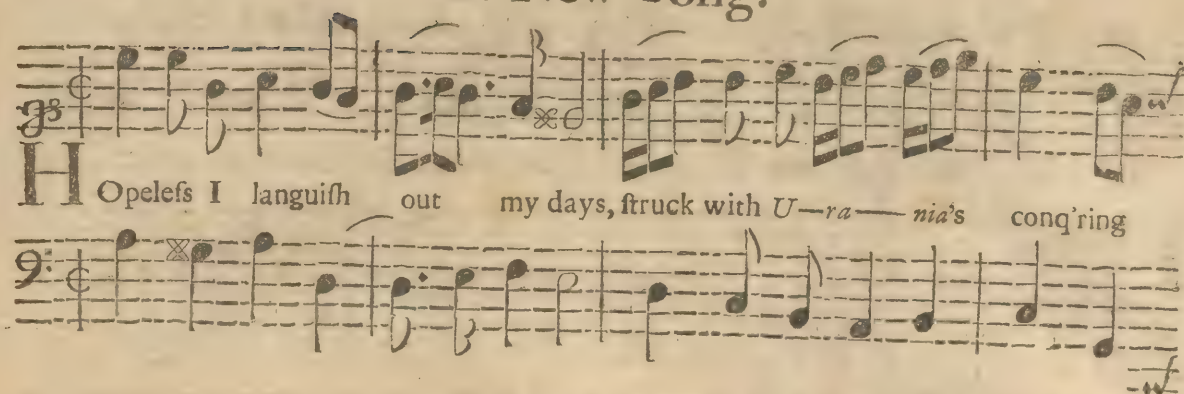
Sure he's a Charm beyond all Human kind,  
Else he cou'd ne're have pierc'd my fickle breast;

II.  
I, who was ne're to busy Love inclin'd,  
Am his slave and robb'd of all my rest:  
S: My Heart is fled, fled past recall,  
This Covetous Love (I fear) has grasp'd it all.

III.  
When first I saw him 'twas with no design,  
But only curious humour to oblige;  
Yet was his Sense, His Tongue, both so divine,  
'Gainst his Charms I nothing cou'd alledge:  
S: But found too late I must submit,  
As due to both his Goodness, and engaging Wit.



## A New Song.



## II.

Reason this tameness does upbraid,  
 Proffring to Arm in my defence;  
 But, when I call her to my aid,  
 She's more a Traytor than my Friend:  
 No sooner I the War declare,  
 But strait her Succour she denies;  
 And joyning Forces with the Fair,  
 Confirms the Conquest of her Eyes.

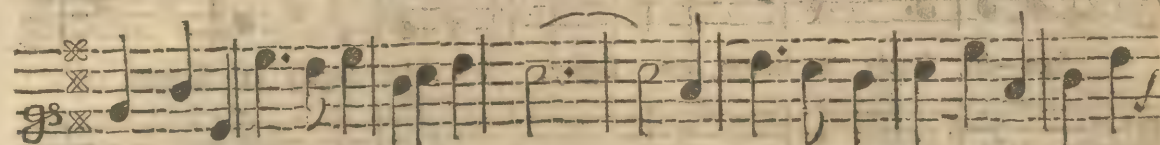
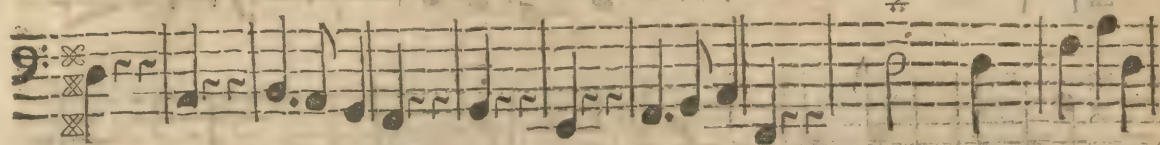


# A Song in the last New Play call'd, (*Love for Love.*)

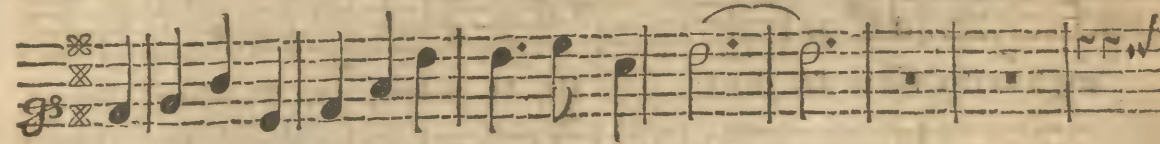
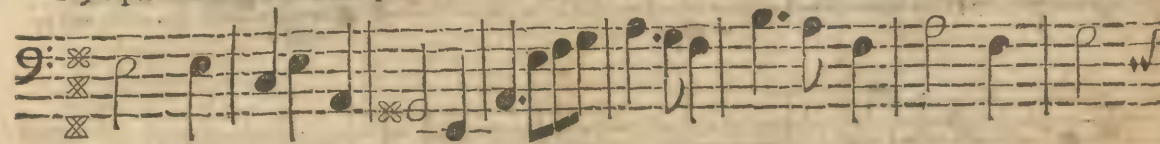
Sung by Mr. Pate, Set by Mr. John Eccles



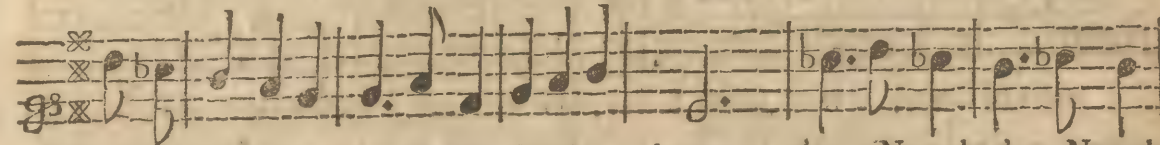
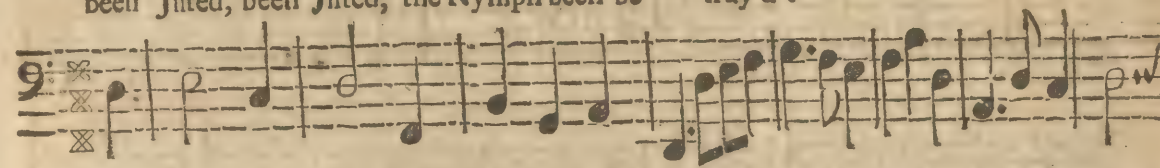
A Nymph and a Swain, a



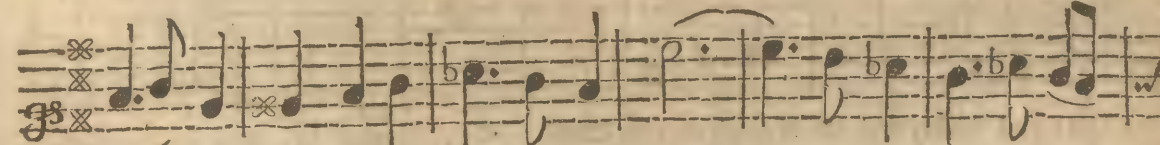
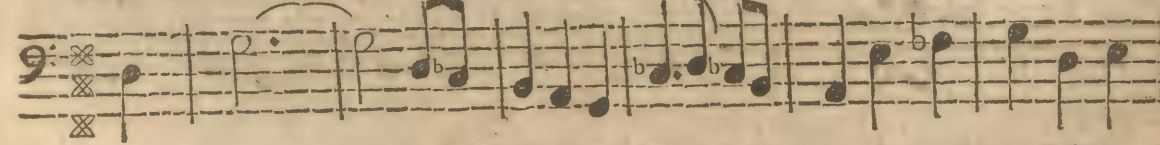
Nymph and a Swain to *A-pol-lo* once pray'd; the Swain had been Jilted, the Swain had



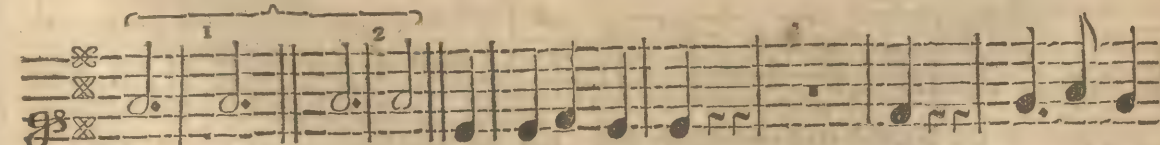
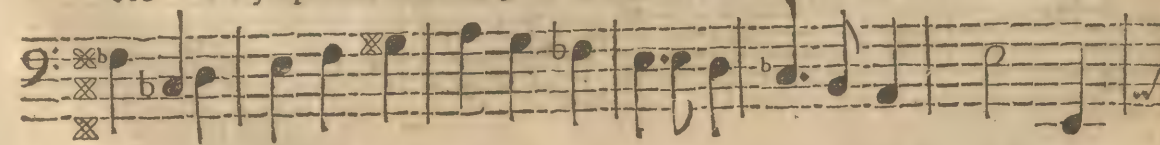
been Jilted, been Jilted, the Nymph been be—tray'd :



Their in-tent was to try if his Oracle knew e're a Nymph, e're a Nymph,



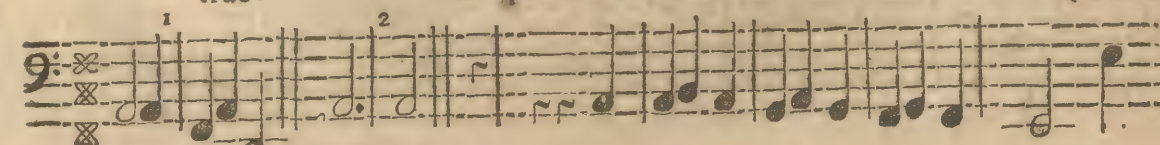
e're a Nymph that was Chast, that was Chast, or a Swain that was



true :

*A-pol-lo* was mute ;

mute, mute, and had





like t'have been pos'd, had like, had like t'have been pos'd, but Sagely

fage—ly, fagely at length, but fagely, fage—ly, fagely at length, at

length he this secret dis-clos'd: He, he a-lone, he, he a-lone won't,

won't be—tray, won't, won't betray, in whom none, none, none will con—fi

de; and the Nymph, the Nymph may be Chast, Chast, may be, may be, maybe,

may be, the Nymph may be chaf, that has ne--ver been try'd; that has

may be, the Nymph may be chaf, that has ne--ver been try'd; that has

may be, the Nymph may be chaf, that has ne--ver been try'd; that has

may be, the Nymph may be chaf, that has ne--ver been try'd; that has

may be, the Nymph may be chaf, that has ne--ver been try'd; that has

may be, the Nymph may be chaf, that has ne--ver been try'd; that has

may be, the Nymph may be chaf, that has ne--ver been try'd; that has

may be, the Nymph may be chaf, that has ne--ver been try'd; that has



never, never, never, never, never has, never, that never has, never has,  
 never been try'd. try'd that has try'd.

The Sailers Song in the last new Play call'd (*Love for Love.*)  
 Sung by Mr. Doggett. Set by Mr. John Eccles.

A Soldier and a Saylour, a Tinker and a Taylour, had once a doubtfull  
 strife Sir, to make a Maid a Wife Sir; whose name was Buxome Joan, whose  
 name was Buxome Joan: For now the time was ended, when she no more in  
 tended, to lick her Lips at Men Sir, and gnaw the Sheets in vain Sir, and  
 lye a nights a—lone, and lye a nights a—lone.

II.

The Soldier swore like Thunder,  
 He lov'd her more than Plunder;  
 And shew'd her many a Scar Sir,  
 Which he had brought from far Sir,  
 With Fighting for her sake.  
 The Taylour thought to please her,  
 With offering her his measure;  
 The Tinker, too with Mettle,  
 Said he wou'd mend her Kettle,  
 And stop up ev'ry Leak.

III.

But while these three were prating,  
 The Saylour slyly waiting,  
 Thought if it came about Sir,  
 That they shou'd all fall out Sir,  
 He then might play his part;  
 And just e'n as he meant Sir,  
 To Loggerheads they went Sir;  
 And then he let fly at her,  
 A shot twixt Wind and Water,  
 Which won this fair Maids Heart.



## A Two Part Song by Mr. Henry Purcell.

The musical score is written for two voices, Soprano and Alto, in G minor (one flat) and 3/4 time. The lyrics are as follows:

**Two Daughters of this Aged stream are**

**Two Daughters of this Aged stream are we, Two**

**we, two Daughters of this aged stream**

**Daughters of this aged stream are wee, two Daughters of this a—**

**m are we, and both our Sea-green Locks have comb'd, and both our**

**ged stream are we, and both our Sea-green Locks have comb'd for**

**Sea—green Locks have comb'd, have comb'd for yee; come, come, come, come**

**ye, and both our Sea-green Locks have comb'd for yee; come, come,**

The score features various musical notations including treble and bass clefs, a key signature of one flat, and time signature of 3/4. It includes rests, notes, and ornaments (marked with 'x'). The lyrics are placed below the corresponding musical staves.



bathe with us an hour or two, come, come, come, come na-ked in for

we are so, what danger, what danger from a na-ked foe;  
we are so, what danger, from a na-ked foe; come, come,

come, come bathe with us, come, come bathe and share what plea

sures in the Floods ap-pear; we'll beat the Waters



till they bound, we'll beat the Waters till they bound, and cir

bound, we'll beat the Waters till they bound, and cir

O

cle roun—d, and cir—cle

cle roun—d, and cir—cle

roun—d, and cir—cle round.

roun—d, and cir—cle round.

Mr. Picket's Song, Sung at St. Celia's Feast by Mr. Robart.

He

The Con—



con — fort

fort, the Con — fort of the

sprink — ling Lute;

sprink — ling

the sprink — ling, the

the sprink — ling, the

sprink — ling Lute, has struck the boast-ing Conq'rors' mute;

sprink — ling Lute, has struck the boast-ing Conq'rors' mute;



Hearts now like it trem

ble and . grieve, Souls like

Sound s their Man--fi-- ons touch, touch,

touch, touch, the dan-- cing Strings a--



gain; let me dye, dye, dye with ev'ry

Strain; let me

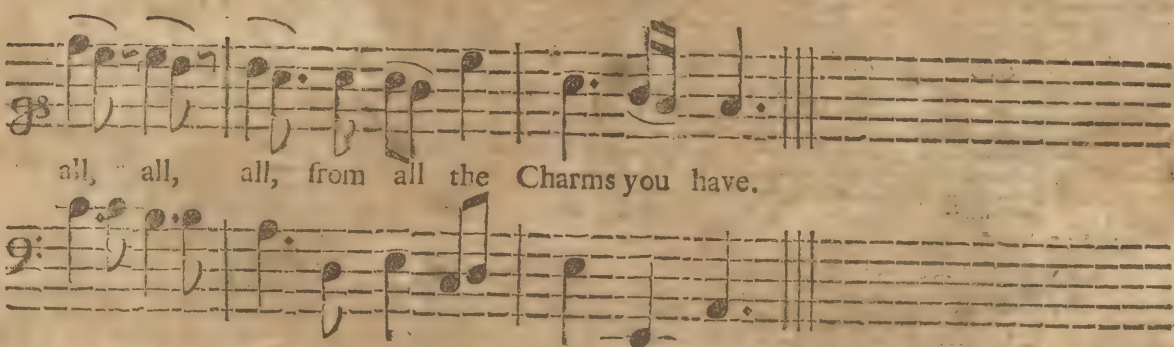
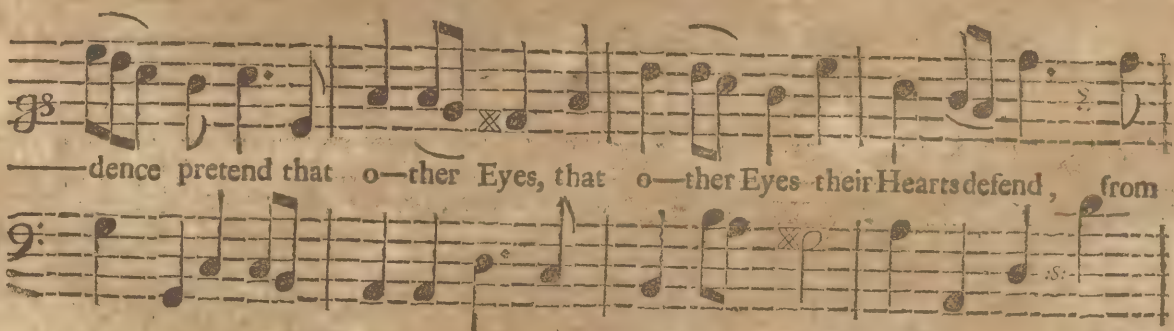
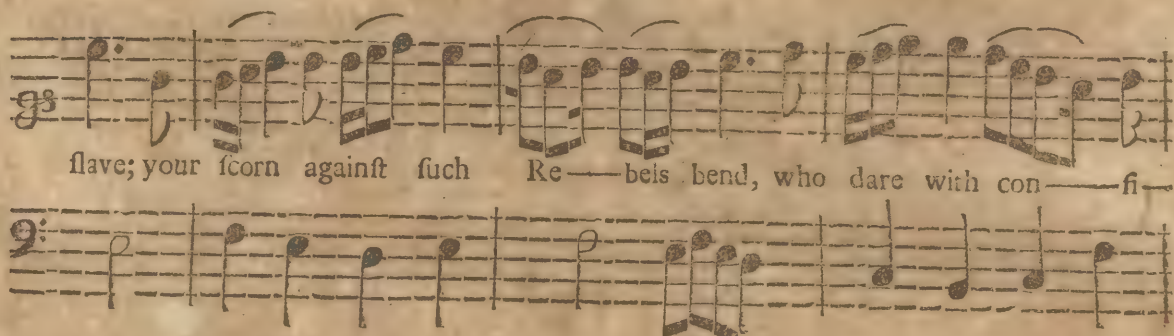
dye with ev-ry

Strain, let me dye with ev-ry Strain.

K



## A New Song.



II.

Your conquering Eyes so partiall are,  
 Or Mankind is so dull,  
 That while I Languish in despair,  
 Many proud senseless Hearts declare,  
 They find you not :S: so killing fair,  
 To wish——you mercifull.

III.

They—an inglorious freedom boast,  
 I Triumph in my Chain;  
 Nor am I unreveng'd, tho' lost,  
 Nor you unpunish'd, tho' unjust,  
 When I alone :S: who love you most,  
 Am kill'd——with your disdain.

F I N I S.



THESAURUS MUSICUS:  
BEING, A  
COLLECTION of the Newest SONGS  
PERFORMED

At His Majesties Theatres; and at the Confort in  
*Viller-street* in York-buildings. Most of the Songs  
being within the Compass of the *Flute*.

WITH A  
Thorow-Bass to each SONG, for the *Harpficord*, *Theorbo*, or *Bass-Viol*.  
To which is Annexed,  
A Collection of *AIR S*, Composed for Two *Flutes*, by several Masters.

THE FIFTH BOOK.



L O N D O N,

Printed by *J. Heptinstall*, for *John Hudgebutt*, and are to be sold by *Samuel Scott*, at  
his Shop near the *Middle-Temple-Gate* in *Fleetstreet*, and *Daniel Dring* at the *Har-*  
*row* and *Crown* at the corner of *Cliffords-Inn-Lane* in *Fleetstreet*, where Masters and  
Shopkeepers may have them. And at most Musick-Shops in Town. 1696.

Price One Shilling Sixpence.



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	B	Page.		L	Page!
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Belinda change your fickle mind,		22		M	
	F		My Suit will be over,		18
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Go home unhappy wretch,		8	To Arms, your Ensigns straight display,		4
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How Peacefull the Days,		24	Unhappy 'tis that I was Born,		21
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	L		Why, Phillis, must your anger try,		27
Let us Revel and Roar,		26	What ungratefull Devil moves you,		36

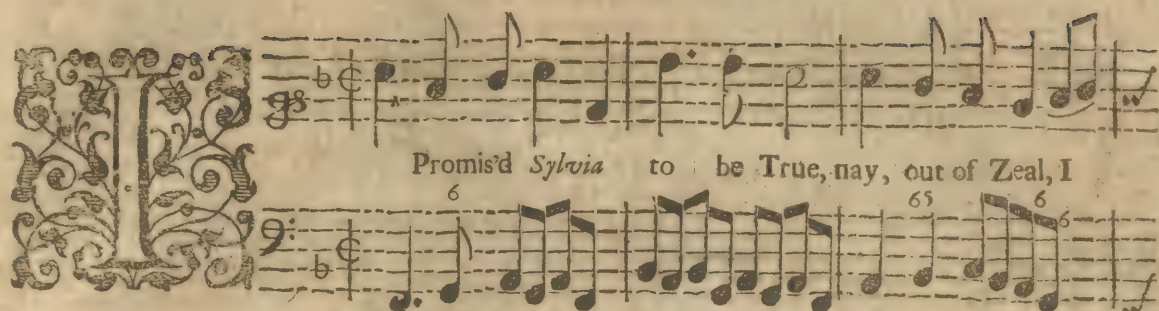
BOOKS Printed for, and Sold by John Hudgebutt.

Theſaurus Muſicus the 1<sup>st</sup>. 2<sup>d</sup>. 3<sup>d</sup>. and 4<sup>th</sup>. Books.

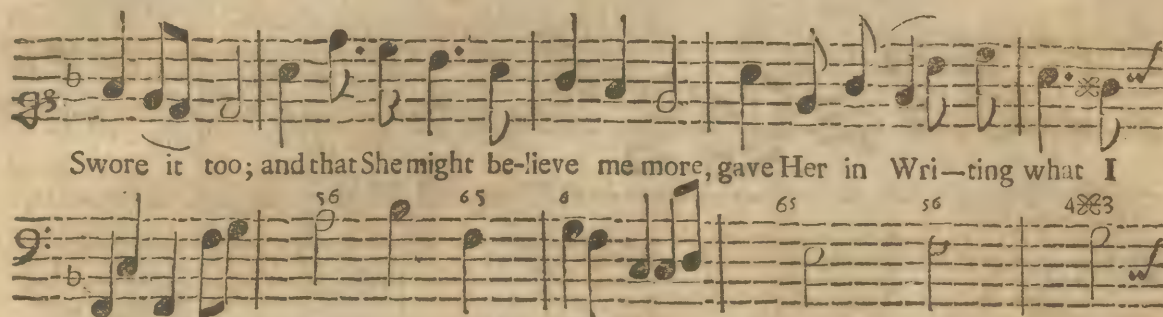
A Collection of New *ATRS*, Compoſed for Two *Flutes*, with *Sonata's*, by ſeveral of the moſt Ingenious Maſters of this Age. Price One Shilling Sixpence.



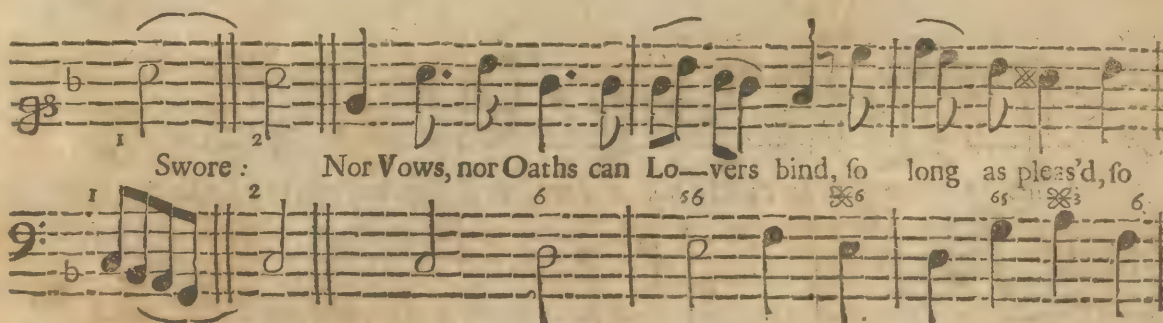
## A Song Sett by Mr. Finger.



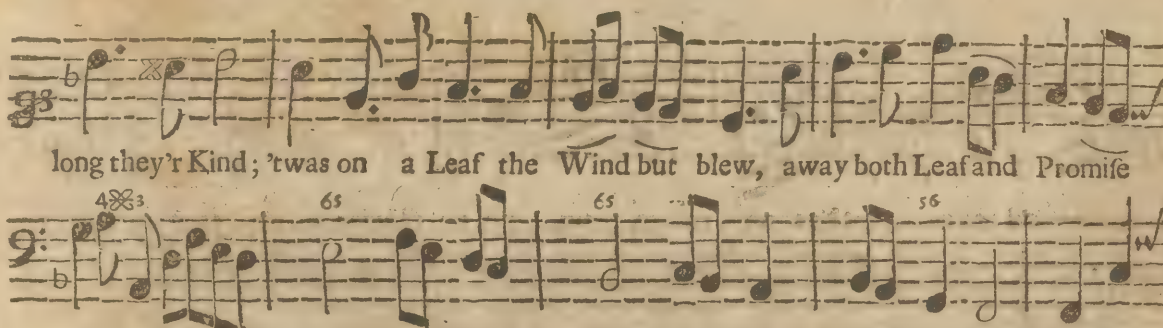
Promis'd Sylvia to be True, nay, out of Zeal, I



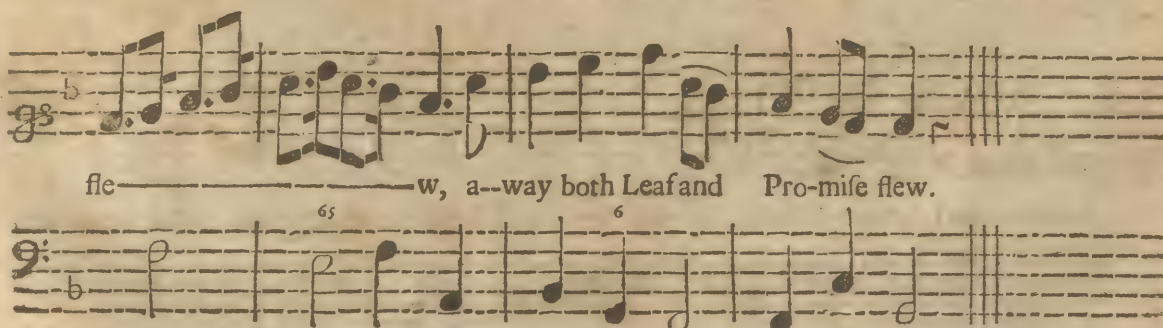
Swore it too; and that She might be-lieve me more, gave Her in Wri-ting what I



Swore: Nor Vows, nor Oaths can Lo-vers bind, so long as pleas'd, so



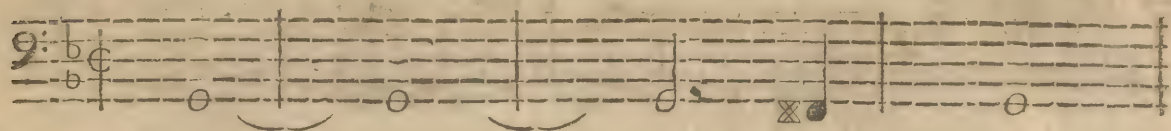
long they'r Kind; 'twas on a Leaf the Wind but blew, away both Leaf and Promise



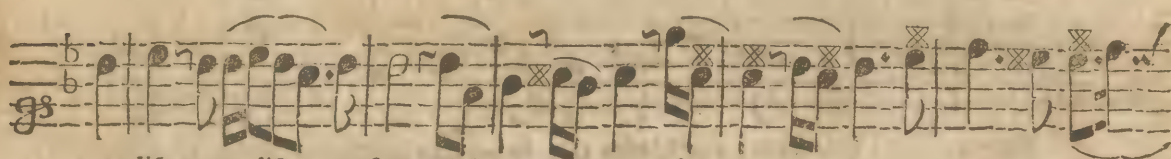
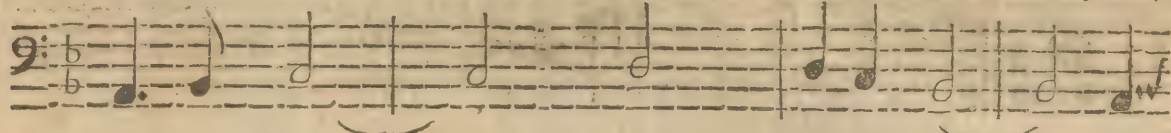
fle w, a-way both Leaf and Pro-mise flew.



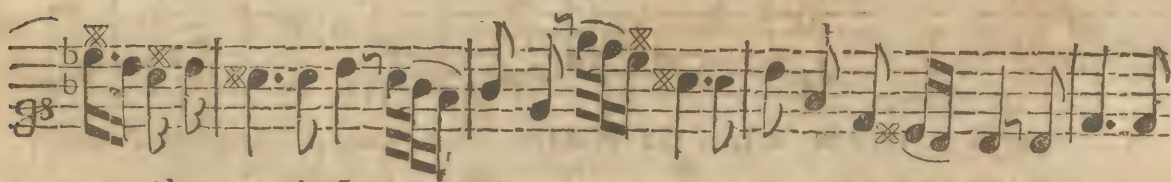
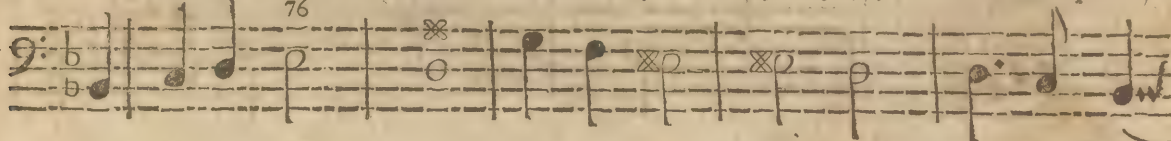
## A Song Sett by Mr. Daniel Purcell.



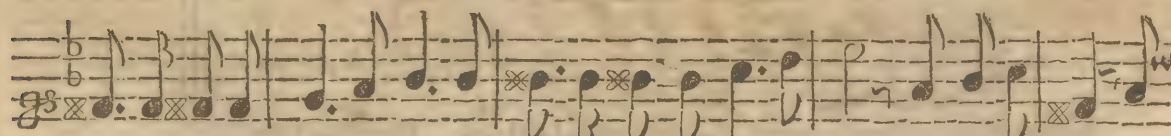
——— like, woun ——— ded Deer, and think by that, and think by that,



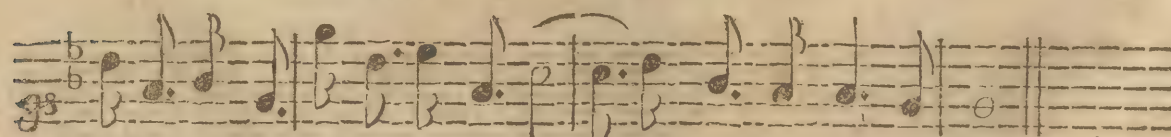
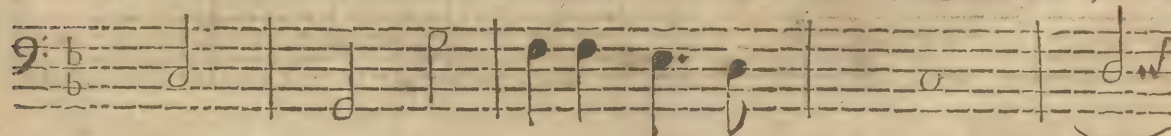
a life, a life to save; oh! no, no, no, oh! no, no, no, the stroke has peir —



——— c'd too near, that I've no refuge, no, no, no refuge but the grave; in vain, in



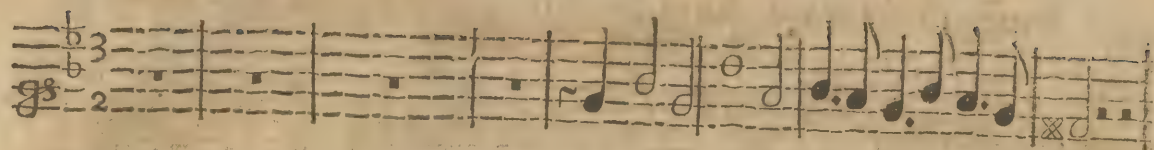
vain then do I strive, in vain, in vain then do I strive, to quit, to quit that love, which



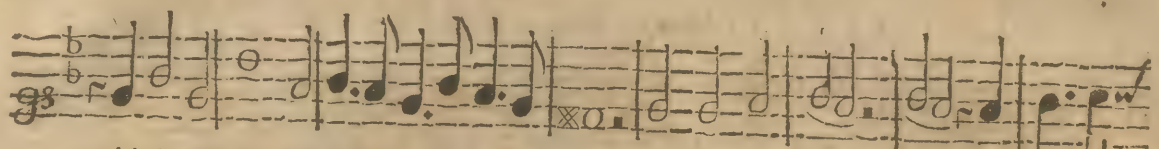
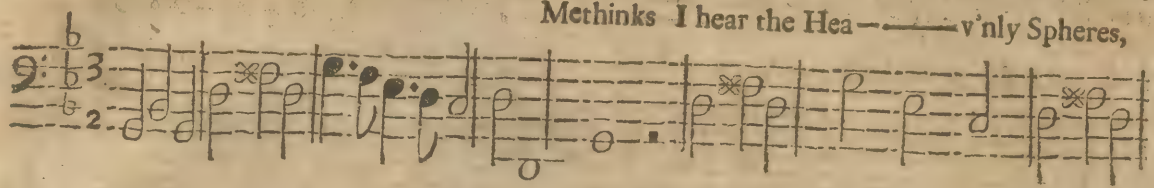
nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing sure but Death can e're re-move.



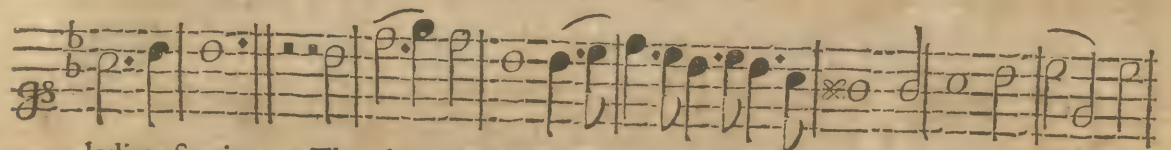
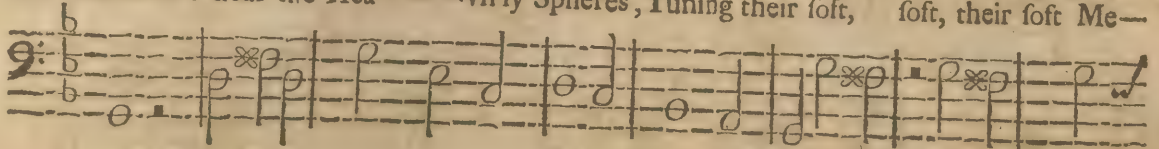




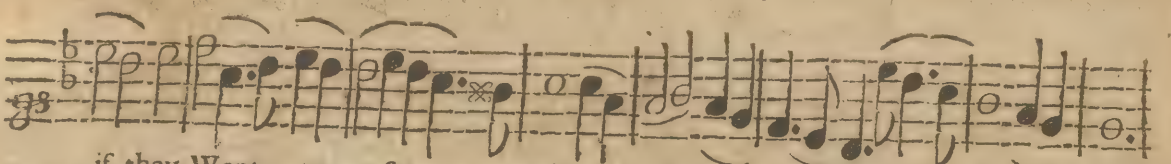
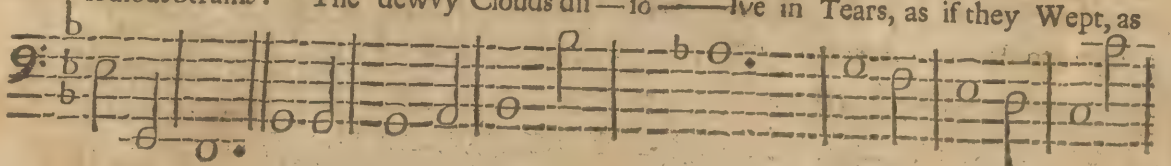
Methinks I hear the Hea——v'nly Spheres,



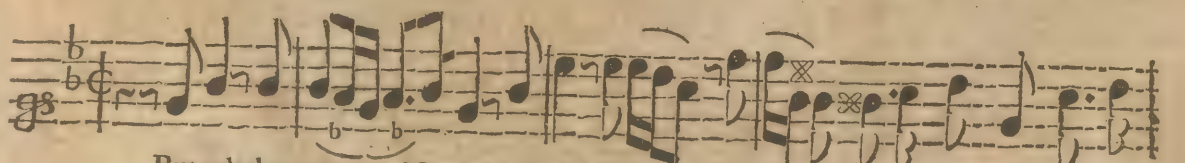
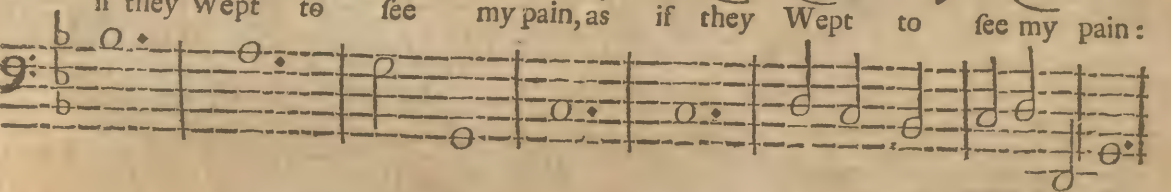
methinks I hear the Hea——v'nly Spheres, Tuning their soft, soft, their soft Me—



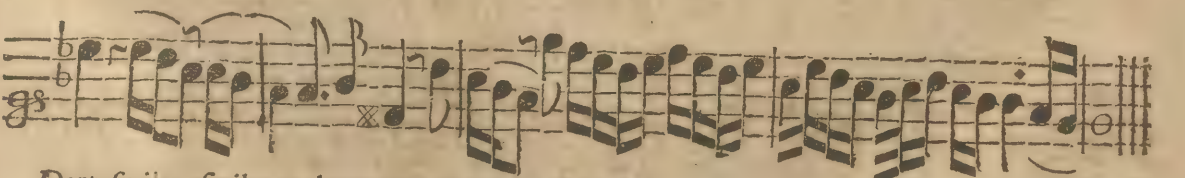
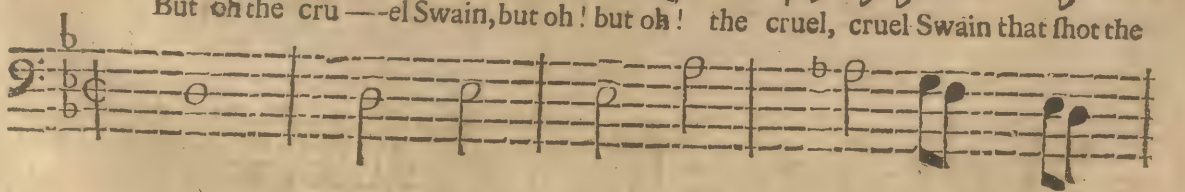
—ludious Strains: The dewvy Clouds dis—so—lve in Tears, as if they Wept, as



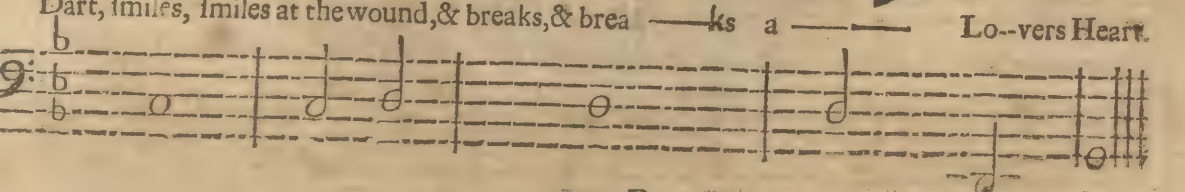
if they Wept to see my pain, as if they Wept to see my pain:



But oh the cru—el Swain, but oh! but oh! the cruel, cruel Swain that shot the



Dart, smiles, smiles at the wound, & breaks, & brea——ks a—— Lo--vers Heart.









— cle for Wa—r declares, for Wa—r declares; success depends, success depends up—

— cle for Wa—r declares, for Wa—r declares; success depends, success depends up—

— on our Hearts and Spears; the O—racle for Wa—r declares; for Wa—r de—

— on our Hearts and Spears; the O—racle for Wa—r declares; for Wa—r de—

— clares; success depends, success depends upon our Hearts and Spears.

— clares; success depends, success depends up—on our Hearts and Spears.

A Song in Bonduca, Sett by Mr. Henry Purcell.

*Ritains*, strike home, re—venge, re—venge your Country's wrong: Strike,



strike and re—cord, strike, strike and re—cord your selves in *Dru—ids*

Songs; strike, strike and re—cord, strike, strike and re—cord, re—

—cord your selves in *Druids* Songs.

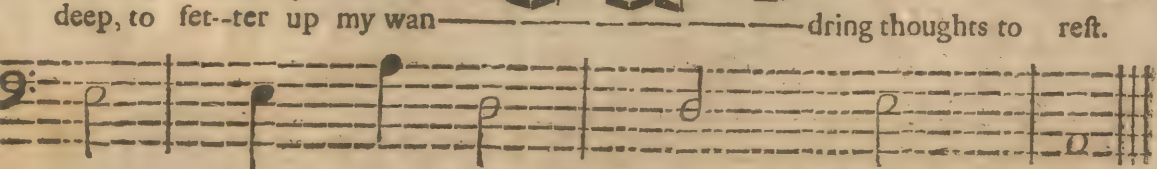
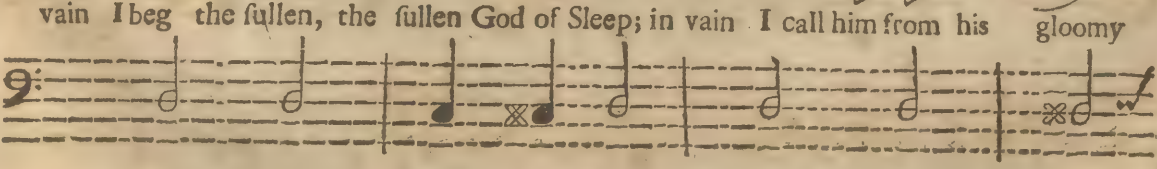
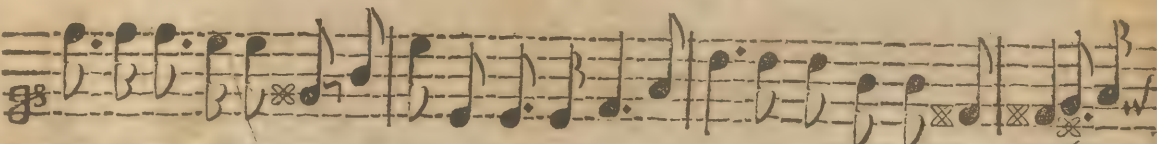
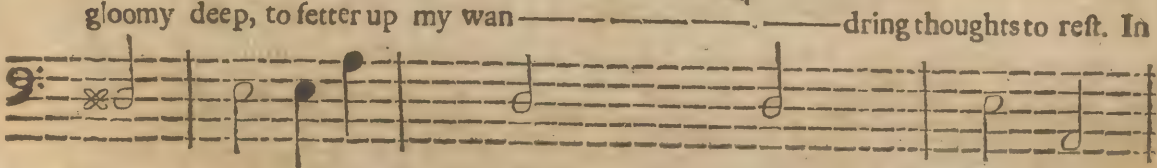
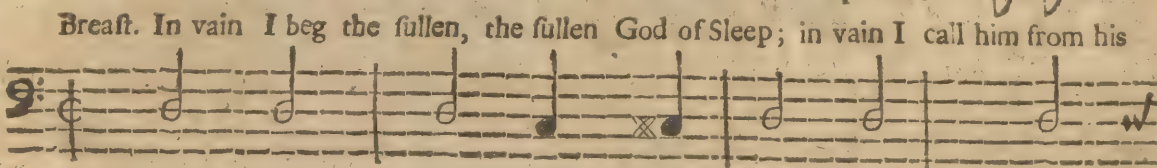
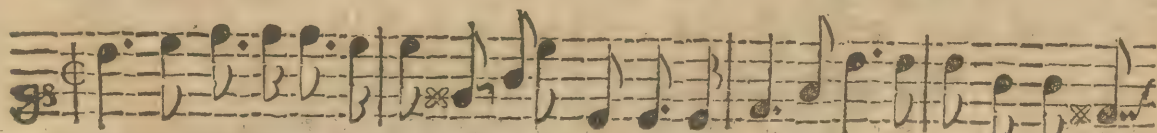
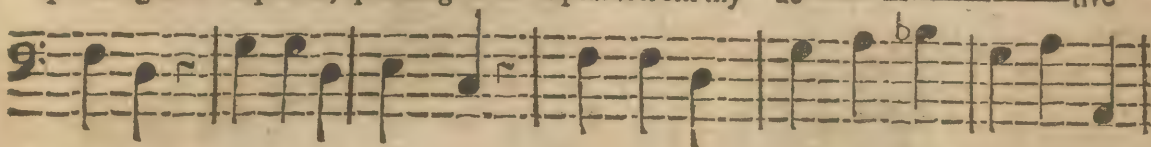
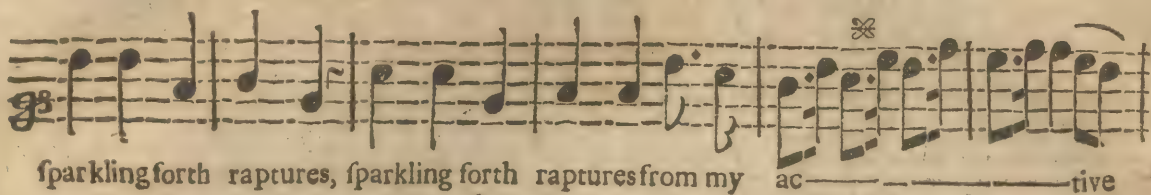
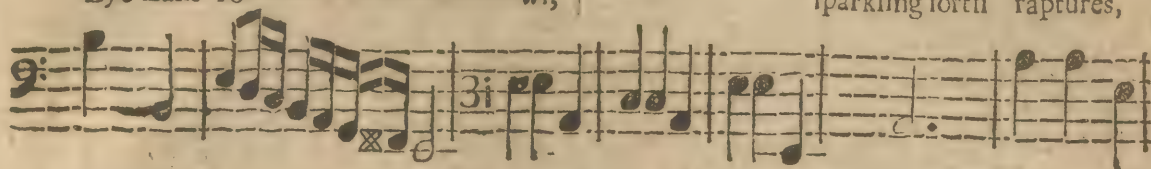
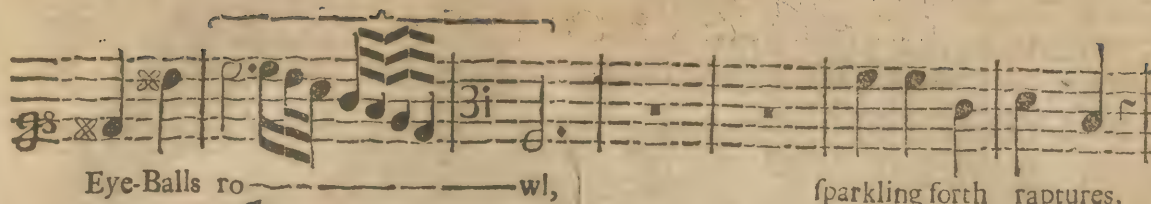
A Song in the *Lovers-Luck*. Sett by Mr. *John Eccles*.

**F**ull of the God, full of the God I feel my ra—ging

Soul; Full of the God, full of the God I feel my ra—ging

Souls—rou—nd their Spheres, a—rou—nd their Spheres my glow—ing







A Song in the *Mask* for the *Lover's Last-Shift*, Sung by Mrs. Cross  
and the Boy, upon a Marriage Life. Sett by Mr. *Francks*.

G O Home, go Home, go Home, un-happy wretch, and mourn for all thy guilty, for  
Go Home, go Home, go Home, unpappy wretch, and mourn for all thy guilty, for

all thy guil-ty pas-sion past; go Home, go Home, go Home, un-happy wretch, and  
all thy guil-ty pas-sion past; go Home, go Home, go Home, unhappy wretch, and

Slow. Quick.  
mourn, and mourn, and mourn for all thy guilty, for all thy guil-ty pas-sion  
mourn, and mourn, and mourn for all thy guil-ty, for all thy guil-ty pas-sion

Soft. Loud. Very Slow.  
past, for all thy guilty, for all thy guil-ty pas-sion past, for all thy guil-ty  
past, for all thy guilty, for all thy guil-ty pas-sion past, for all thy guil-ty



pas—sion past: Then thou shall find those Joy

pas—sion past: Then thou shall find those Joy

s, those Joys re—turn, those Joy

s, those Joys re—turn, those Joy

Loud.

s, those Joys re—turn, those Joy

s, those, those Joys re—turn,

s, those Joys re—turn, those Joys, those Joy—s, those, those Joys re—turn,

Which shall for ever, for ever, for ever, for ever, for ever

Which shall for ever, for ever, for



last; which shall for ever, for ever, for ever, for ever

ever, for ever, last; which shall for ever, for ever

last, for ever, for ever, for ever, for ever, for e—ver last, for

last, for ever, for ever, for ever, for ever, for e—ver last, for

ever, for ever, for ever, for ever, for e—ver last, for ever, for

ever, for ever, for ever, for ever, for e—ver last, for ever, for

ever, ever, e—ver last.

ever, ever, e—ver last.

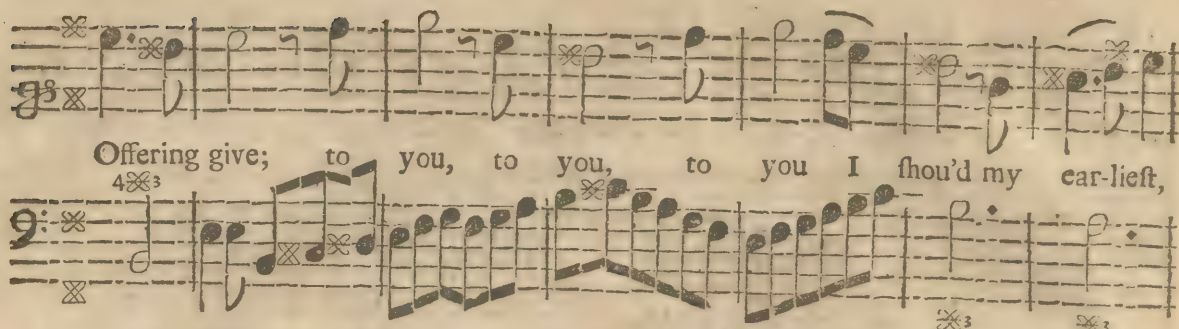


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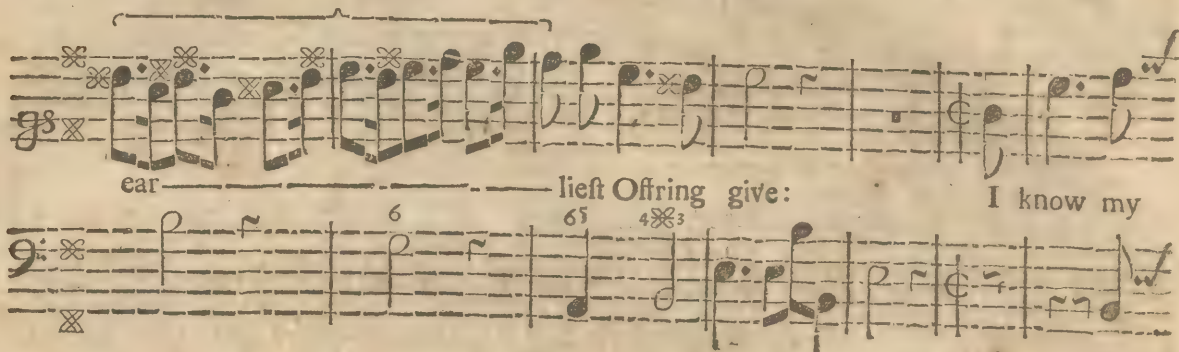
A Song set by Mr. *Finger*, in the New Play call'd,  
(*Love for Love.*) The Words by Mr. *Congreve*.  
Sung by Mr. *Pate* and Mr. *Reding*.

Tell thee Charmion, Charmion,  
 Char- mion, cou'd I time re-trieve; I tell thee  
 Charmion, Char- mion, cou'd I time  
 retrieve, and cou'd again begin to Love, be-gin to Lo-  
 ve and live; To you, to you, to you I shou'd my  
 earliest, ear-liest

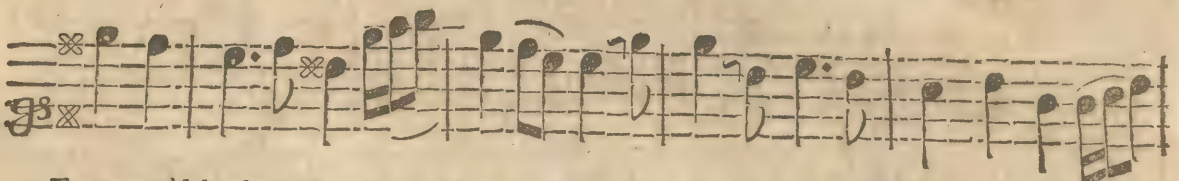
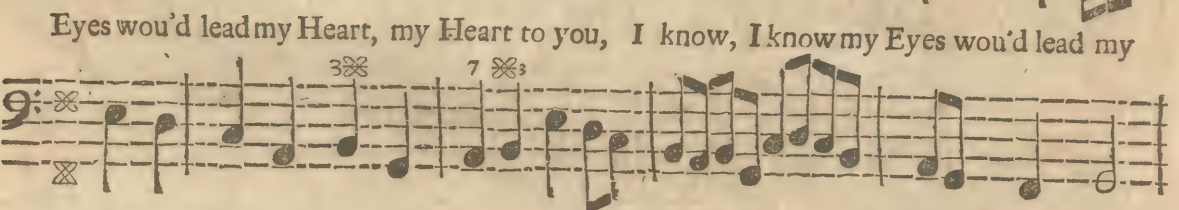




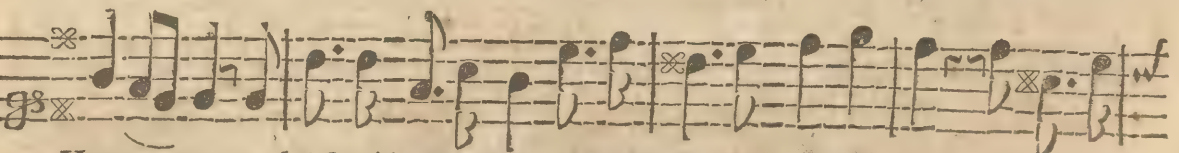
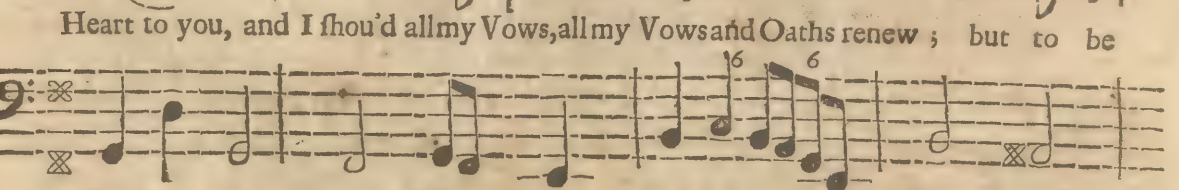
Offering give; to you, to you, to you I shou'd my ear-liest,



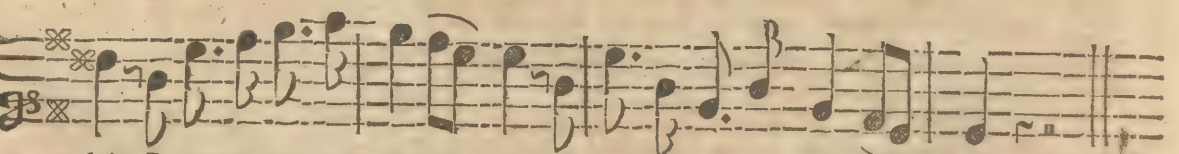
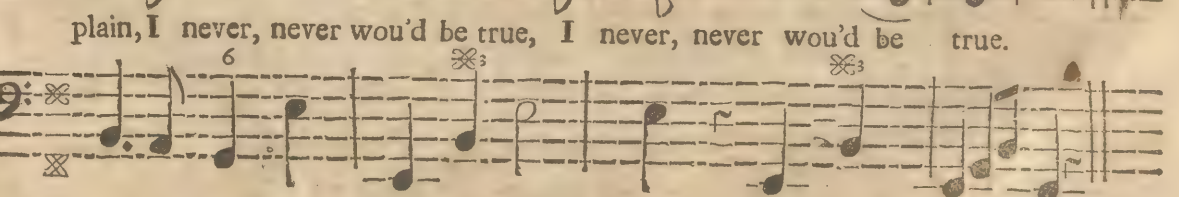
ear-liest Offering give: I know my

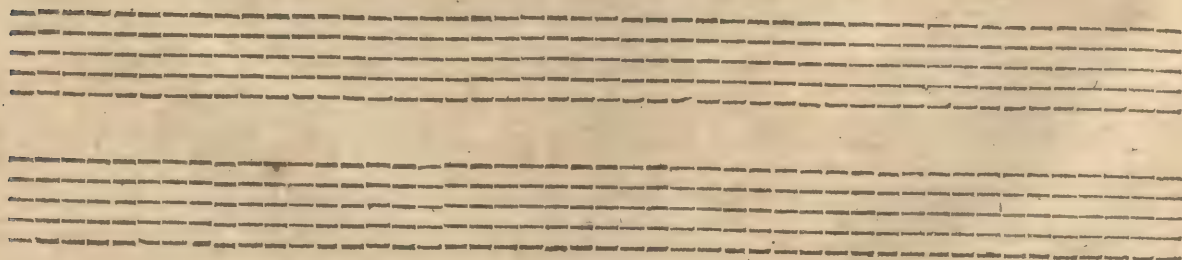
Eyes wou'd lead my Heart, my Heart to you, I know, I know my Eyes wou'd lead my

Heart to you, and I shou'd all my Vows, all my Vows and Oaths renew; but to be

plain, I never, never wou'd be true, I never, never wou'd be true.





## Chorus.

For by our weak and weary truth, I find, for by our weak, our weak, our weak and

For by our weak and weary truth, I find, for by our weak, our weak, our weak and

6 5 3 6 5 3 6 5 3

4 3 4 3 4 3

6

weary truth I find, Love hates to cen-ter in a point, in a point assign'd, but

weary truth I find, Love hates to cen-ter in a point, in a point assign'd,

6 5 4 3 6 5 4 3

run s, but run s with

but run s but run s

joy, with joy, with jo y the cir

with joy, with jo y the cir

56

6 3 6



cle of the mind; but run ————— s with jo —

cle of the mind; but run ————— s with jo —

4 3

y the circle, the circle of the mind, the circle, the circle of the

y the circle, the circle of the mind, the circle, the circle of the

16 4 3 6 4 3

mind; then never, never, never let us Chai ————— n what shou'd be free, but

mind; then never, never, never let us Chai ————— n what shou'd be free, but

3 6

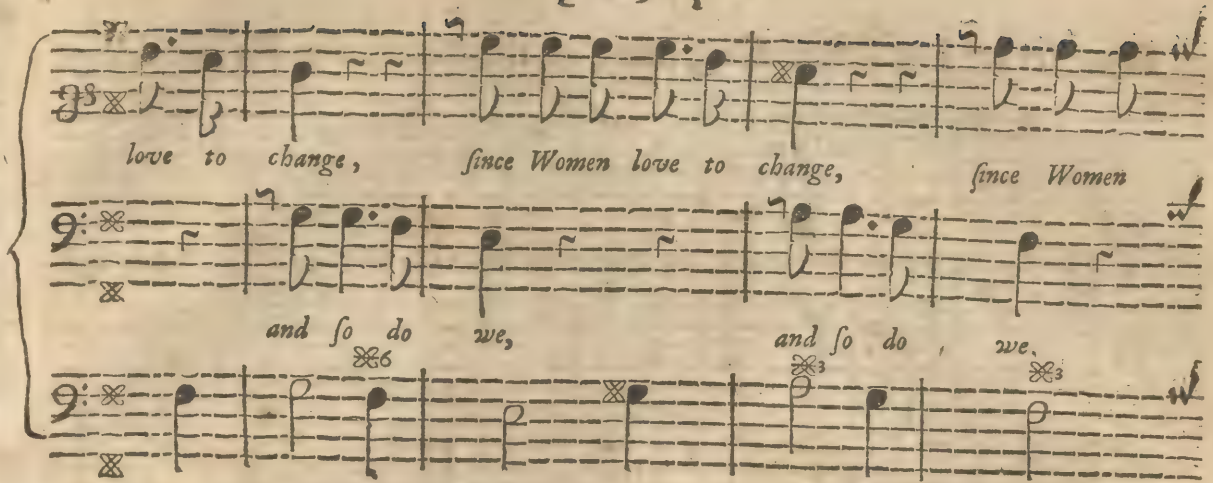
for re-lief, but for re-lief of ei — ther Sex a — gree: Since Women

for re-lief, but for re-lief of ei — ther Sex a — gree:

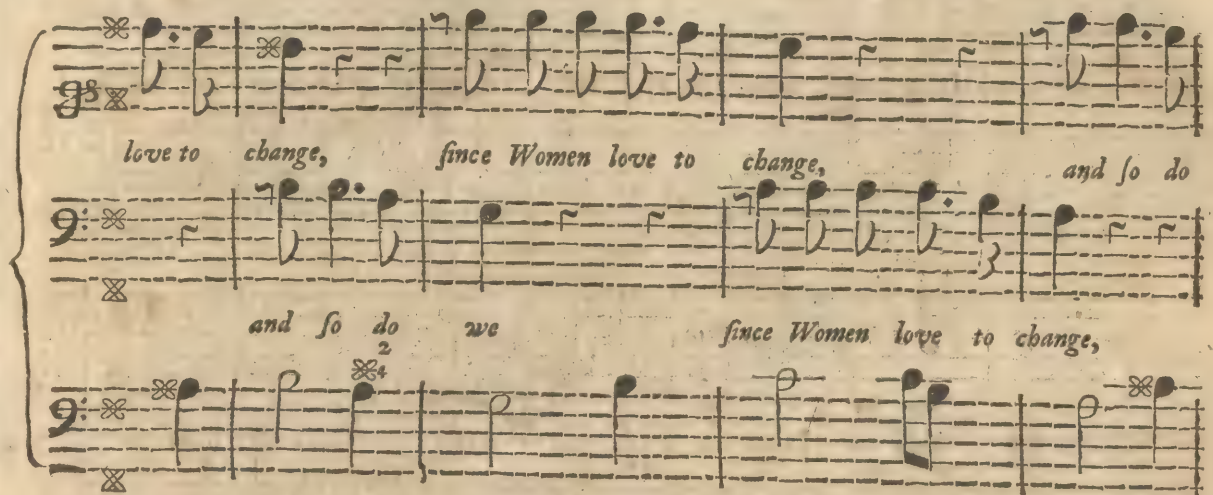
15 4 3



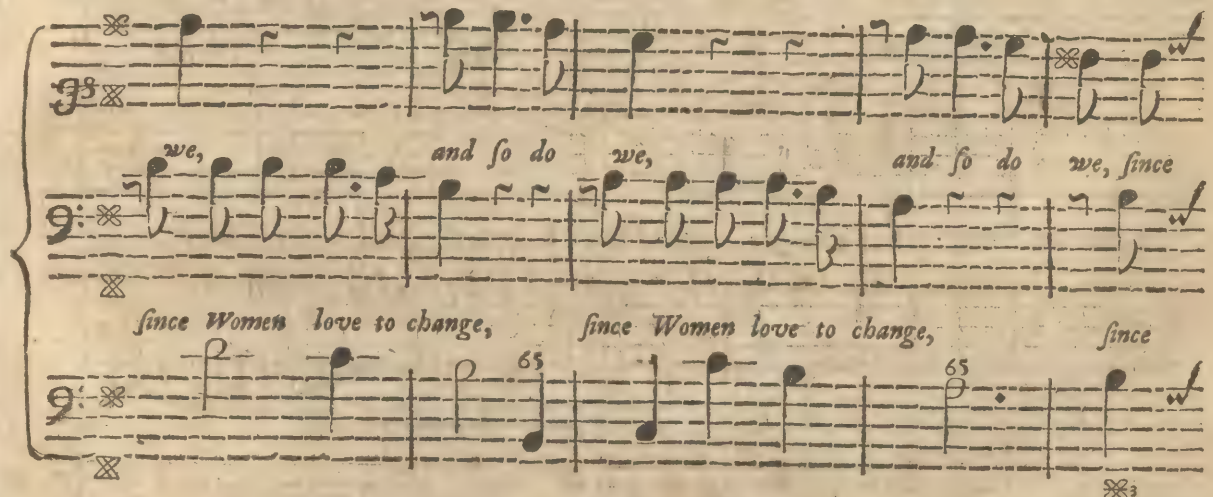
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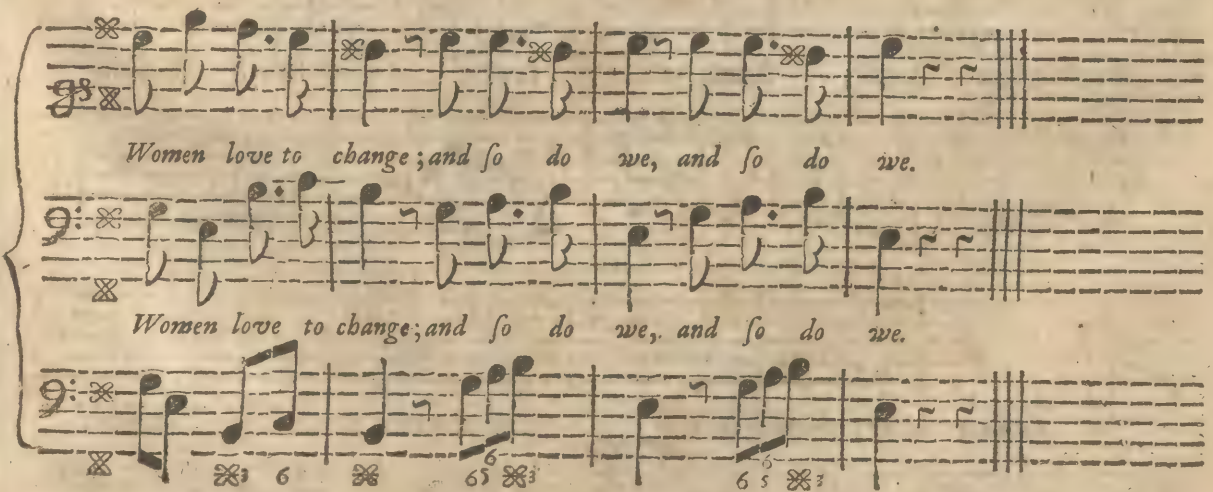
love to change, since Women love to change, since Women  
and so do we, and so do we.



love to change, since Women love to change, and so do  
and so do we since Women love to change,



we, and so do we, and so do we, since  
since Women love to change, since Women love to change, since



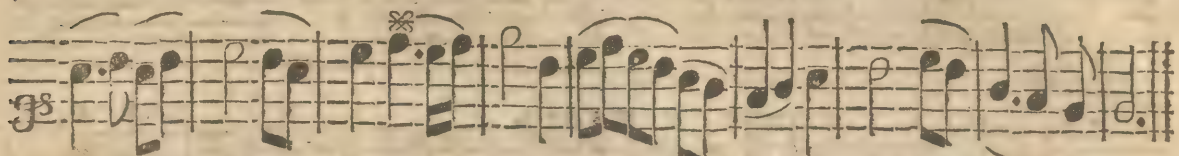
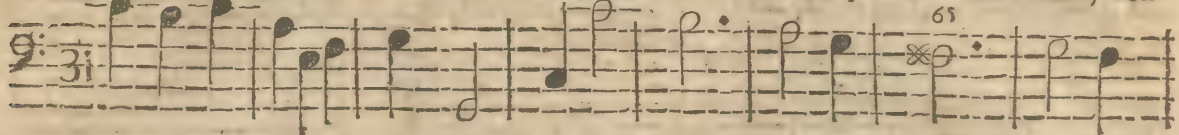
Women love to change; and so do we, and so do we.  
Women love to change; and so do we, and so do we.



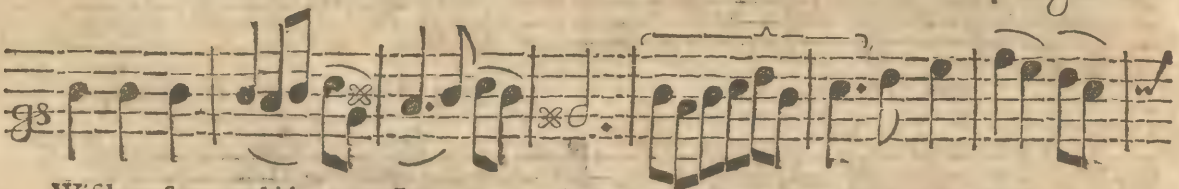
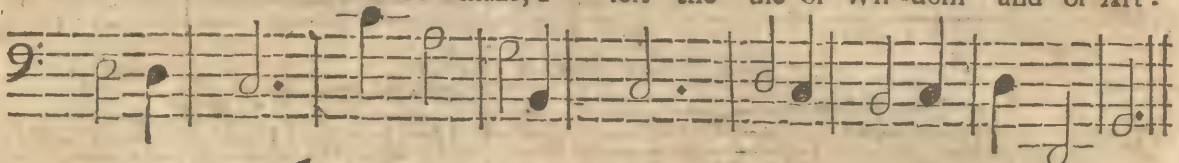
A Song set by Mr. Robert King, Sung at the Confort in York-buildings.



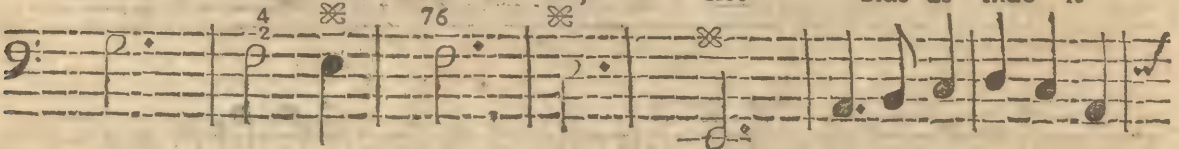
When *Cynthia* did by va-ri-ous ways, at once in-vade my care-less Heart; con-



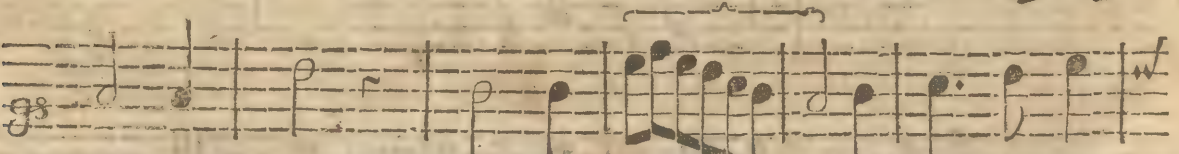
—founded with the sweet A-maze, I left the use of Wis-dom and of Art:



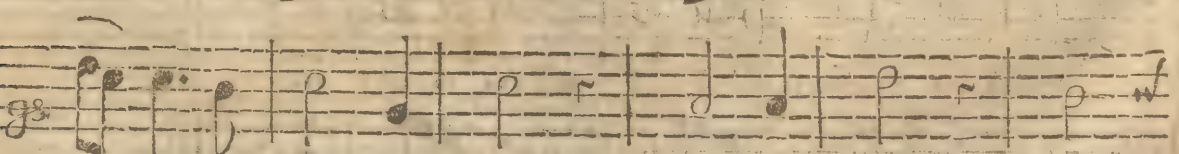
Wisdom for—bids to Love at all, Art bids us hide it



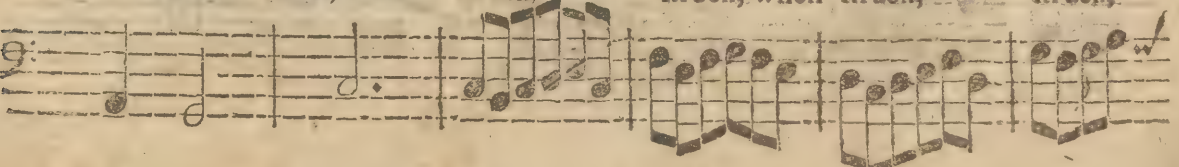
when we doe: But *Ca-sar* could not help his fall, when struck,



struck, when struck, struck, when struck, when struck with such

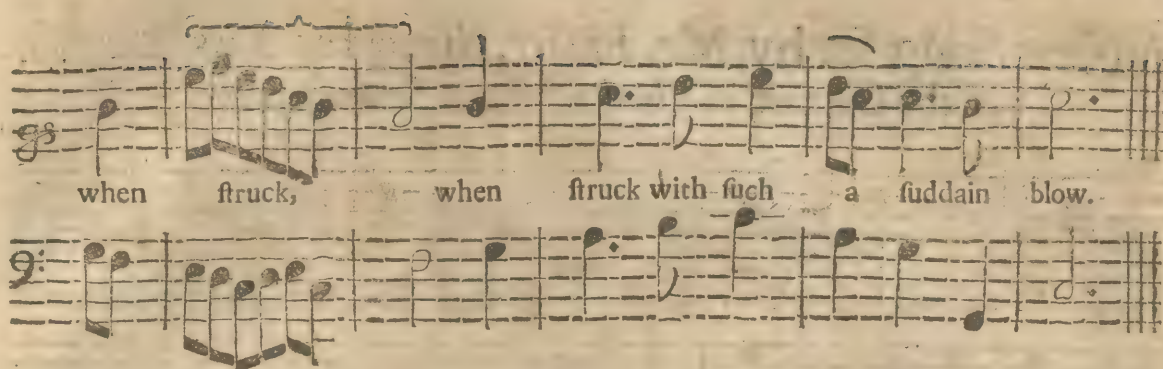


a sudden blow; when struck, struck, when struck, struck,

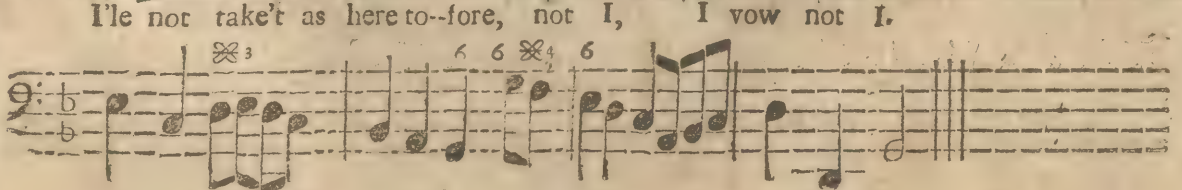
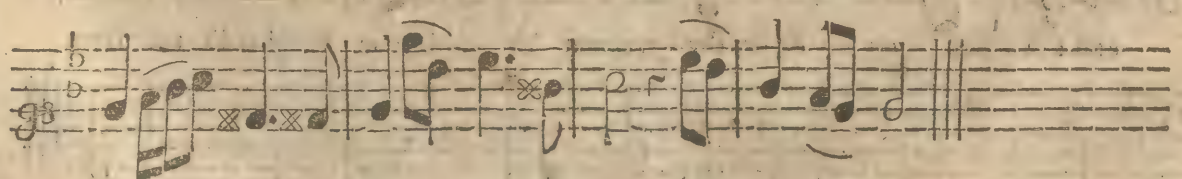
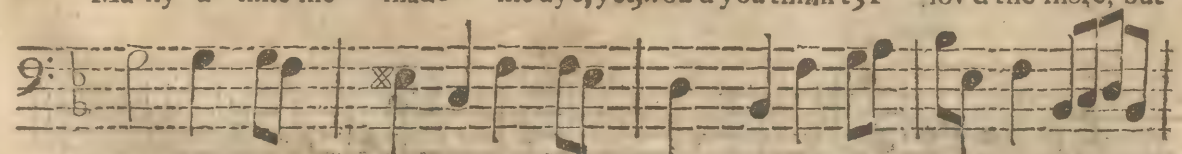
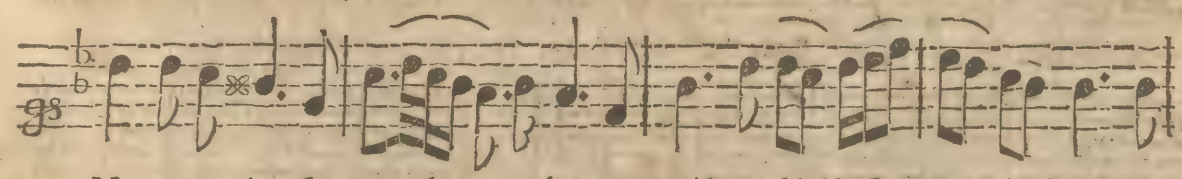
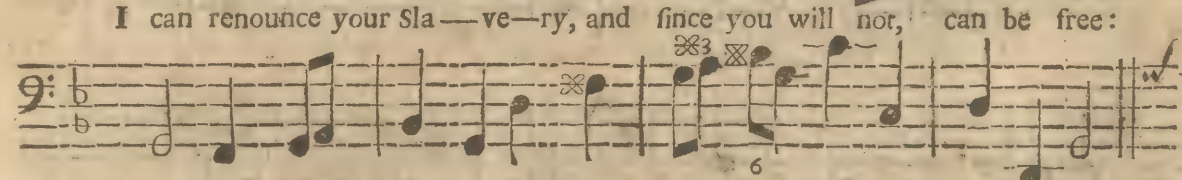
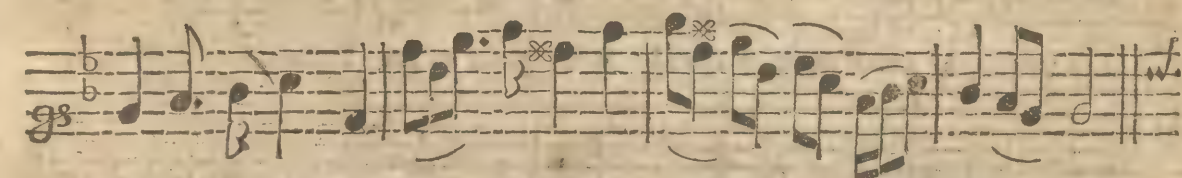
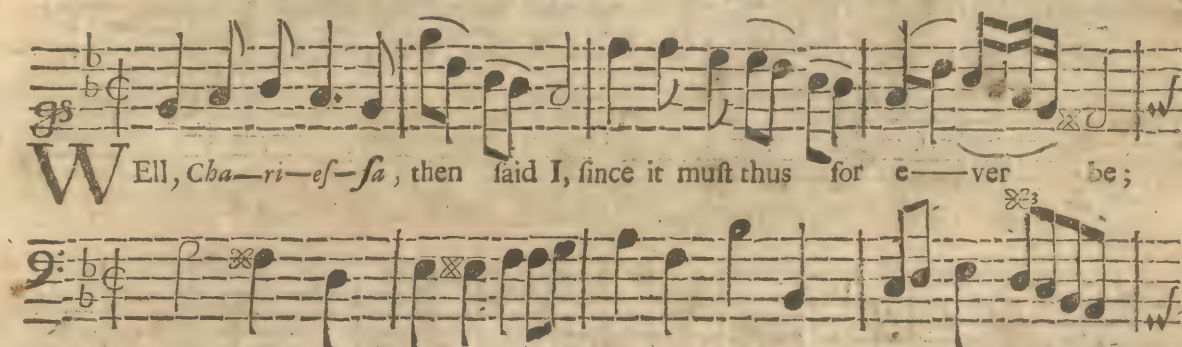




[ 97 ]



## A New Song set by Mr. R. W.





A New Song set by Mr. Finger, Sung by Mrs. Hudson,  
at the Confort in Charles-street in Coventgarden.

MY Suit will be over, my Fire will de-cline, if you'd have me be yours, you must

quickly be mine; no Shephard had e-ver a Heart better fram'd, no Lo-ver

e're yet had a Breast more in-flam'd: If a proof of my Passion be all you re-

-quire, my Sympathy will shew the truth of my Fire; let your Heart be but warm

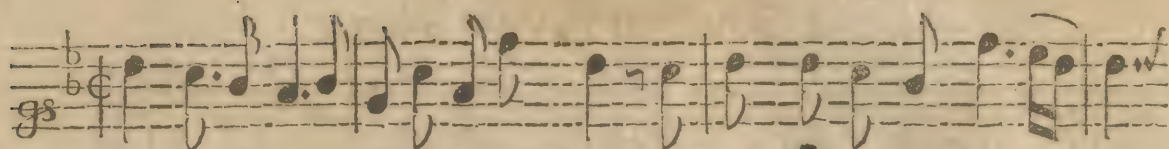
and I'm all on a flame; the moment 'tis cold, your Shephard's the same.



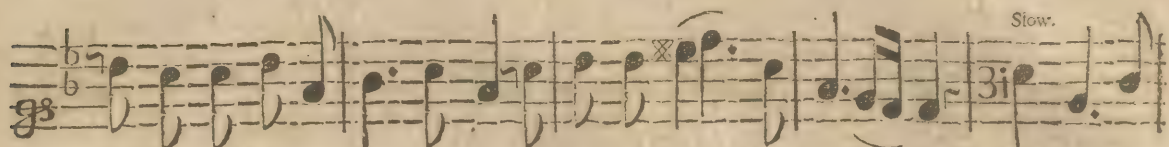
A Song Sett by Mr. *Finger*.

F





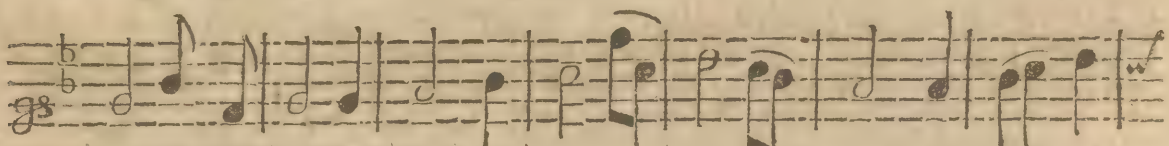
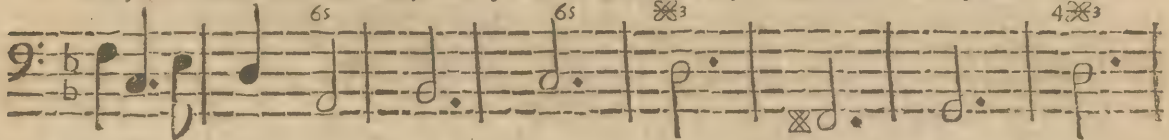
Blind, blind I was to all, to all your Charms, such brightness from your Eyes there shone,



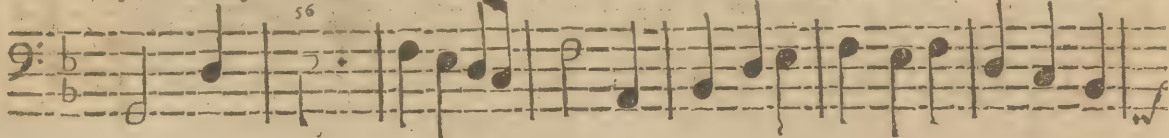
my weakness fav'd me from your Arms, I wanted strength to be undone; But now I'm



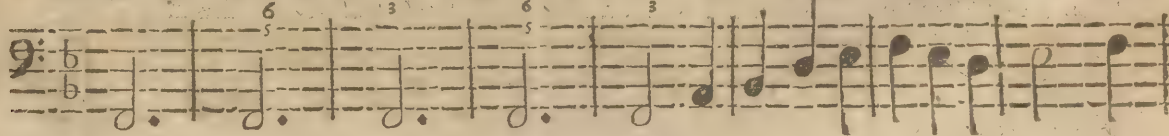
lost, but now I'm lost, and you're a-dor'd, my freedom at your feet I



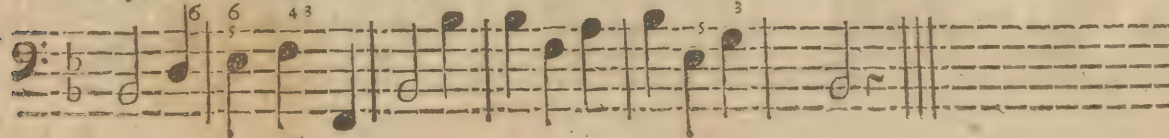
lay; since my Sences are re-stor'd, my Eyes have gaz'd my Heart a—



—way, my Eyes have gaz'd my Heart a—way, my Eyes have gaz'd my Heart a—



—way, my Heart a—way.





## A Song Sett by Mr. Finger.

*Sow.*

U N-happy 'tis that I was Born, to be undone by Ce-lia's Scorn;

nor Time, nor Tongue can e're re-late the Trage-dy of my hard Fate;

I in a Fever scorch and burn with Love, but none do you re-turn; If

pitty on me you'll not take, a-las my tender Heart, my tender Heart will

break, a-las my tender Heart, my tender Heart will break.

Ah Charming Creature, cast an Eye, I wish a Thousand times to



dye, but if ten thousand pains in-vade, by one kind look they all are-

paid. For shou'd I live and not ob-tain, that trouble is a

grea-ter pain; now, lovely Fair, I on-ly find, to let me

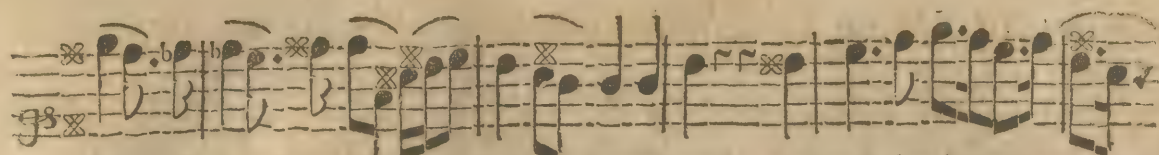
dye is to be kind, to let me dy-e is to be kind.

A Song Sung by Mrs. *Cybbber*. Sett by Mr. *Williams*.

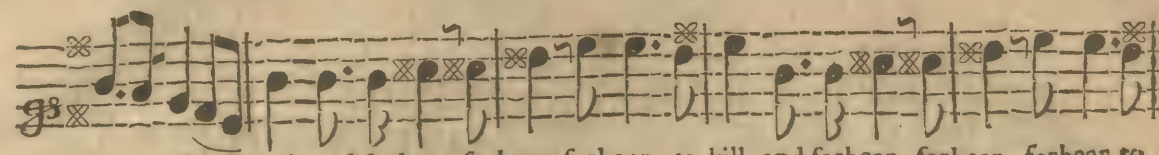
**B** E—lin-da change, change your fickle, your fickle, fickle mind, and to Stre

phon be more kind, he that loves, he that loves and does a-dore ye, he that

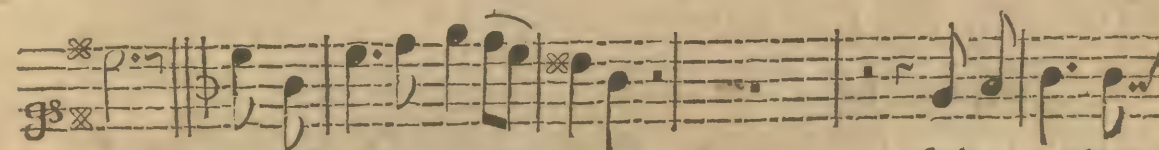
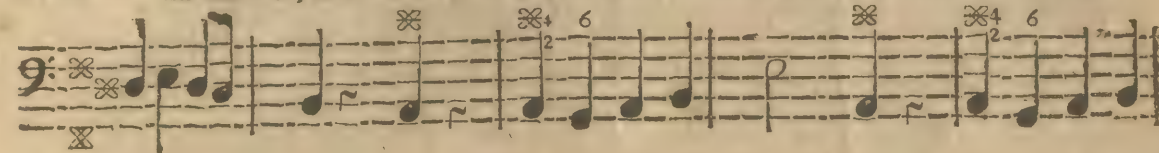




fights and dyes, that fights and dyes be-fore ye, cease, ah! cease that bou

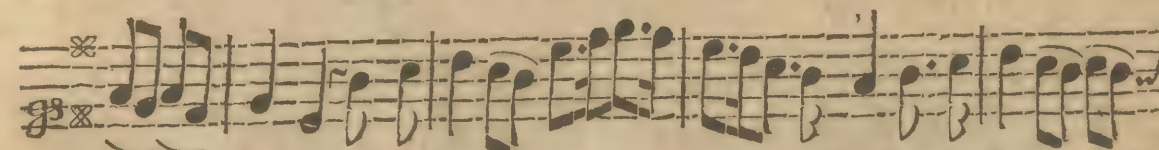
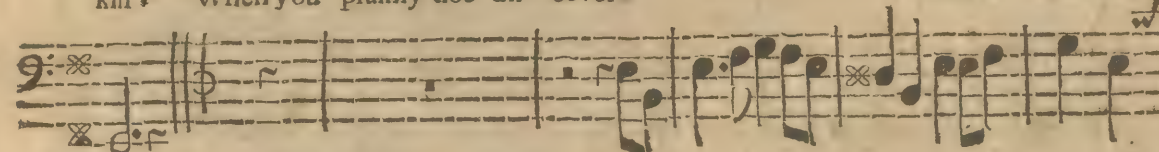


nd-les will, and forbear, forbear, forbear to kill, and forbear, forbear, forbear to

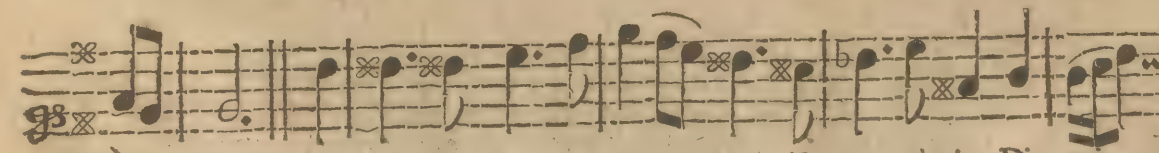
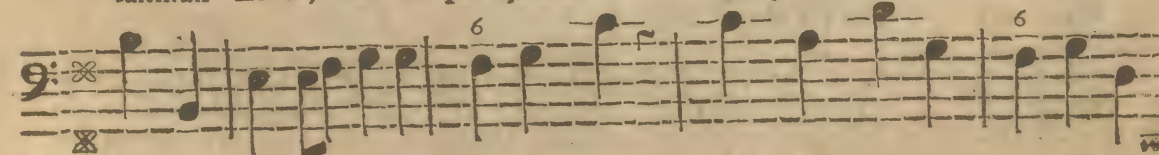


kill. When you plainly doe dif-cover

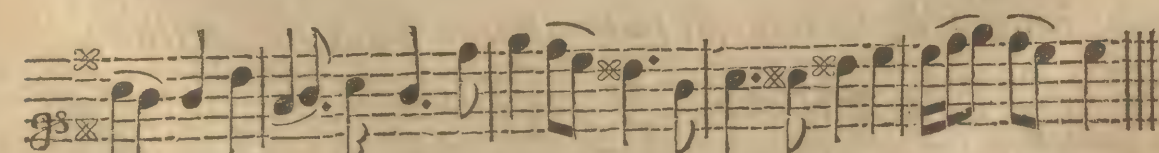
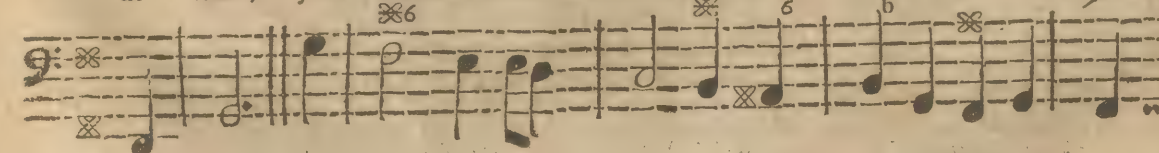
fuch a constant



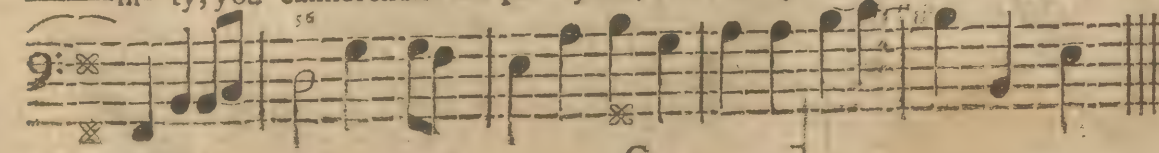
faithfull Lover, will not pi-ty mo——ve your breast, to be-flow a look



at least; you cannot chuse but pit-ty me, if mercy's in Di-vi



ni-ty; you cannot chuse but pit-ty me, if mercy's in Di-vi——ni-ty.





Sung by Mrs. *Hudson*, in the *Ridiculous Lovers*. Sett by Mr. *Williams*.

U N-justly, Phil-lis, you accuse your slave with want of ten-der Love; for when dull

Wedlock I re-fuse, 'tis that my flame may last-ing prove: Not Winds can

more command the Sea, than un-wed Phillis Stre-phon may; but ty-rant

Wed-lock does decree, that conqu'ring Woman shall o-bey.

II.

When e're you Wed, you must resign  
Your pow'r of being Cruel too;  
The dread of which now makes me thine,  
And will preserve me ever so:  
The Knott of Love if ty'd by truth,  
No Time nor Fate can e're unbind;  
Then yeild thy Beauty and thy Youth,  
And Strephon shall be ever kind.

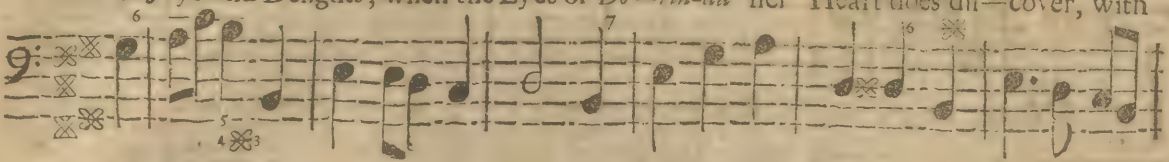
Song Sung at the Confort in *York-buildings*. Sett by Mr. *Williams*.

H Ow Peacefull the Days are, how Pleasant the Nights, how full of all Plea-sures,

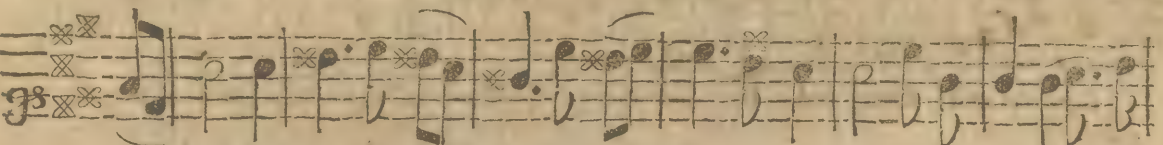




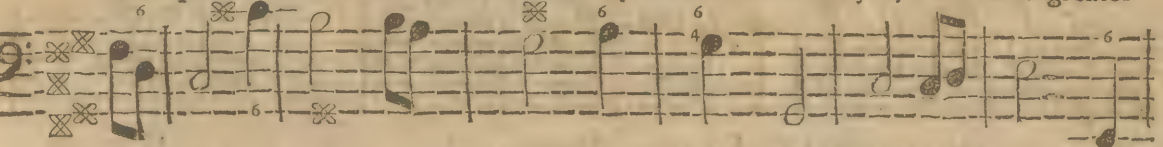
all Joys and Delights; when the Eyes of Do—rin—da her Heart does dis—cover, with



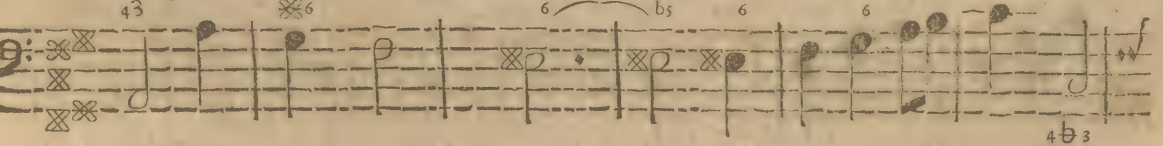
all the kind looks of a Passionate Lover. When Kisses and Vows Loves earnest



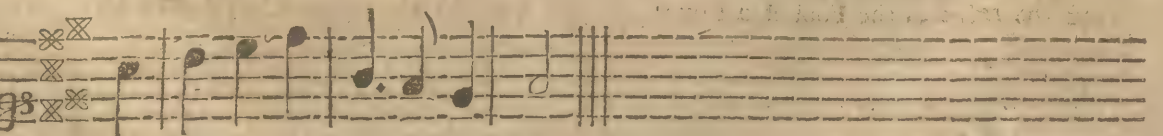
have paid, and I am se—cure that my Heart's not betray'd, I conclude greater



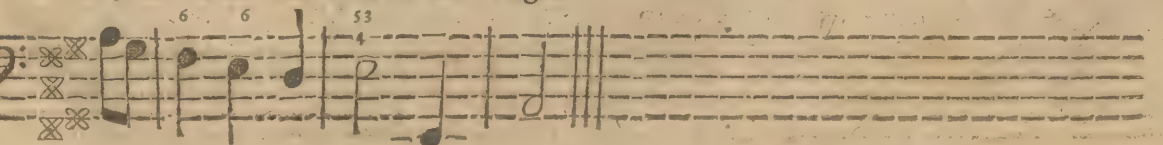
blessings the world cannot give, and I Pray, and I With here for e—ver to



live; No Joy's like that Love, where true Hearts do U—nite; 'tis a Morning

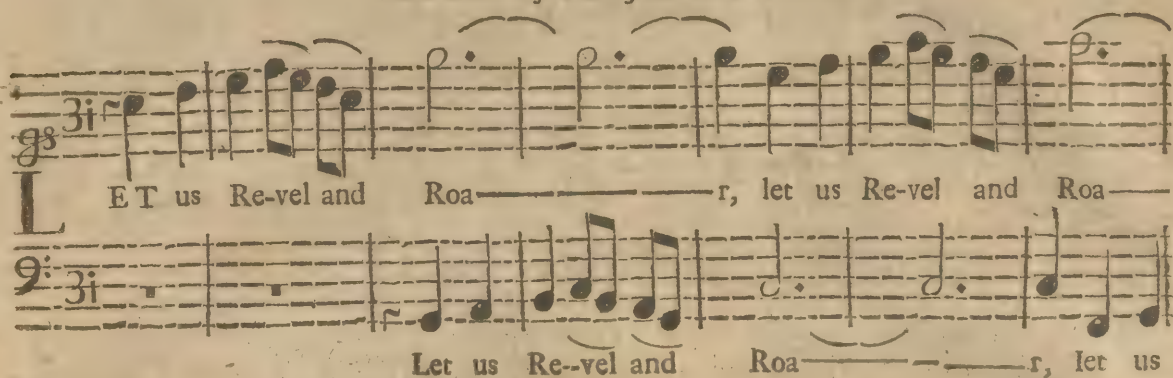


E—ternal that never sees Night.



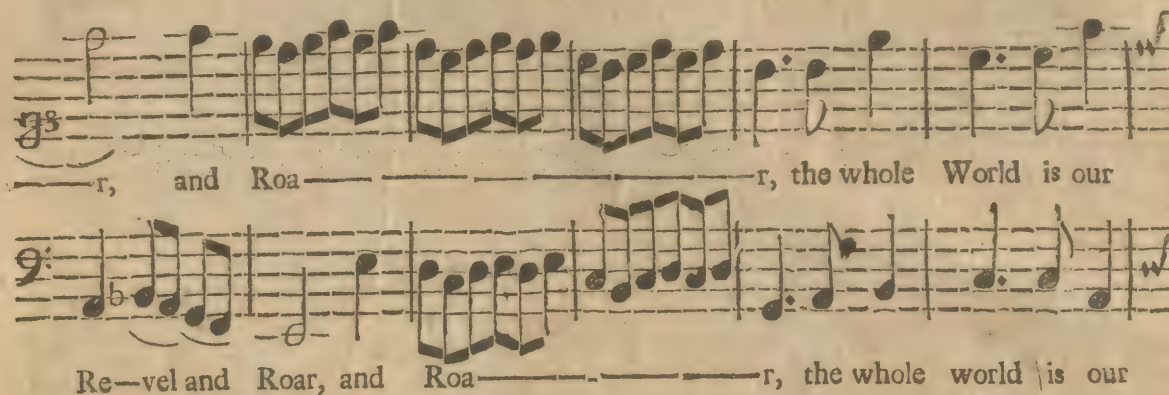


A Song in the *Lover's Luck*, Sung by Mr. Redding and Mr. Curco,  
And Sett by Mr. John Eccles.



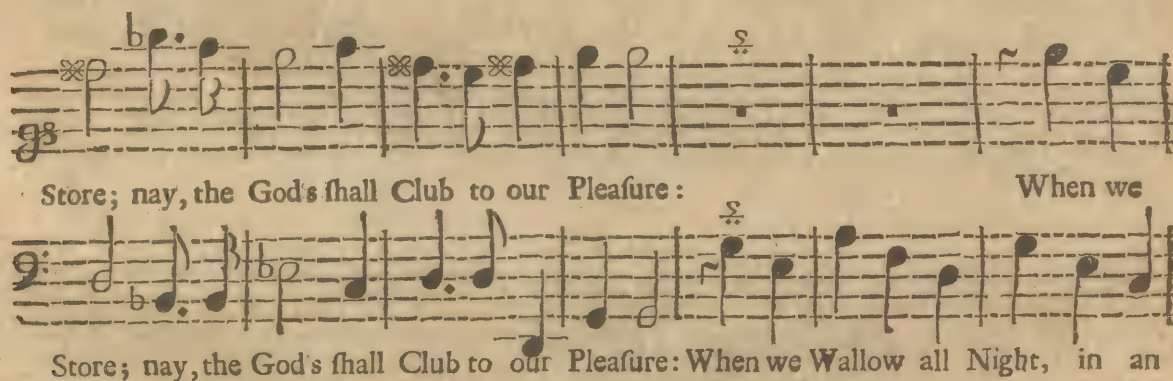
LET us Re-vel and Roa—r, let us Re-vel and Roa—

Let us Re-vel and Roa—r, let us



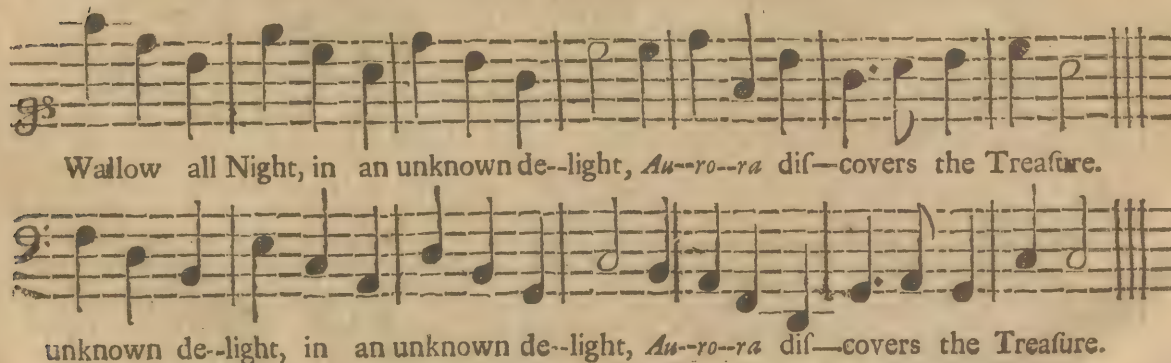
r, and Roa—r, the whole World is our

Re-vel and Roar, and Roa—r, the whole world is our



Store; nay, the God's shall Club to our Pleasure: When we

Store; nay, the God's shall Club to our Pleasure: When we Wallow all Night, in an



Wallow all Night, in an unknown de-light, Au-ro-ra dis-covers the Treasure.

unknown de-light, in an unknown de-light, Au-ro-ra dis-covers the Treasure.

Let us never Repine,  
Whilst brisk Wenchs and Wine  
Make the Brims of our Lives Run over;  
Leave the *How* and the *What*,  
To the Politick Sott,  
And the *When* to the Fool of a Lover.

Thus we are free from all Cares,  
Of Taxes and Wars,  
We know not the Name of dull Sorrow;  
Ev'ry Purse is our prey,  
Which we Spend in a day,  
And the Devil take Care for to Morrow.



## A Song Sett by Mr. Robert King.

W Hy, Phillis, must your an-ger try to rack a Zea-lous Breast, a =

las, a las, I ne-ver can de-ny the Lo-ve which

I pro-fest: If I must be your Mar-tyr now, to prove, to prove my

Passion true, it is but just you shou'd allow my ho-

pes, my ho-pes of Heav'n in you.



The last Song that Mr. *Henry Purcell* Sett before he Dy'd.

Ove-ly, Lovely Al-bi-na, Love-ly, Lovely Al-

bi-na's come, co-me a-shore, to enter her just, just claim;

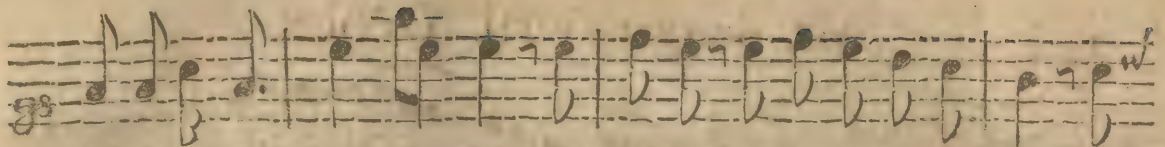
ten times more Char-ming, ten times more Char-

ming then be-fore; To her Immor-

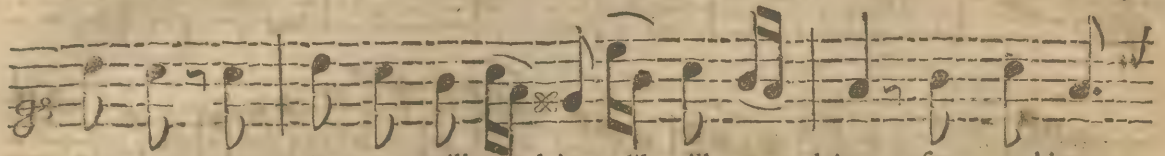
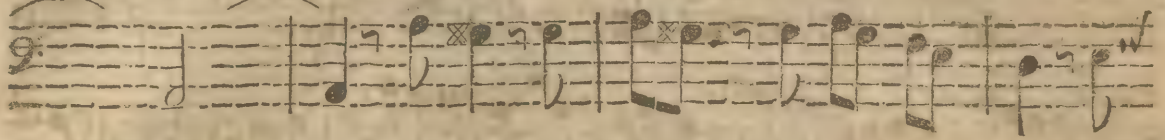
tal Fame,

Fame. The Bel-gick Ly-on, as has brave, brave, brave, the Bel-gick

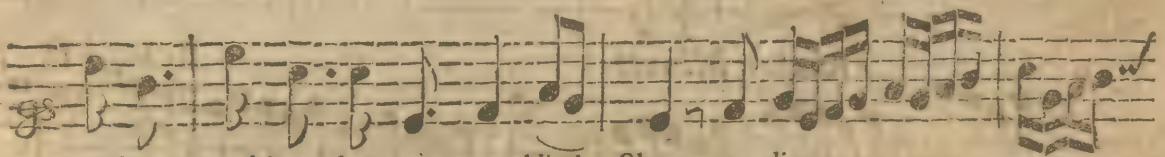




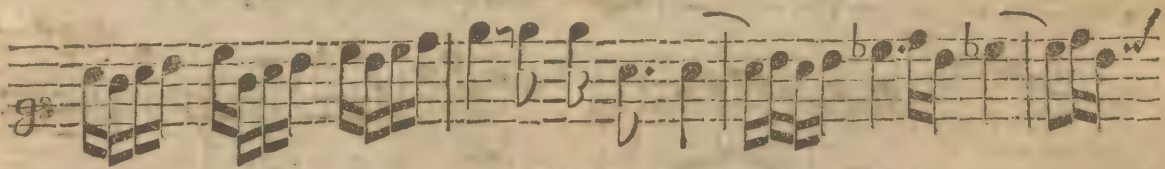
Ly-on, as **Hes** brave, brave, brave, this Beauty, this Beauty will re-leave, this



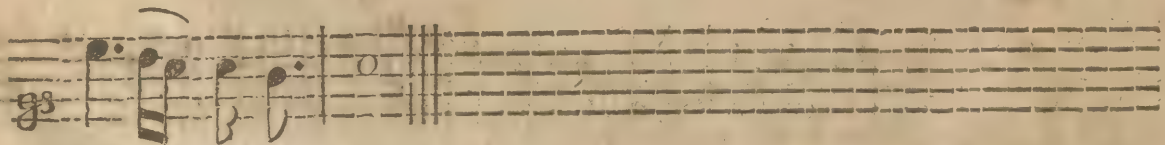
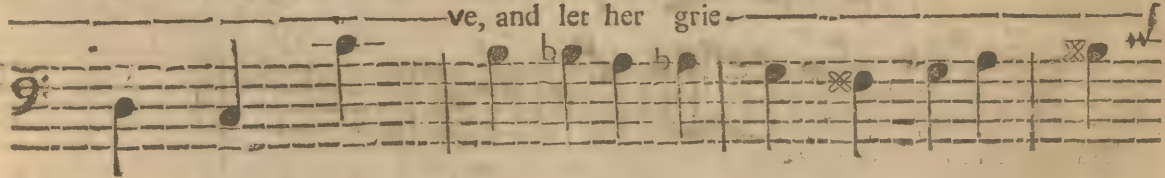
Beauty, this Beauty will re-leave, will, will re-leave; for nothing,



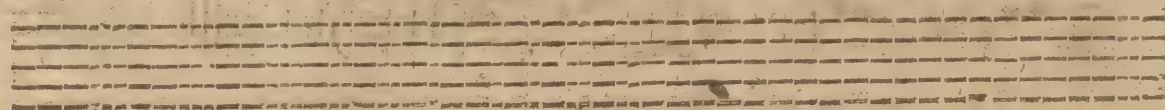
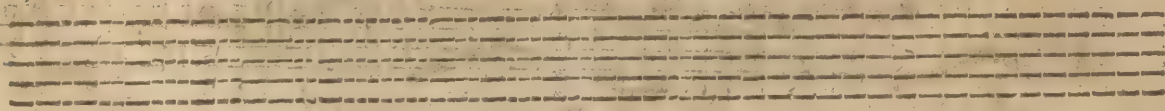
nothing, nothing but a mean blind Slave, can li



ve, and let her grie



—ve, and let her grieve.





( 1 )

## Mr. Banister's First Trebles.

Slow.

*Symphony.*

( 2 )

## Trumpet Minuet.

Round O. *f*

( 3 )

## Minuet.

( 4 )

## Minuet.



( 1 ) Mr. Banister's Second Trebles.

Slow.

31

*Symphony.*

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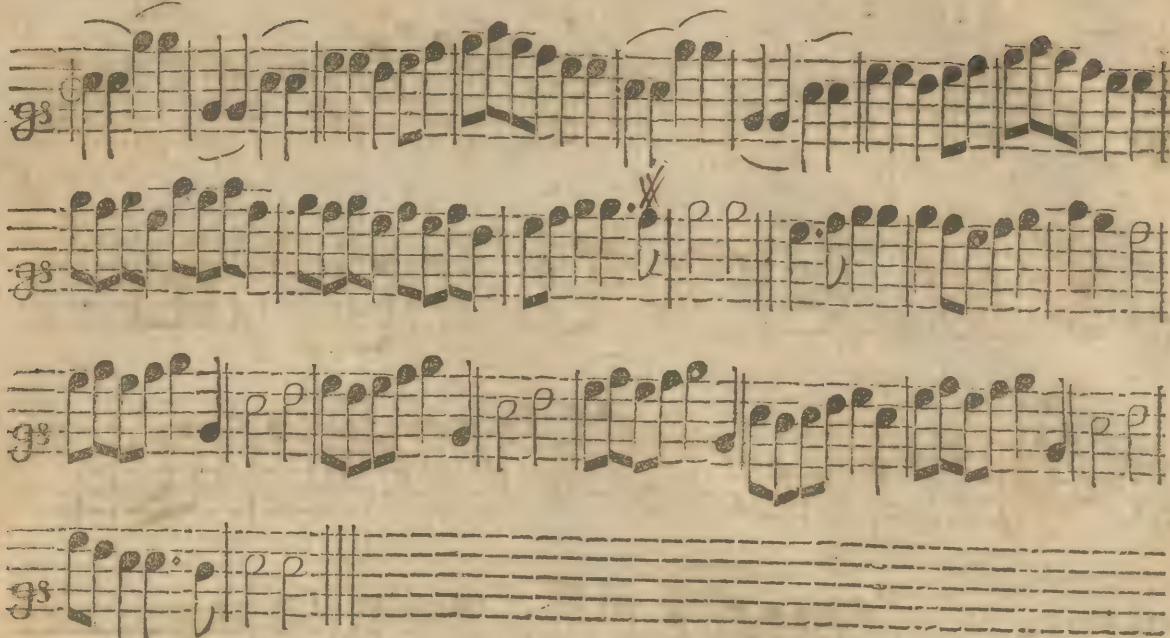
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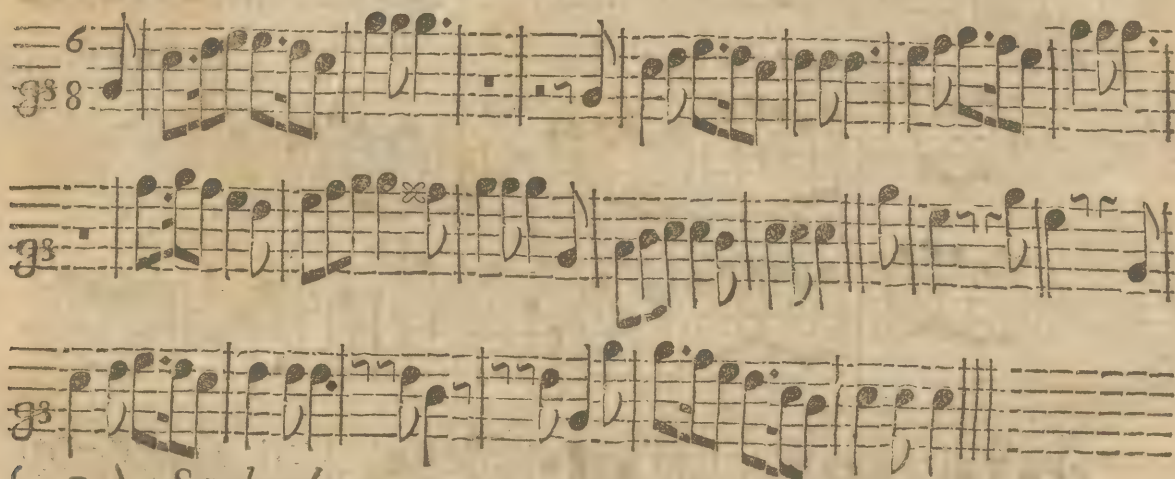
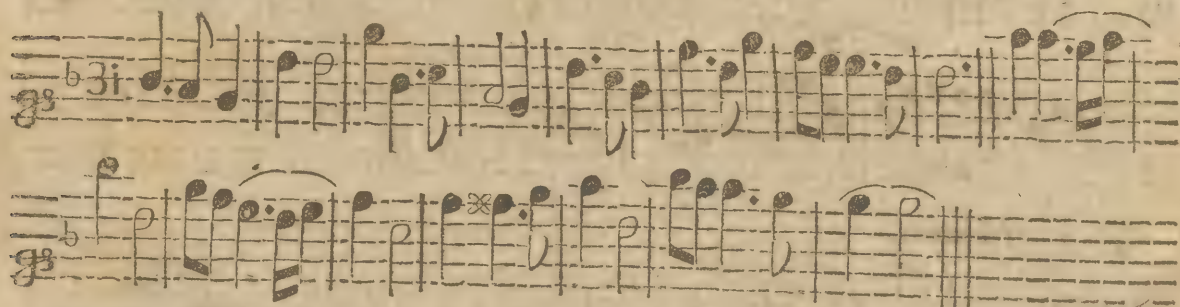
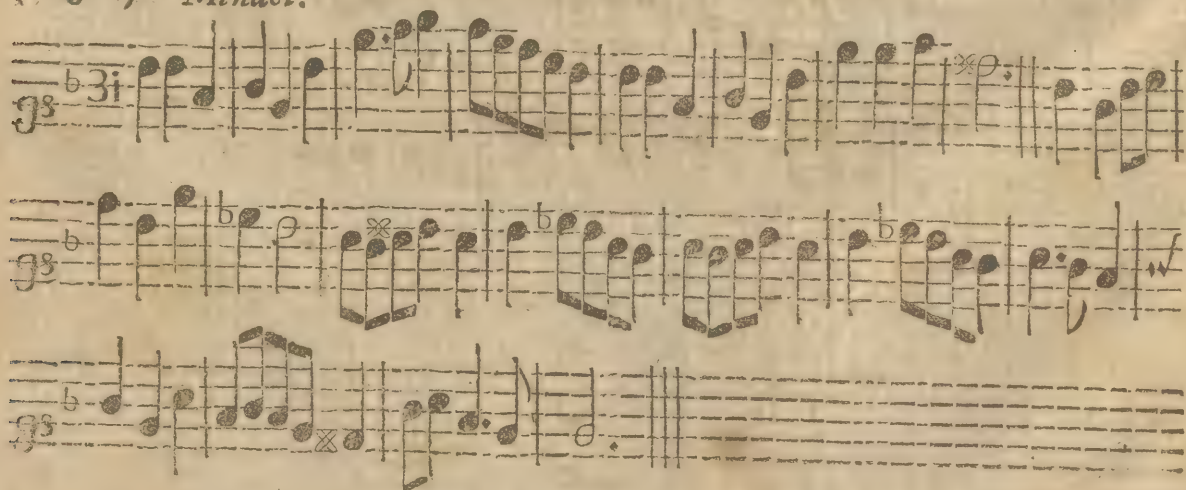
( 5 )

*A March.*

First Trebles.



( 6 )

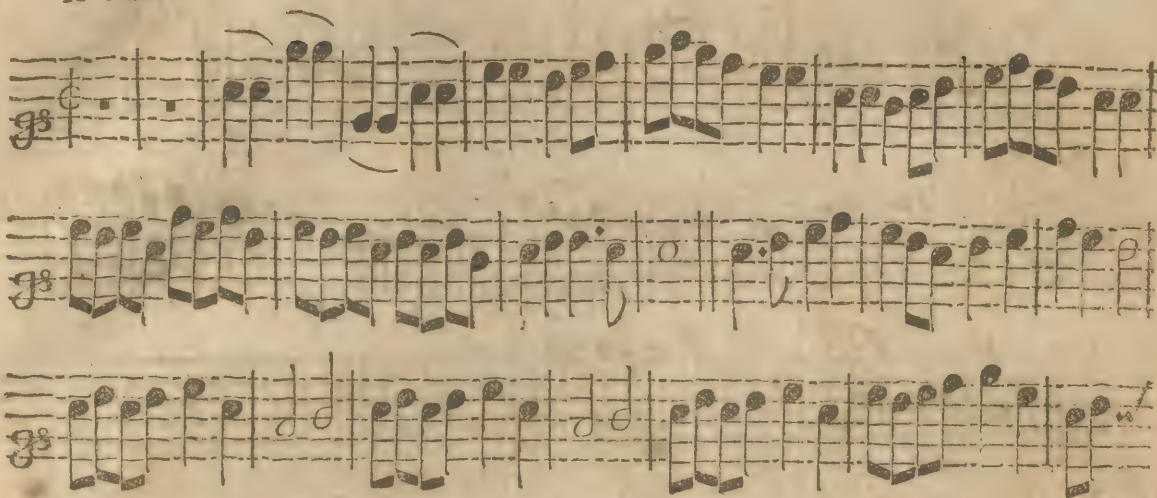
( 7 ) *Saraband.*( 8 ) *Minuet.*



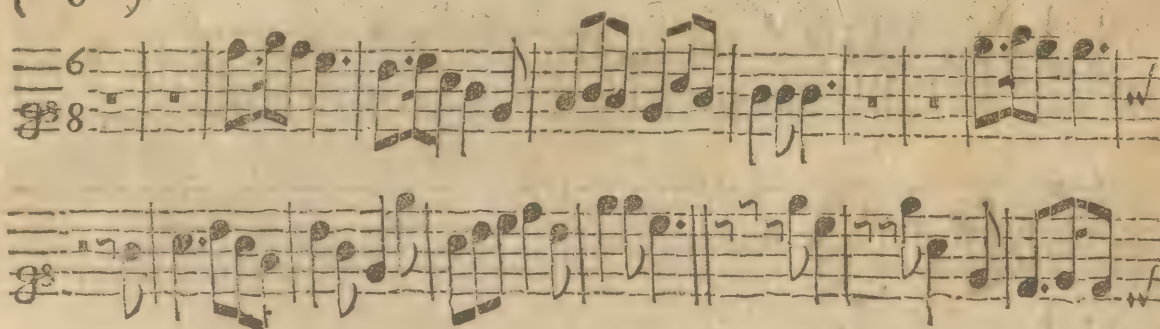
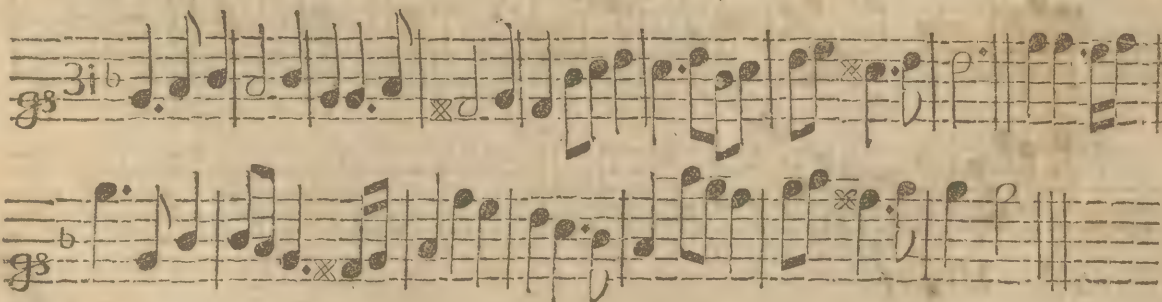
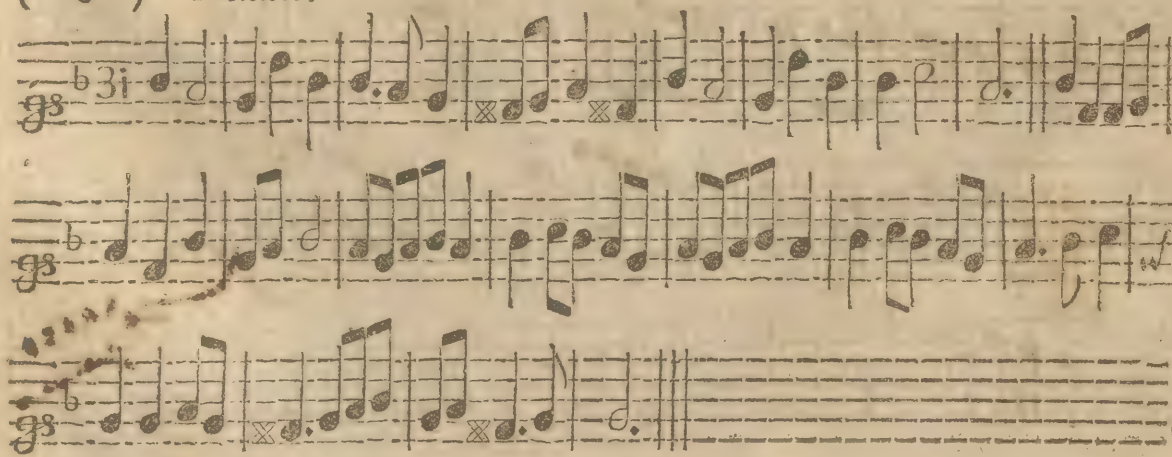
( 5 )

*A March.*

## Second Trebles.



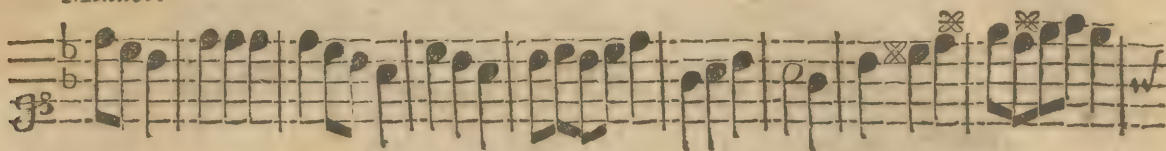
( 6 )

( 7 ) *Saraband.*( 8 ) *Minuet.*

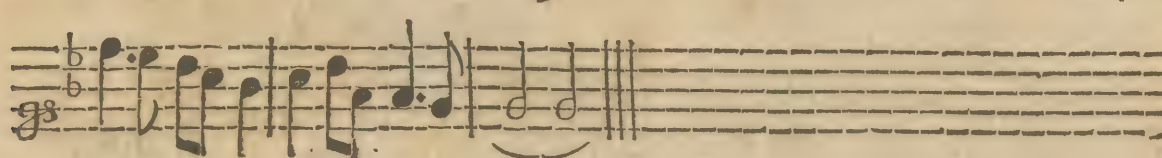
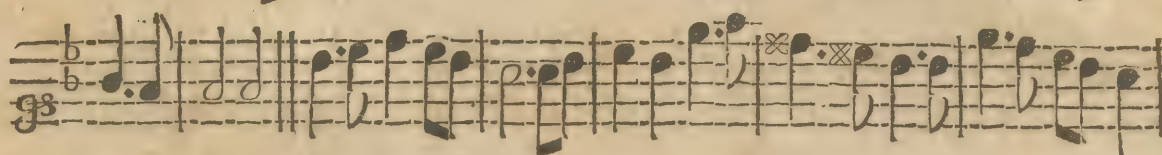
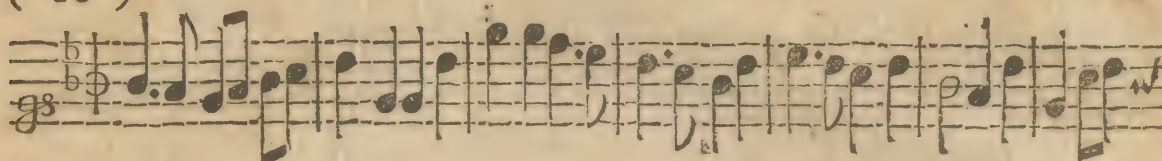


( 9 )

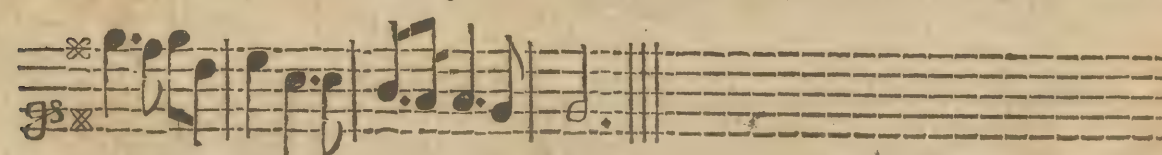
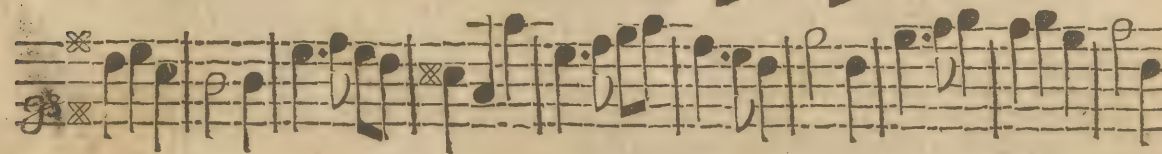
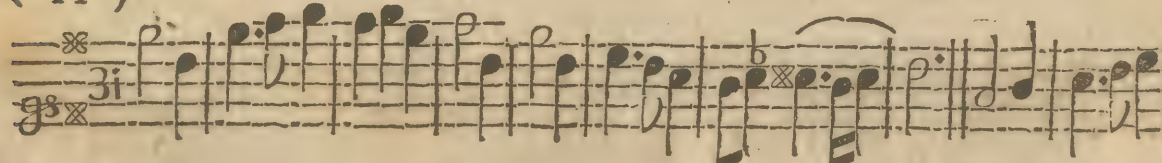
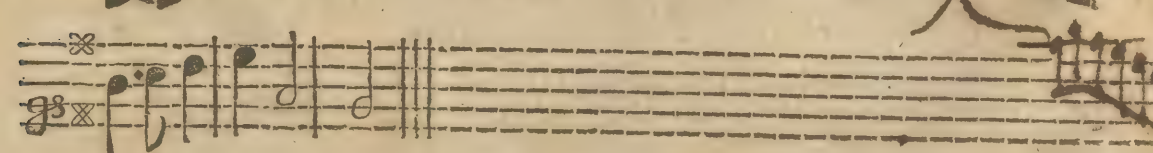
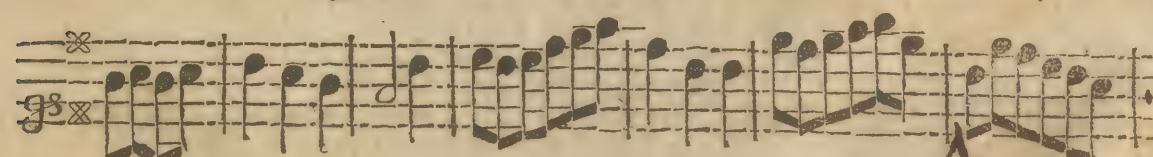
## Mr. Pesable's First Trebles.

*Minuet.*

( 10 )



( 11 )

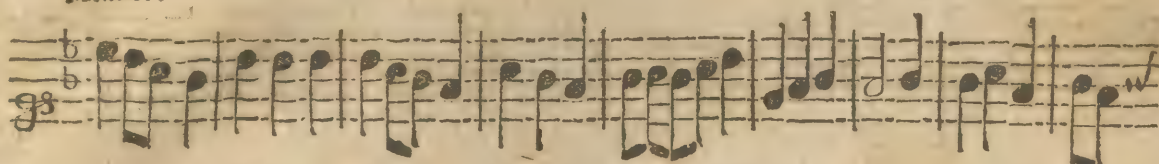
( 12 ) *Minuet.*

F I N I S.

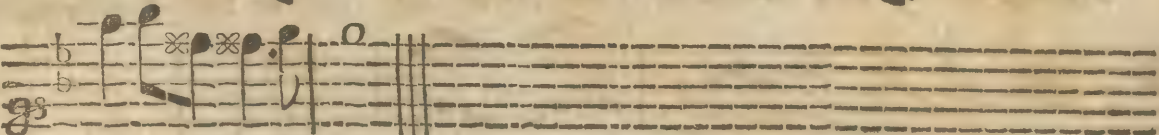
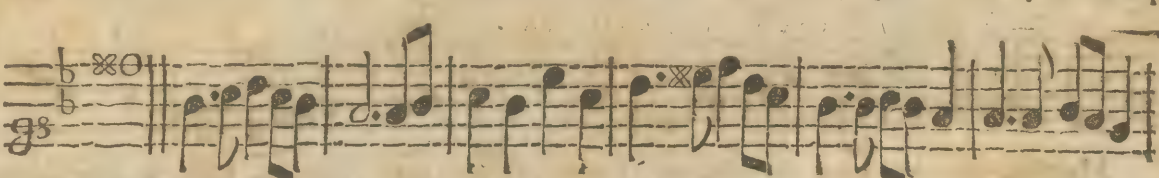
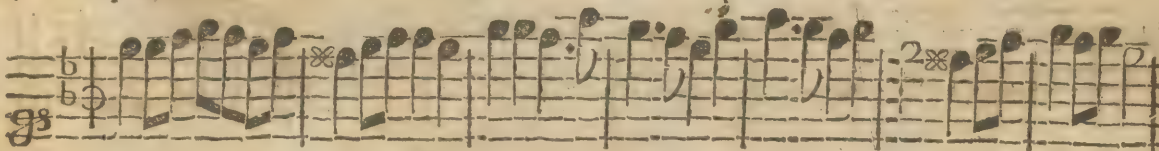


( 9 )

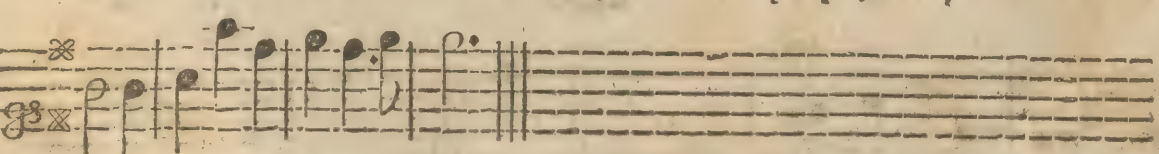
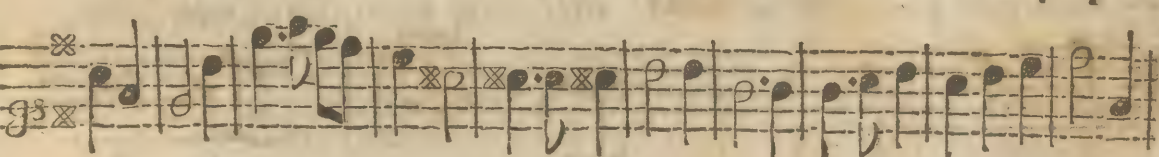
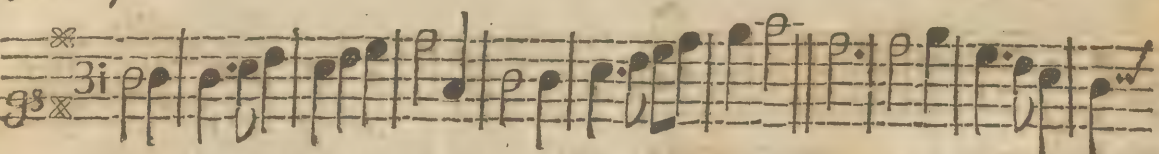
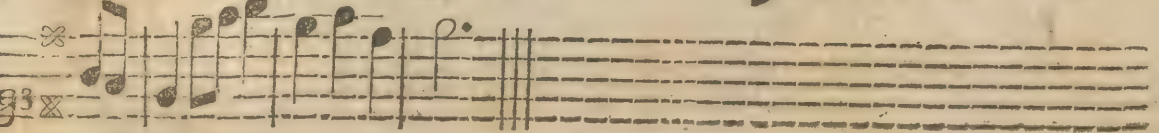
## Mr. Pesable's Second Trebles.

*Minuet.*

( 10 )



( 11 )

( 12 ) *Minuet.*

K

F I N I S.



## A Song, Sett by Mr. Daniel Purcell.

W<sup>H</sup>at un-grate-full De-vil moves you! Come, come my Friend, the Truth de-  
 —clare; You Love *Sylvia*, *Sylvia* Loves you; why, why then will you Wed the Fair?  
 Marriage-joyning does dis-se-ver, but Love-free-ing joyns for Life: Wou'd you,  
 wou'd you, wou'd you Love the Nymph for ever? Never, never, never, never, never,  
 never let her be your Wife. <sup>1</sup> <sup>2</sup>























